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FREE NOVEL

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SYDNEY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Verse by
P. DUNCAN-BROWN

Drawing by
BOOTHROYD



Boothroyd

Lunch Hour

A rush for hats and jackets
When the clock is chiming one...
Powdering pretty noses,
Checks are human roses...
It's lunch-time in the city
When the clock chimes one.
There's gossiping in cafes
And perhaps a rendezvous
With your very dearest friend...
But everything must end;
The magic hour's over
When the clock chimes two.

MYSTERY Princess Calls in ON AUSTRALIA How Governor and Aide Received a Charming but Puzzling Visitor!

CONSIDERABLE mystery has been created in Australia by the flying visit of a strange, dark lady, who came here aboard the luxury ship, *Franconia*, and described herself as the Princess de Braganza, Duchesse d'Oporto.

Her claims to Royal titles, her casual visit to Government House early one morning, and the tactful manner in which she was received by our new Governor and his aide, make an intriguing story.

A princess has never visited the Commonwealth with less notice being paid to her. The charming visitor was not called upon to substantiate her claims to Royal rank, but princess or no princess, her call put Vice-Royalty in something of a quandary. To Captain J. Holford, the Governor's new aide, and hero of last Saturday's dramatic harbor rescue, goes the credit of dealing with a puzzling situation with shining diplomacy.

LISTED among the passengers of the magnificent liner *Franconia*, which spends its time taking millionaires on summer cruises, was the Princess de Braganza, Duchesse d'Oporto.

And in the visitors' book at Sydney Government House the same name may be found, newly written, in neat, handwriting, by the mystery Princess, who actually called on the New South Wales Governor, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven.

Extravagant though the visitor's titles may sound, they do really exist, and they show that if she was who she claimed to be she is a cousin of the present King of Italy, and a member of the Portuguese Royal family.

The Portuguese Consul in Sydney, when asked whether he was aware that the Princess Braganza was visiting Australia, said that he knew nothing about it.

Moreover, he had nothing to say concerning the mystery princess on the *Franconia*, and he was tired of telling people so.

Portugal, of course, is a republic, and has been for some years, so that it is not to be expected that a republican consul should extend the glad hand to an ex-princess of his country.

But Italy is not a republic and yet there was no evidence of the Italian Consul planning to welcome the princess as though she were the King of Italy's cousin.

Left Ship, and Returned

But further to these facts is the story gathered from stewards on the *Franconia* that when the ship reached Sydney the princess packed enough clothes to last her two days, and announced that she was going ashore and that her address would be Government House.

She did go ashore, and went straight to Government House, before breakfast, but she was back on the *Franconia* again the same morning.

INTO the life of the mystery princess now comes the gallant young Hussar, the new A.D.C. to the recently appointed Governor of New South Wales, Captain J. Holford.

This enthusiastic young recruit to the Vice-Royal circles of Australia has since distinguished himself by leading into Sydney Harbor, in full uniform, to rescue a Girl Guide, on the historic occasion of Lady Hore-Ruthven's landing in New South Wales.

That deed alone has sent the name of Holford ringing throughout Australia!

Hasty Inquiries

But the first diplomatic action of the young A.D.C. was not as many people think, the removing from the harbor of the Girl Guide. It was the placing back on the harbor of the mystery princess!

Concerning the princess, Holford is extremely reticent. He admits, however, that he met the lady when she called. Her name is in the visitors' book, so one can presume that she was invited to sign this remarkable volume which serves as a sort of social Doomsday Book for the elect and otherwise who have ambitions to hobnob with Vice-Royalty.

Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, possibly because he was still in his pyjamas having breakfast, possibly because Lady Hore-Ruthven had not yet arrived in Sydney to act hostess, did not meet the princess on her first visit to Government House.

Some hasty telephone inquiries were made from Government House as to her credentials.

Of course, the Portuguese Consul had

nothing to say, and if she really was an ex-princess of Portugal he must have had a good reason for laughing up his sleeve at her predicament in having to come to him for a reference.

Anyhow, he didn't give her one. And as nobody else knew anything about her, Captain Holford had to summon all his diplomacy and tact to send her back to the *Franconia*.

What he said to her, only the princess and the A.D.C. will ever know. But to judge by subsequent samples of the A.D.C.'s chivalry it must have been very gallant.

After the Princess had left Government House, there was apparently some further debate about her identity.

It she happened to be a real Princess and they did not offer her Vice-Royal hospitality, all would not be well.

If she was entertained officially within their portals and happened not to be as royal as they thought—well—all would not be well either.

The Almatas De Gotha should have helped them, but it didn't!

The only Duc D'Oporto mentioned within its pages was born at Lisbon in 1865 and died at Naples in 1920. He was married at Rome on September 26, 1917, and again went through the wed-



LADY HORE-RUTHVEN was still a long way from Sydney when the mystery princess called at Government House. This is a charming Bontford study of Lady Hore-Ruthven. At Vice-Royal representatives in South Australia, the Hore-Ruthvens were immensely popular. Now N.S.W. is preparing to get acquainted.

ding ceremony at Madrid on November 23, 1917, with an American who was the widow of the first marriage of William Chapman and of the second marriage of de van Volkenburg, born at Ohio, U.S.A., in 1885.

But the marriage, according to the authority, did not conform to the laws of the Royal household.

The Almanac also records that another American, Anita Stewart, of New Jersey, U.S.A., in 1902, was married to another Portuguese Prince, Miguel Maximilian, who died at New York in 1923 at the age of forty-five.

And the *Franconian* Princess's husband died at Naples, she averred, at the age of forty-eight.

It was all very puzzling! In the circumstances, His Excellency evidently did not feel justified in offering the unexpected visitor formal Vice-Royal hospitality.

A diplomatic solution was finally arrived at. An informal morning tea was arranged, and for a brief half hour on the day prior to the departure of the luxury liner, the princess had the satisfaction of having tea on the lawn at Government House.

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be so unbroken
harmony.

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ANOTHER Three-in-One Free PATTERN

Also Four Exclusive Designs for Children's Knitwear

So many readers have expressed their appreciation of last week's three-in-one pattern that we have decided to extend the service over a limited period. Each of these remarkable patterns provides for three entirely different dresses.

And so overwhelming has been the demand for our exclusive knitting designs that this week we are giving four charming designs for children. Photographs will be found on page 13. Full instructions for knitting them are given on pages 30, 31, and 41.

THE pattern portrayed this week is indeed a masterpiece. Fashion decrees tailored chic, sophisticated plainness, becoming lines. That's why we couldn't resist giving this one to you, providing, as it does, for three frocks, each one so trim, so alluring, so altogether fashionable.

This pattern will enable you to obtain your winter's wardrobe at the minimum cost—the bare price of the materials. For, with just a little ingenuity and imagination, and with the help of the pattern, you may cut out several different ones, besides the three expressly provided for by the pattern.

The latest fashion notes are smartly presented—the popular tunic, the slit at one side, tailored accessories, and smart, straight skirt.

There's a trim jumper suit, with snappy pockets, youthful collar and soft neck bow. A straight-down frock, cleverly and simply cut, as plain but with all the allure of sophistication. It has side pleats, topped with buttons, and a jabot secured by a single button.

A tunic frock completes the set. This will give a really distinctive touch to the winter's wardrobe. The tunic is full and laced firmly in at the waist, with a smart bodice fullness and napoleon sleeves. It's slit at the side, too.

Watch out next week for the third of our amazing three-in-one patterns.

You'll like it just as much as the previous ones.

This Week's Free Novel

MARIE BUELKE PETERSEN, whose story, "Moon Minstrel," has been secured by The Australian Women's Weekly for this week's free novel supplement, is an Australian whose work has won her a very large public, not only in the Commonwealth, but in England and America.

Like most authors whose work has been successful, Miss Petersen has laid the scene of most of her books in the places she loves best, Tasmania, with its majestic scenery, its orchards, the grandeur of its west coast, has inspired some of her best stories.

Miss Petersen has her home in Lindisfarne, a suburb of Hobart. Here she spends the summer, coming to Sydney for the colder months. Her time, both in Tasmania and Sydney, is fully occupied, since, in addition to writing, this gifted Australian is also a landscape painter, some specimens of her art being hung in the Tasmanian Art Gallery.

Europe made its inevitable call, bearing her away to Denmark, the original home of her family, but in spite of enjoying to the full everything that the older continent had to offer, it could not keep her there; she returned to Australia to take up her work amid the scenes from which she draws her inspiration.

"Moon Minstrel," this week's free supplement, is a fine example of Miss Petersen at her best. The action takes place in Tasmania and Sydney. The theme is unusual, the characters lovable. It is a novel that our readers will enjoy.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



PRINCESS BRIDESMAID

THE Princess Eugenie of Greece, of whom this is one of the latest photographic studies, has recently become well known to London society, as she was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of her cousin, Princess Marina, to the Duke of Kent, last November.

Although she does not resemble the Duchess of Kent in appearance, she is, like the Duchess, a very good-looking young woman.

She is the daughter of Prince George of Greece, and cousin of King George, of Greece.

Princess Eugenie is very fond of sport of all descriptions, and thinks that England is ideal for such recreation.



CULTURED AND ARTISTIC

MRS. T. H. KELLY, well-known social leader and charity worker, was both beautiful and brainy even from early childhood. When six years old she appeared in a charity performance of Gilbert and Sullivan in "Pinafore" as Buttercup, and at seven she began to study art. At the age of 14 she was writing review articles for the editorial page of a prominent Canadian paper, and she had a play produced on the professional stage at the age of 15.

A few years later she started upon a most successful stage career, which finally brought her to Australia.

Shortly after her arrival she married, and has not since returned to the professional stage. She has, however, proved a most valuable addition to Sydney's social and artistic circles, besides being one of the finest of war and charity workers.



INTERESTED IN ROTARY

MRS. PAUL HARRIS, wife of the founder of International Rotary, who is visiting Australia with her husband, travelling to Melbourne, through Brisbane and Sydney, for the conference of rotarians there, is also keenly interested in the rotary movement.

She is a prominent member of the Chicago "Women of Rotary," being a chairwoman of one of the sewing groups.

The "Women of Rotary" are more on the same basis of the men rotarians than are the Australian women members of the "Inner Circle." They hold bazaar and card parties to raise funds for the charities which they support, such as the Crippled Children and the Travellers' Aid.

CHAMPION BOXER who Became a Champion VIOLINIST Fritz Kreisler ... a Puzzle to Students of Human Nature

Probably one of the most remarkable things that has happened recently was the discovery that Fritz Kreisler, the world-famous violinist, had "hoaxed" the musical public for years by composing violin pieces under the names of old, and long dead, masters.

His explanation was that he did not like to see his own name repeated endlessly on a programme, so he adopted the names of Vivaldi, Porpora, Pugnani, Martini, Conferin, and others. Of course a "hoax" of this kind has only added to the brilliance of his brilliant career.

And to think that at one time he planned to be a champion boxer of the world!

KREISLER is a figure whose name is a household word. Radio has brought him within the ken of everybody, but not many people know the story of his remarkable career. He is an extraordinary collection of contradictions.

At sixty, Kreisler is reported to be able to make about £50,000 a year. Yet it is also said that he will probably soon find himself in severe financial straits, which will be nothing new. He has already lost two fortunes, one during the war, and one during the American slump.

This might seem to imply that Kreisler is, apart from his music, a bit of a waster. But nothing is further from fact.

The explanation is partly ill-luck and partly lies in his extraordinarily many-sided temperament, where ideas and feelings which are exact contradictions live in harmony side by side.

Kreisler is by no means a mauler only. In his youth many avenues of life opened out before him, and it was largely through the influence of his father, a keen amateur musician, that he finally decided to make music the supreme factor in his life.

A child prodigy with the violin, he was discouraged in the boyish pursuits of fighting and carpentering, for fear of ruining his hands.

Yet, the moment he escaped from his father's eagle eye to complete his army training, he rapidly turned into a champion boxer.

Winning all before him with utter disregard of his priceless hands, he was Army champion and thinking of having a world career as a boxer, before his horrified father rushed to interview the Army authorities, and to reason with son Fritz, and so put an end to the whole business.

Collects Books

BEFORE this he had proved troublesome in another direction. Becoming enamored of the medical profession, of which his father was a leading light, he decided to discard his music and become a medico.

As everybody knows, this career was also thrown into the limbo, along with that of fighting. But Kreisler still regrets that it is impossible to be more than one thing at the same time. He would dearly love still to fight, be a doctor, and to be a collector of books professionally.

For it is as an amateur collector of books that he spends much of his fortunes. Though the proprietor of a book-stall may think himself shrewd, he usually meets his match in Kreisler, who rarely leaves a shop without some lucky purchase under his arm. His collection of rare editions and manuscripts is noted.

Three other hobbies—all costing money—show how many-sided indeed is this master musician's character. While his wife supports an orphanage in New York, Kreisler pays for the upkeep of a large institution on similar lines in Austria. Kreisler's manager is his wife, who manages all his money matters so much on her own that her husband rarely knows how much he possesses.

If she gives him a large allowance, well and good. But if she says he must economise, economise he does. But the orphanage must never go short. Thus one may meet the extraordinary spectacle of a master musician who is the power behind an orphanage, yet has not enough pocket-money to buy himself a new hat.

MANY "musical" people look down their noses at jazz. But Kreisler belongs to the number who can appreciate

the best the world has to offer, yet thoroughly enjoys a good jazz band! One of the greatest of classical musicians, he finds syncopation and rhythm a stimulant, and the craftsmanship of a dance band often, in its way, superb. Musical comedies, with their light melodies, he also greatly enjoys.

But while he likes the musical comedy production, there is another form of theatrical entertainment which he adores.

His wife and his managers who have steered him carefully past second-hand bookshops tear advertisement pages out of newspapers and



KREISLER and his dog which was his inseparable companion until it died recently.

attract his attention elsewhere when he is passing a variety theatre.

Yet, just the same, Kreisler is often missing, and arrives home with the latest of excuses.

His wife and managers then know that he has again escaped them, and been sitting entranced before some troupe of acrobats. Thrilling to the roll of their drums, he feels that acrobats, not musicians, are the supreme artists, really.

A New Start

TENNIS, golf, and riding as well as fighting, all came easy to Kreisler. But all these are forbidden on account of guarding his musician's hands.

Yet during the war Kreisler would listen to nobody, and insisted upon fighting. For four years he was a soldier, hardly touching his violin, and with his hands busied in hardening tasks. His playing does not seem to be affected, but a very nasty thigh wound has left him permanently lame.

After this nobody could say that Kreisler was not patriotic.

Still less can it be said when it is patriotism—of race, if not of country—



Above: KREISLER, as he was when he visited Australia some years ago. Beyond the greying of his hair, he has not changed much since then. At the left he is seen at 10 Downing Street with his wife and Ramsay MacDonald, with whom he is very friendly. The photo was taken on the occasion of one of those private musical evenings which Britain's Prime Minister is so fond of.

which is putting him at the present moment in danger of losing his third fortune.

SINCE Hitler's persecution of the Jews Kreisler has steadily refused to play his violin in Germany.

He has a large home, and a world-

famous library, in Berlin, but the Nazis have now put his name on their list. And riches cannot be taken out of the country.

Yet Kreisler persists in his courageous loyalty to his race, dear as it may cost him. If necessary, he is prepared to make a fourth start at sixty.

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THRILLS of Travel in Modern EUROPE

Australian Calls on the Pope, Gets
Arrested and Escapes Death All
in Twenty-four Hours!

From Our London Office by Air Mail

What a colorful place Europe is!

The following experiences related by Mr. Edward Cahill, the famous Australian pianist, exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly, show that travelling on the Continent in this year of grace 1935 can be as exciting as any film story or a novel of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Cahill, who has played before almost every crowned head of Europe, and is one of our most famous musicians, returned to London recently from Rome and a special audience with His Holiness, and tells what happened to him.

By EDWARD CAHILL.
(Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly)

"THE Glory That Is Rome"

All this glory seems to be concentrated in that one vast and palatial dwelling—the Vatican.

The special suite where the Pope holds audience is a dream of splendor. One enormous salon leading into another.

The public reception salon, the Throne Room, and the more exclusive and smaller Throne room where the private audience are usually held and where I was privileged to have a personal conversation with His Holiness.

Massive bronze doors, decorated with beautifully wrought panelling lead from one room to the other, and the rich carpet-colored carpet tones with the purples and wine-shades of the tapestries which cover the walls, and the brocade covering the massive gold furniture.

Pomp and ceremony are everywhere.

The young noblemen who form the special Papal Guard are conspicuously attired in papal blue and gold with dazzling brass helmets and long swords.

It is a special honor to be appointed to the Throne Room guard, and the highest honor of the young Roman nobles for the honor.

While I waited in the Throne Room I saw the guard being changed, and a very impressive sight it was.

All the ladies present who were awaiting the ordinary public audiences wore the customary veils and high-necked dresses. I wore full evening dress, tails and a white tie, which is the correct attire, although it was only one o'clock in the afternoon. I was received by Father P. Murray, Superintendent-General of the Redemptorist, who, a couple of years ago, came out to Australia and was the guest of Archbishop Dubig of Brisbane.

Archbishop Dubig had written to the

Where to Find

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Pope and Father Murray about me, and that was how I was able to have the honor of an audience special.

Majestic Figure

THE Father was telling me about a young West Australian boy who came over to Italy to study the violin, who is now Father Lynch and has played to the Holy Father, when the moment came for me to be ushered into the Throne room, where His Holiness waited.

I must confess to feeling more excited than I have ever felt when faced with my greatest concert audiences.

The Pope is a majestic figure although, apart from the enormous emerald ring on His Holiness' first finger, he was dressed in great simplicity.

The Pope talked with me in German, as he doesn't speak any English. He showed me the gold watch which he always wears, and told me it was presented to him by His Grace the Archbishop Dubig of Brisbane, and the pupils of All Hallows Convent. He pointed out that it was made of Australian gold.

He sent his blessing and good wishes through me to all Australian musicians

I was still feeling the reaction of this rich, emotional experience as I descended the noble marble staircase and made my way out to the piazza.

Suddenly I heard my name called, and turned to find a young friend from the Scandinavian Embassy. I felt, and probably looked, somewhat unusual, bare-headed and in formal evening clothes in the clear winter afternoon. Besides I was in a hurry to get to the opera. Glancing at the clock I realised how little time there was, and calling good-bye to my friend I started to dash down the street.

Suddenly I felt a grip on my shoulder. I was under arrest. Mussolini was to pass that way in a few minutes. There



A NEW PICTURE of the Empire's two most interesting children—the Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. Princess Elizabeth will celebrate her ninth birthday on April 21.
—Photo by The Australian Women's Weekly Special Air Mail Service.

had been a warning that a dangerous character was around and I was suspect. Where were my papers? Why was I glancing at the Vatican clock so furtively? Who was I? I searched for my papers.

Of course, I had left them at the hotel when I changed into my dress clothes for the audience. I was taken to the

police-station, and kept there some hours until my identity was proved. Of course, I missed the opera.

Even so, my adventures were not over. My train, the Rome express, was the ill-fated train which just missed a terrible avalanche. All the passengers had to get out and drive through the Alps by car to connect with another train.

THE INTERNATIONAL Rotary Movement and Women's WORK

Feminine Influence is the Inner Wheel

The first Inner Wheel, or organisation of women as women in connection with the Rotary Movement in the Southern Hemisphere, was formed at Ballarat, Victoria, nearly four years ago.

Yet there are only two other Inner Wheels in Australia; one at North Sydney, the other at Bendigo, Victoria.

THE wives and sisters and daughters of Rotarians in Australia seem to be content to back up their husbands, brothers, and fathers in a social way, particularly on the occasion of such conferences as the one held in Melbourne last week.

Mrs. Paul Harris, of Chicago, who is visiting Australia with her husband, Mr. Paul Harris, the founder of the Rotarian

Movement, says that American and English women are making great strides with their own movement within the Rotarian Movement.

In England, this movement is called the Inner Wheel, as the Rotary emblem is a wheel. In America, where it began, the women call themselves Women of Rotary.

The Chicago Women of Rotary first came into being in 1921 with their moving spirit, Mrs. Wilma Harvey, as president. At first Rotarians were not eager

to give their name to a women's movement, but when they saw the good work their wives and sisters were doing they were happy to do so.

These Women of Rotary meet once each month, and they have their own speakers and music, but they have a very real objective—to assist community needs—particularly the needs of children.

In Chicago

THE Chicago club, of which Mrs. Harris is a member, is particularly interested in assisting crippled children, as are all the women's clubs. It also assists the Cook County Hospital, the Parkridge School for girls, and the Travellers' Aid, as well as anything else that comes along.

Last year, the club of 150 members made more than 3000 garments for the babies at the hospital.

"There are several branches all over the U.S.A.," says Mrs. Harris, "but when I went to England I found that the Inner Wheel, though it started later we did, had 67 clubs."

"Now it has left us standing, for it is a national organisation. The first national conference was held recently, and its moving spirit, Mrs. Oliver Gold-

ing, has visions of an international organisation in the future."

THE Ballarat Inner Wheel seems to have the right idea, for it has already given much material assistance to the children's ward at the local hospital and to the Ballarat Orphanage, and founded a vocational guidance scholarship.

The Rotary Movement has promoted many international friendships, and the gracious, fresh-complexioned wife of the founder has played her own part in this. Last year, she accompanied her husband to South Africa and returned after three months just in time for the General Convention at Detroit.

This year, they started out in January on a four months' trip. Their main object was the convention at Manila, but they visited Japan and China too.

They have already met Rotarians at Brisbane and Sydney, and they left Melbourne on Monday for Tasmania. After that they will return to Sydney to set out for New Zealand on the first stage of their homeward journey.

Two trees were planted in the park that surrounds Melbourne's Shrine of Remembrance, one for Mr. Harris and one for his wife. Mrs. Harris hopes to come back to Australia in a few years and see her flowering gum in bloom.



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Made specially to prevent sore throats—

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON.

AFTER the death of his wife, Rev. James Robinson, an English vicar, has trouble with his daughter, Adeline, who has formed an attachment for Charles Chaine, an army officer. The vicar decides to accept an appointment as Bishop in Australia, and with his two daughters, Eleanor and Adeline, he sails for Australia in the *Philippi*.

When the vessel is wrecked in the Pacific Ocean the vicar and his two daughters are saved, and other survivors are Lady Gilliland, wife of the Governor-General of Australia, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Buzacott (the ship's mate), and Chaine, who had been travelling incognito.

The survivors land on a Pacific island, and Chaine continues his attentions to Adeline, while Buzacott falls in love with Eleanor.

As Buzacott and Eleanor are being married by Mr. Robinson a schooner appears off the island, and the ceremony remains unfinished. The schooner contains a party of white men from Vainamu Island, led by Seremy. They force the castaways to embark for Vainamu.

At Vainamu a ballot is held among the residents for the women. Seremy draws a blank, and Malachi, a handsome islander, picks Eleanor. Two others draw Lady Gilliland and Adeline.

The womenfolk are given a week to think over matters, and Black, Chaine, and Buzacott are made prisoners.

Black's athletic deeds thrill the populace, and he becomes a sort of hero, and there is talk of making him their chief.

While Buzacott and Charles Chaine are kept in prison, Malachi escapes with Eleanor to a secret place on the island known as the Blue Grotto, where he provides a stock of native clothing for her and promises to return later.

Eleanor is really thrilled with the beauty of Malachi, and finds herself in love for the first time in her life. When Malachi returns he finds her kneeling in prayer.

JOYOUSLY he

greeted her. "Heart," he said (it seemed that he had picked up Buzacott's little name for her; the name that had flowed straight up from the sailor's own warm heart, that she had so little cared for). "Heart, this is jolly, this is what you call a lark; but why should you say your prayers when it isn't prayer time?"

Eleanor rose to her feet. "Because I was afraid," she said simply.

Malachi grew grave. In his boyish face you could see the shadow of the man he was to be. "You think," he said, "that I am like the wicked man Ammon, and you are like Tamar?" Eleanor, well up in her Old Testament, caught the reference and was not at all shocked; you could not be shocked at things that happened in the Bible, even though the story of Tamar and her misfortune was (if it hadn't been in the Bible) rather—well, rather—

"No," she said. "I think you are not wicked."

"But you are frightened of the others

Continuing Our Enthralling Novel of Romance and Adventure in the South Seas!

maybe?" (She wished he wouldn't say "frightened." It lessened him somehow.)

She said: "Yes, I am." The picture of Shem's hireline face, the heavy sensual mouth and eyes of Azarias, rose before her.

"Sit down," said Malachi, indicating a flat rock with his hand. She sat beside him. He took her long white fingers in his own, caressed and admired them. He said: "I am not like wicked Ammon, and you need not be frightened to be like Tamar." That was all.

I WOULD trust him, she thought now, if he told me to leap into a fiery furnace. I would trust him if he put a knife in my throat. The trustworthiness of Malachi (she was sure) was that brought tears to her eyes.

He talked to her then. In strange short sentences, in exclamations that sounded almost as if he were unconscious of her presence, and were speaking to himself, he told her of his gifts (about which he was perfectly candid), of his ambitions. "But I don't want these women of Vainamu," he said. "Love, love, love—these all they know. They keep," he said, "they keep a man down." She understood him only half, but nevertheless she was angry against the women. "Don't you care for any of them?" she asked. He misunderstood the word. "No, I don't care," he said. "I don't care was they drowned—all but—"

"All but?" No one would have known Eleanor's voice as she asked that question; the sweetness of it, the consciousness of power.

Malachi's answer came like a dash of cold water. "All but Rispah."

"Rispah?" She saw the woman; tall, full-breasted, splendid; decked with ornaments such as were worn by no other women in the crowd; pearls on her neck, a purple fillet in her mass of hair. One could be afraid of Rispah.

"Rispah," he said calmly. "Rispah I have been loving, I don't love now." And suddenly Eleanor understood. "Jesebel, you mean!" she said in a flash of anger.

"Jesebel," Malachi agreed, "was very beautiful. I think many men have loved her before the dogs came and

licked her blood. But Rispah, no one will throw her to the dogs—or to the sharks. Rispah too lovely." He laughed.

There was silence for a moment in the sapphire-lighted cave. Like a sleeping monster the sea breathed rhythmically, rising and falling on the rocky walls. Landward the little stream went bickering down the stones. Eleanor was holding herself in, trying not to speak. She feared that if she spoke she would burst forth into shrewish rage against the scarlet woman Rispah. And she knew, taught by a hundred half-remembered hints, words, looks in the past, that the one thing no man would stand was open abuse by the chaste woman of the island. She knew that the sword of every man instinctively leaped from its scabbard at the thought of such a thing. She could recollect seeing Charles Chaine flush red in anger against Addie—even Addie!—when Eleanor's young sister had spoken, carelessly, against a famous actress of

the day; not half understanding what she said, repeating, parrotwise, some scandal of the moment. Charles had told her not to be a Pharisee; declared that Elizabeth Tressillian was the greatest artist on the stage, and that her husband ("I thought it was husbands," Addie innocently said) had treated her vilely, never understood her. It had almost caused a quarrel between the two.

And her father—that stained-glass



ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

paint of a man—he had warned her quite sharply against the sin of uncharitableness just because she had said that barmaids couldn't be ladies. She was smarting at the time beneath the description of a half-declared admirer who had gone over, body and bones, to the rouged, fluff-chignonned wench who sold stale sponge cakes and bad whisky at the railway station. She had sneered at the girl; opined that she was no better than she should be. Father, who wouldn't himself have been seen dead in Mabel May's company, had reproved her quite hotly, almost as if it were a personal matter. These scraps of wisdom, garnered

thought, remembering the times when she had, as in duty bound, scuffled with admirers in some remote corner of a conservatory, or on the stairs, at a dance; hidden her face, slipped, scratched, run away. You did not let a man kiss you unless you were sure you were going to marry him. It wasn't done—so far as Eleanor knew, Addie — But Addie had as nearly as possible come to a bad end.

She remembered, now, to ask after

Adeline and the others. She was not

surprised to know that things were

going well with them; that they had

been given an undisturbed week in

which to make up their minds. "It

will all come out all right," she

thought. It seemed to her that nothing

in a world so blessed, could possibly

go wrong.

"Heart," said Malachi, with one arm

round her waist, "I want you stay quiet

here till the end of the week. They

will think you been drowned—"

"What!"

He went on unconcernedly. "I tak-

ing your clothes, throw them in the

sea. Maybe I tell Adeline, that pretty

little thing, you all right—and the

Pastor your father; but not the other

men. They will stop thinking of you,

choose another. Then when you come

back, everyone glad you are alive after

all, nobody make trouble when I go

to the Pastor and say: 'Marry'."

His eyes burned into hers; his arm

was like a band of steel about her

waist. Steel-burning—yes, this was

what a young, young man was like.

She had thought she knew love. She

had not guessed at it from her experi-

ence of the wooing of men older than

herself. Men who with the exception

of the sailor, had not even asked her

to marry them. Men who were wood

—compared with Malachi.

He went on. "There are not many

like me," he said coolly. "I am only

nineteen—"

(That hurt. Four

years!) "But I'm stronger than any

of the others, and I am far, far more

clever. See, Heart, I think very much

of the history of my people. We

weren't always like this. Eighty years

ago we lived other places, did many

things. Ten years ago I remembering

one very old man, he was ninety. He

could tell things—, but no one caring

to listen, only me. But I said: 'I,

Malachi, when I am man, I will make

this people strong!'"

She listened without once interrupt-

ing—Eleanor who had been wont to

ride the conversation, galloping, guid-

ing, who had seen the faces of "eligible

gentlemen" grow blank and foolish

listening to her discourse—and won-

dered why.

She knew now. "This is the Second

Lesson," the Vicar's daughter told

herself. "Let them say it themselves."

Malachi spoke of ages; casually

asked hers. Without the least hesita-

tion she told him: "Eighteen." And

that was that. Eleanor, the jewel of

the Vicarage, the soul of truth, had

lied. "And I was right to lie," she

thought.

HE left her when the

stars had begun to show like hanging

diamonds in the cleft of the chimney.

"It's not right I should stay here any

longer," he said. And he quoted the

story of Tamar again.

Eleanor said: "What would be done

to anyone here who—she—"

Malachi, golden Malachi, whom she

could not see any longer in the growing

dusk, laughed just a little and made

no reply.

"What would be done?" Eleanor

persisted, her breath coming quickly.

Malachi was half-way up the chim-

ney cleft, scrambling like a lizard.

Over his shoulder he threw two words

at her. "The sharks," he laughed,

and was gone.

The very air seemed to vibrate with

his words. She realised in one illu-

minating moment that Malachi himself

would toss a victim to the dragons of

the sea, if he thought well—without

hesitation, without remorse. He had

been soft for an hour—this boy, who

was stronger than any of the men of

Vainamu; who aspired (she knew now)

to be king over them. But at heart

he was—what?

Full tide came slowly up the walls

of the cave, lapped at her feet, as she

sat motionless in the faintly starlit

dark. Back slipped the tide again

half-way to ebb; and still she had not

found the answer to her question.

Please turn to Page 40

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

unconsciously, came to help Eleanor now. She realised, with a bitter pang, that she might have to fight for Malachi. That Rispah was mistress of arts and charms at which she could not even guess; that she was unscrupulous, too ("They all are that"); that, of course, she wanted, or would want, him back; and that she, Eleanor, dared not for her life say a word against the other.

IT was new know- ledge to her, but she swallowed it down. "Here endeth the first lesson," she thought. And she said, with a smile not altogether guileless: "Rispah—yes, she is very handsome indeed." Her reward came at once, golden Malachi dropped her hand and turned her face up to his. "She is not as lovely as you," he whispered, with his lips almost on hers. And in a moment Eleanor found herself, for the first time, kissed.

"Now we must be married," she

thought, remembering the times when she had, as in duty bound, scuffled with admirers in some remote corner of a conservatory, or on the stairs, at a dance; hidden her face, slipped, scratched, run away. You did not let a man kiss you unless you were sure you were going to marry him. It wasn't done—so far as Eleanor knew, Addie — But Addie had as nearly as possible come to a bad end.

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A Long Complete Story

CHALLENGER!

By
MAX
BRAND

LOVE and riches both awaited John Killan when he was forced to abandon Banner Cottage and its stables. Then fate intervened; Challenger was injured; and Killan turned his back on romance and wealth to nurse the horse.

SHE had said to Killan: "It will only need a little patience, John. Then you and I will have another place in the country. We'll start raising horses again, and they'll be our own. Giving up your present stable—don't let it grieve you too much."

He was a very quiet fellow. His voice was seldom raised, and it was gentler than ever as he answered: "Suppose you had children, Mary, and someone told you to send them away and forget them—because you could raise another family later on?" They looked at each other with sad eyes and said no more, but on the day of the sale they avoided each other.

The women looked at Mary Holm and agreed that Killan had done the only possible thing, and yet, because he had given it, they envied Mary a bit less than before. As for the men, they kept saying to one another, "Killan is a good fellow, anyway. And what the deuce could he do?"

CONSIDERING what Killan was, there was a good deal of doubt about the business, but, considering the millions of Henry Banner that were in prospect, there was no doubt at all about the career. Banner had lent his nephew the cottage and given him a handsome allowance. Those who knew Banner were surprised that Killan had not been forced to walk the chalkline before this.

It was the cold sword of logic that had pierced the heart of Killan. He loved Mary Holm and he loved the horses which he had bred or bought and made. If he wanted Mary, he had to give up the horses; even if he refused to give up the horses they would be taken from him, because they actually belonged to his uncle, Henry Banner. And Henry Banner had decided to close up the country place, where, during these years, he had

closed down, in any case, and Killan would be left to make his way in the world with hands which knew little more than the feel of the reins.

That was why he had surrendered. That was why the people had come this day to the sale at Banner Cottage.

Henry Banner had come down to observe the sale with his own stern eyes, and it was not altogether strange that Mary Holm walked about with him. She was very happy, though she kept that happiness from brightening too much in her face, but she felt with honesty that she and the Banner millions could mean more to John Killan than his thoroughbreds and that wide, green galloping country in which he lived.

As for John Killan, he kept himself up to his full inches as a man ought to do. He kept himself smiling as his nine horses were led out, one by one, and taken over the jumps of the schooling ground by the stable boy. Killan was riding clothes—for the last time, perhaps—and went about with his hands in the pockets of a topcoat which kept people from seeing when his fists were gripped hard.

Mary Holm paused with Banner at the side of Killan and said, "They're going very well, John, don't you think?"

He turned, with his smile, but his eyes were just missing her as he said, "Oh, yes, quite well."

She took a little grip of the arm of Henry Banner and steered him away from there. "Poor John!" she said.

"Poor John?" exclaimed Henry Banner. He threw up his head, so that his hat slipped back from the jerk. On the Stock Exchange that gesture was known well enough.

He pulled a sugar lozenge out of his pocket and held it poised in his fingers for a moment. He had a tenderness of the throat and was in the habit of using these lozenges whenever he had to talk a great deal. Therefore, from habit, the moment he was greatly moved one of the little white lozenges was sure to appear in his finger-tips.

"Hang my immortal heart and eyes!" said Banner. "Poor John? Poor fool, you mean, doing the first wise act of his spendthrift life in getting rid of this pack of long-legged, scrawny-necked, crazy-eyed fence-hoppers."

"But he's made them!" said the girl. She turned her head, suddenly, and saw the somewhat bending shoulders and the smile of John Killan in the crowd. "He's taught them everything they know."

"They know how to eat their heads off on oats that I pay for!" said Banner.

A LOUD ripple of talk, and then a silence came. A burly young man, with a round, red face and the rather glassy eyes that one sometimes sees in those who live by horses, exclaimed, near Mary Holm, "Great Scott, he's selling Challenger, too!"

Back there in the crowd, John Killan did not hear the outbreak of exclamation and he did not feel the silence that followed it. When he saw the big chestnut his mind was so filled that he would not have heard an angel's voice. For Challenger was ten years

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

But Killan could not see what it was all about until Challenger actually rose to the jump mightily; then he glimpsed Helen Jarvis in the middle of the course.

old and Killan knew every one of those years, from the very first day when the colt had pushed its soft, wet muzzle into the palm of his hand and made him laugh.

Challenger had grown up a bit weedy and slab-sided, a mere blade of a horse. But that was the proper word—a sword-blade full of give and play and suppleness but never ready to break. Four times he had entered the Oakwood Cup, and three times he had come from behind and won, because his master's voice had been close to his ears, entreating.

Last year he had been beaten, with half the spectators vowing that a taste of the whip would have brought him first under the wire. Poor fool! As though Challenger needed more than Killan's word and one slap with the flat of the hand down on the rubbery springing of the shoulder muscles.

Little Helen Jarvis began to jump up and down and clap her hands above her head. "It's Challenger! It's Challenger, Challenger, Challenger!"

But Killan could not see what it was all about until Challenger actually rose at the jump mightily; then he glimpsed Helen Jarvis in the middle of the course. She had started to run across the track to the inside. Her father, with the face of a roadman, was vaulting the fence to get at her. Her small body pulsed this way and that to escape from the flying danger; then she threw her arms over her head and

THEN he straightened Challenger at the first jump. There were five jumps in the circle, and three of them were big. The biggest of all was the ditch with the big hedge beyond it. The gelding walked over those jumps as though they were bumps on a road, but as they came up for the ditch and hedge Killan heard the voice of Helen Jarvis, shrilling, "Challenger! Challenger! Challenger!" And then over the squealing little voice closed a roar of men shouting and the frightful screaming of women.

But Killan could not see what it was all about until Challenger actually rose at the jump mightily; then he glimpsed Helen Jarvis in the middle of the course. She had started to run across the track to the inside. Her father, with the face of a roadman, was vaulting the fence to get at her. Her small body pulsed this way and that to escape from the flying danger; then she threw her arms over her head and

shoulder, shaking his hand, and saying a lot of things that Killan did not hear.

AS for the leg, Doc Whaley was looking at it, lifting it, thumbing so deeply into the slippery shoulder muscles that Challenger winced his ears back now and then, in spite of the fact that Killan was right there face to face with him.

Whaley came around, and said in a voice which he tried to keep down but which emotion made big. "I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe it's a ligament. I don't know. But I'm afraid it's the nerve. I can't tell you, Mr. Killan, how sorry I am!"

There was a whisper from the others, at that. Everyone began to back away as if from a death, but a crazy voice came out of Sam Jarvis: "I'll bid a hundred for him—no, no, I mean five hundred. I'm bidding five hundred for him. I'll have him sound in no time. Five hundred for him!"

Of course, that was Jarvis' way of admitting that his small daughter had caused the fall of the horse. Killan was able to keep on smiling but he had to turn his head slowly, and he saw that Jarvis was crying.

"Please don't," said Killan. "It's just one of those things; nobody's fault."

Sam Jarvis ducked his head down and almost ran away. All the others were getting away fast, too. There was only Billy and Mary Holm at the door of the barn with Henry Banner, arguing.

But Banner snapped the padlock on the door. After all, he had ordered that on this day the barn should be cleared of every horse, and now that the thing was done it should not be undone.

Killan kept on smiling as he heard Banner say, "Too bad, John. Five hundred wiped out by bad luck. But now, the car's waiting to take us to the station; everything's ready. I suppose the horse has to be destroyed. And Mary and I will be waiting for you."

He took Mary and marched her off towards the house. Killan felt her backward glances as numb flesh feels a touch.

Please turn to Page 29

My Favorite Poem

When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and
full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take
down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of
the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their
shadows deep,
How many loved your moments
of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with
love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim
soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your
changing face,
And bending down beside the
glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how
love fled
And paced upon the mountains
overhead
And hid his face amid a crown
of stars.

—By W. B. Yeats.

From "Maybe."

allowed Killan to be what God had made him; the keenest of horsemen, the gentlest of mortals.

It was Banner's money that made this life possible for Killan and Banner had not troubled him until after the death of the junior partner in the shipping firm. A month later came the ultimatum which forced Killan to choose between something and nothing. The "something" was a handsome berth in the shipping business, with plenty of income on which to marry Mary Holm; he paid for this by giving up the horses. The "nothing" was the loss of Banner's affection, and the loss of the horses also; the plan was to be

A Child In Danger

she cried. Children ought not to be brought along at a time like this. Their sharp voices cut too deep. They cut as deep as the heart.

People began to look at Killan more than they looked at the good horse; their eyes were round.

Killan said to himself, "This is the music and this is where you face it, John." He kept on smiling as he walked up to the stable-boy who led the gelding. "I'll take Challenger around myself," he said.

Little Helen Jarvis was clapping her hands above her head again and screaming "Challenger! Challenger! Challenger!" and Sam Jarvis was patting her on the shoulder and grinning. Sam Jarvis was a big, flat-faced fool. He couldn't have known better than to bring a child to an affair like this; there wasn't any knowing in him, thought Killan.

huddled on the ground—as clumsy doggers will do—in the very path of the horse.

Killan had a tenth part of a second, and he used it. He hurled his whole weight to the right and he felt Challenger, like the nobleman that he was, instantly giving his great body to the manoeuvre, so that he glided around in the air. He landed almost sideways and hurled Killan in a rolling fall that ended thirty feet away. But when Killan got up, staggering, he saw Helen sprawling and clutching in the arms of her father, unhurt, while the agony was still thumbed into the face of Jarvis as into wet clay. Then Killan saw that Challenger was having a hard time getting to his feet. The gelding managed it; he stood with his left fore-leg dragging.

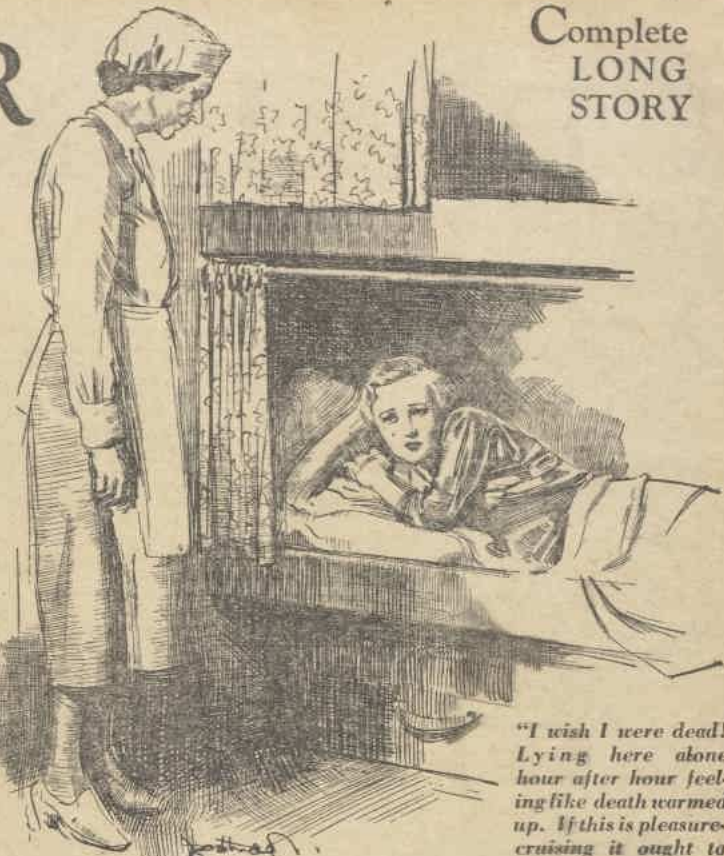
People swarmed all around. They were gripping Killan's arm, patting his

Mr. CLEVER

By
**Christine
Joep-Slade**

That clever young man, they called him; but a woman proved more than a match for him.

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd



"I wish I were dead! Lying here alone hour after hour feeling like death warmed up. If this is pleasure-cruising it ought to be renamed!"

HERE were six hundred passengers, and they'd clean table napkins three times a day for the fourteen days—let's see, what's that?"

"I'd call it a heavy morning's washing, Mrs. Douglas!" Bessie Douglas laughed, but her laughter, like her evening's conversation with her neighbor, was hung heavily against the immovable background of her thoughts, and speculation about her only daughter, Jill.

"You must want to tell people off sometimes."

"It don't do for a stewardess. See all. Say nothing. And do the best you can for everybody. That's my motto."

"You've your tips to think of, of course."

"That's it! Seven pounds a month is our screw. And this flat is thirty shillings."

"It's a romantic life in a way. What kind of passengers do you get?"

"All kinds. When you've been at it as long as I have you get to grade 'em like eggs when they come on board."

"Crooks? Millionaires and people going on the loose. I suppose you get 'em all, Mrs. Douglas?"

"Every kind."

She wanted to be alone to think about the strange new burning loveliness of her pretty 18-year-old girl, to turn her anxious heart's wisdom on it privately and see what it portended.

THE child carried happiness in her pretty face like a guarding light. She had perceived it at once yesterday when she arrived home on forty-eight hours' shore leave. It had leapt out at her.

"Your husband was a steward, wasn't he, Mrs. Douglas?"

"Yes. That's why the company gave

By a Girl of 17—

The Sacrifice

Let her believe that I did not come.

See that she understands. Don't let her wait in the shapeless light.

Twisting her slender hands. Hold her against your coated breast.

There at our trysting place. Keep her a moment turned to me.

That I may see her face. Tell her I died on the battlefield. And dying, I breathed her name. Don't let her know I am waiting here.

Twisted and ugly and lame.

—Yvonne Webb.

me my position. I couldn't take it up for three years. Jill was only two when he passed on."

"You've done your duty by Jill." Bessie Douglas smiled again. Her artificial teeth failed to mar a curiously beautiful expression.

"French?"

"German," added Bessie Douglas softly as a devout recitation of a rosary. "Two years in Munich."

"Typewriting," nodded her neighbor. "Shorthand," said Bessie Douglas.

"A clever girl," said her neighbor.

"And good," added Bessie Douglas. She said it sharply as one who brings an argument to a close.

"When do you go back?"

"We have to be back on board tomorrow morning at eight."

"Are you down far in this ship?" Bessie Douglas laughed.

"Yes, we've got a State cabin between us and Mrs. Murphy. She's on 'A' deck. But we're never in it."

"It isn't all honey, Mrs. Douglas?"

"Oh, nothing's all honey, and there are thousands out of employment. It has educated me girl and brought her up, and I've got a nice little pile put by. I'm grateful. If my luck holds I'll be able to give up next year and stay home for good with Jill. I had a generous lot this trip—northerners. They didn't mind spending their brass. It's been dirty weather, too. That always helps. They're a funny lot, the northerners. Of course, I'm a Londoner myself."

The door opened. A rush of air. A rush of life, warm, vibrant. Bessie Douglas seemed to grow younger in it. More vital. Stronger.

"Well, my girl!"

"They kept me late at the office, mother. Overtime. Oh, darling, it's marvellous to see you sitting there. Isn't it marvellous to have her home, even for such a short time?"

"She works hard for you, Jill."

The girl knelt down by the chair; she put her arms round her mother. She was fair, with the same china blue eyes, the same clear, clean skin; the same look of kindness and sane, healthy living and thinking.

"Next year," she said softly.

"Yes, next year, darling."

"You've never thought of taking her on one of the cruises, Mrs. Douglas?"

"No," said Bessie Douglas shortly. "I will take her one day. No cruise stuff. A long journey to one place. Somewhere I've never seen—New Zealand, Australia. One country and stop there a bit, and come back on a non-stop boat. That's my idea of a holiday."

Happiness. Excitement. She could feel it like a warmth, like a force in the young arms, in the smooth flushed cheeks the curve of which she could see by glancing her eyes down the similar curve of her own cheek.

Her neighbor got up and trundled away, wishing her a good voyage, murmuring: "Well, you'd like to be together a bit, I'm sure."

She hardly heard her.

"Like a cup of tea without any frozen milk. Mummy?"

"That isn't frozen any more, dearie. It used to be. Now they pour it into a thing that keeps it at a certain temperature, and you just hold your jug underneath and turn the tap and it comes out with the cream on it, sometimes an inch thick." She wasn't listening, wasn't heeding what she said.

The girl put the kettle on and went away calling cheerily: "I'll just straighten myself up a bit. Don't bother to make the tea. I'll do it."

She had brought cakes in a little bag. Bessie Douglas took them. The elder woman did not turn on the electric light, she sat in the soft, blue-grey darkness.

THE girl came back, neat and debonair. She did not touch the switch as she passed it. After a little while the kettle boiled, a thin, sweet, homely sound.

"I'll make the tea."

"Then northerners on the cruises call it 'making the tea'."

"How odd. Were they impossible this last time, Mummy?"

"No, they were better than usual. I picked up 130 tips."

"Oh, darling! Lovely!"

"I handed the lot. Next year, Jill."

"I know, darling. It will be marvellous always to have you here."

But she jumped her thoughts. The mother felt her hesitate and go over the hurdle.

The darkness gathered easily in the little room. It knitted them together as naturally as silent companionship.

"Been busy, Jill?"

"Yes, very. I had to have Mrs. Aldis in nearly every day to do for me to keep the place ship-shape."

"That's all right, dear. It looks nice. I noticed the flowers the minute I came in."

"I got them for you."

She put down her tea cup. She came and sat at her mother's feet. The mother pushed back her chair. With a free hand she reached behind her back and pulled down a cushion for her daughter to sit on.

"A man?" she said tentatively.

"Oh, darling, the most marvellous man!"

"Nice?"

It had come. The curtain between them was down. She had worked hard for sixteen years for this one thing. She floundered about a minute in her own thick, unreasonable fears, then she steadied. This was what she had hoped for, wished for, wished for unselfishly, with a conscious unselfishness that she had ended and nurtured until it was strong and brave.

"I'm glad, darling."

"Oh, Mummy, so marvellous!"

"Dark?"

Did she care if he were dark or fair? But those things mattered. Those questions had an intriguing, passionate quality when you were nineteen and loved for the first time.

"Very dark. I adore dark men!"

"You'll pay for it in hot shaving water twice a day."

The girl laughed with happy laughter. It seemed to bubble up from some luminous pool of sheer human joy.

"Terribly good-looking, angel. Can you hear it? Just terribly good-looking—blue, blue eyes and wavy black hair."

"Not Ronald Colman by any chance?"

"No. He has got the quaintest name. Darling, it's so funny, you'll never guess."

"I'm not going to try, darling. There's lots I want to know. Where did you meet him?"

"In Mr. Turner's office."

"Ah! Good position?"

"Thousand a year."

Now her heart was singing, too. In her, too, a little pool of golden and quite unselfish joy was rising and expanding.

"Oh, my baby, it seems so silly. You. Only yesterday—"

"Yesterday doesn't seem to matter a bit, only to-morrow."

The mother thought. "No. Yesterday belonged to me. There wasn't anything in my life but that yesterday."

day, but to-morrow belongs to you and I shall be outside it."

And still she never repined. It was what she had expected, but it was better than she had ever dared to expect.

"Not divorced, or married?"

"Darling, how silly!"

"Old?"

"Twenty-seven."

"YOU said, 'a funny name'—an English passport, I hope?"

The girl threw back her head and laughed.

"Oh, yes, British as British, but such a funny name. Listen, it's 'Clever'."

"It's 'Clever, darling. C L E V E R. Bruce Clever'."

"Jill Clever?"

"Yes, I've written it millions of times since—well, since ten days ago."

"Only ten days ago?"

"Ten days ago he walked into the office and I walked into the Boss's room and he introduced us. And he asked me out to dinner that night and we dined and danced at the Adelphi. Oh, it's too marvellous. I've seen him every day, but I've got an awful confession—I saw him to-night, darling. You didn't mind? I own it was pretty brutal, but, darling, I can't help it. I can't help anything. I'm just crazy about him."

"Of course, I didn't mind. When am I going to meet him? Quite soon?"

"I hope so. Sooner than you expect, darling. He's going on the cruise to-morrow. Your next cruise."

"Did you tell him about me?"

"No."

"Why not? Ashamed?"

"Good heavens, no! No, honestly not. To begin with I told him you were away visiting relations. I don't know really why I said that, except that we didn't know each other very well—and I had to explain being alone in this flat. And then—well, I'm quite honest, darling—we just—oh! We just talked of each other all the time."

"I see."

"And then quite suddenly he sprang it on me that he was going on this cruise, and then, because I hadn't said—well, I hadn't said what you were—I mean, it was a little difficult. I sort of felt he'd think I'd tell you about him and then he'd be sort of under observation—I thought it might make him uncomfortable—I thought it might tramp his style. Oh, darling, it sort of started so easily. It's awfully difficult to explain."

"I think I understand."

"No, I don't think you really do. You see, he said that first day when I went out to dinner with him. 'Do you live alone?' and I said, 'No. I live with my mother and she is away.' And he said, 'With people?' and I said 'Yes'."

"Yes, I see your point. What deck's he on?"

"I asked him that. He's on Mrs. Murphy's deck."

"Oh, yes, 'A' deck."

"Yes, he's got a—well, it's got a port-hole. I know that much. He's awfully overtid. He's been working too hard. He's really going for the rest."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No. Not yet. Oh, darling, do understand it—it's so inevitable. There couldn't be anything but being together always. It's just that we haven't wanted to lift things out of the state they are in at the moment, because the state they are in is just the most noble, beautiful, and lovely thing that could ever happen to two people in this world."

"Has he given you a ring?"

"No, he's given me this. They're not real diamonds. It's just paste."

On her slender wrist was a bracelet of charming workmanship.

"Pretty."

"He's the chief traveller for Kanoler and Whitman. He sells us a lot of stuff. The boss calls him 'that Clever Young Man.' It's a silly name, but I adore it, too. Of course, he said it made his life at school terrible."

"And I'm not to see him before-hand?"

"Darling, no. And I shan't either. He has gone up to London to-night, and he only comes down to-morrow morning in time to embark. I shan't catch a glimpse of him till he comes back brown and marvellous from sun-bathing and sea-bathing. Oh, I wish I was going with him. You know, it's silly, I can hardly bear to let him out of my sight. He's promised to wireless me from all the ports you stop at."

"Oh, I expect we'll have Sparks on our hands with nervous exhaustion."

She laughed and flung her arms round her mother.

"Oh, darling, I'm just so happy I could die."

The Chief Steward met her almost on the gangway.

"Mrs. Murphy's reported sick," he said, worried. "Various veins. They've got to be filled with wax or something. Every cabin's full. Can you and Mrs. Chambers share her cabin between you? I know it will be a bit of a rush. Can't be helped."

"Yes, we'll manage."

THEY walked down the companionway together.

So Mr. Clever was to be in her charge. She felt an insurgent sense of triumph. Not exactly spy, or investigate—but watch and note and analyse. He was delivered up to her. If he was all right it wouldn't matter, if he was the real thing. If he wasn't...

She smiled at Mrs. Chambers, already uninformed in the alleyway.

"Pity about Mrs. Murphy," she said briefly. "But then legs of hers were a trial. Often wondered how she stood it."

Mrs. Chambers took out her knitting placidly.

"We've got a Mr. Clever, and a Mr. Smellie, and a Mr. Bear in our lot," she observed. "If that's not a party, what is!"

Bessie Douglas laughed.

An hour later, with the stewards, and the fierce eye of the baggage-master, she saw the correctly labelled luggage deposited in the right cabins. Her eagle eye saw that the little envelope containing the table placement was on each dressing-table.

Then, with an anxiously beating heart, she stood ready to receive the new passengers. They came tripping on, vociferous, a little incoherent, dusty, tired and, in certain instances, ill at ease and apprehensive.

Please turn to Page 26

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait.
sketched by Petrov

BY NOW you will be thinking of your Easter race costume.

It should not be difficult to choose it this year. There is such a variety of attractive woollens and dull crepes.

Sheer featherweight wools with rough or hairy surfaces, cellophane and metal-thread fabrics, crinkled, shirred-looking crepes. Color will be everywhere. Autumn shades—all the greens and browns, vivid and pale colors, contrasting with dark accessories, and the ever-smart black.

The most practical ensemble for the races is a dress and coat. The coat will

ENSEMBLES for EASTER RACES ARE Very DASHING!

be full length or three-quarter. The long coat will have a fitted body, the same length as last year, as slim and sleek as possible. It will probably have a belt. The three-quarter coat may also be fitted, but more often it will hang straight from the shoulders in a slightly swaggy style. It will be worn open with the collar of the dress showing above the coat. There are detachable fur collars for the long coats, made in the shape of ties or capes.

There are fur lapels and rippling collars, all made of flat fur or fox. Coat colors are black, brown, plum, tan, dark blue, all greens, and grey. The coat and dress need not match in fabric or color. There are twin woools that make up ensembles—the plain for the coat, and the check, or plaid, or metal-run for the dress.

then have your accessories matching the frock. You can be very dashing, and combine two bright colors, only be very careful and see that they are the right shade. Several good combinations are a very bright green, almost emerald, and buttercup-yellow; royal blue and deep red; royal blue and emerald green; maroon and pale blue.

These three-quarter and long coats will often cover skirts of the same color and material with contrasting blouses. The blouses will be of satin, crepe, metal-run silk, velvet, and velveteen. The same color schemes as above will apply to the blouses.

The jacket of the suit will be hip-length, and either fitted or hanging loose. The skirt shortish, narrow, and possibly split.

The Two-piece Dress

THERE will be many smart race frocks made in two pieces, either a skirt and tunic, a dress and cape, or a dress and jacket. Tunics range from wrist length to six inches above the hem. They are usually in a light color over a dark skirt. The skirt must be as narrow as possible, and the tunic slightly flared or slit at either side. Sleeves three-quarter or long, and tight or loose. Necklines high or a low V. White crepe tunics with black crepe, wool, or velveteen skirts. Green, yellow, or pale blue over black. Pale blue, yellow, dark red, lime-green over navy-blue. Wool tunics and skirts in contrasting colors. Crepe tunics over satin skirts in one color.

Dresses have capes of all lengths, from the waist to the knee. They are usually in the same fabric and color, and if short can be fur-trimmed.

Trim little jackets accompany simple one-piece frocks. They can contrast in color and fabric such as a crepe or

GOLD costume jewellery is new. Huge bracelets, six inches wide, are worn on either wrist. Earrings are little clusters of gold stars hanging from a clip. There are gold-imitation, of course—rings and clips set with chunks of colored stones.

wool dress with a velveteen jacket, or a satin dress with a crepe or wool jacket.

Frock necklines are high and draped. Sleeves are simple and often wide at the armhole. Skirts are narrow and middle-length. There is great interest in buttons and belts. Oblong buttons of fur, crystal, wood, leather, each with two holes and requiring one wide stitch to hold it on. Wide belts of cut-out leather, colored belts on black dresses, swathed belts of velvet.

Race Hats

HATS to go with these race frocks will be of fine felt, antelope, satin, velvet and velveteen, and a new plush-like velour in black, brown, navy, green, plum-color. They are mostly brimless with slightly high crowns—high at the back and draped down in front. There are still many low-crowned hats. Trimmings—feathers of all sizes and shapes, brooches and clips.

Useful Coats

SHEER wool and velveteen coats will be worn over frocks of satin, dull crepe, printed crepe, moire (in dark colors), or sheer wool or velveteen. A black coat and accessories will go over dresses of red, orange, yellow, emerald green, pale blue, white, or black. A navy-blue coat over red, grey, pale blue, yellow, mulberry, lime-green, and white. A brown coat over leaf-green, yellow, beige, orange, pale blue, or pink, a lighter brown and grey.

You can reverse the colors and wear bright and pale coats over dark frocks.

Suits and Furs

SMART suits will go to the races, to be worn with furs if the day is cold. They will be pastel-colored wool with dark blouses—black, brown, navy-blue, green, wine, black-tillip, grey, wool, velveteen or heavy dull crepe. Some may have flat fur lapels or little Eton collars of fur. Blouses will all be high at the neck. Sketched below is a very smart Regency jacket and skirt in black velveteen with frills of starched white Point-de-Venise lace worn with a marquisette tricorn hat in velveteen.



• SHEER angora woollen in a dusty pink shade fashions this dress and short cape. The Eton collar and jabot are made of navy dyed moleskin.

• THIS chic tailor-made is of black velveteen. Beneath is a blouse of white net with frilly jabot, and collar and cuffs of starched white lace.

• THIS Molyneux model ensemble shows a nut-brown sheer wool coat over an orange dull crepe dress. A big chiffon flower is fastened to the low square décolletage.

• A SHAGGY forest-green woollen fabric is used for this dress and coat. The attractive scarf and belt are made of the same fabric in yellow, bright green, and raspberry.

• A SHEATH-LIKE tunic in heavy white matelasse crepe accents the ecclesiastical note with its deep fringed cord, knotted at the waist. The skirt is black crepe.

P E T R O V

NOW . . . PICK the WINNERS!



Photographs by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion photographer.

● **SIMPLE**, but effective, is this navy-blue corded woollen cape costume pieced on tailored lines. The cape gives an air of distinction and the fur felt hat is wide of brim, with tassel-trimmed pinnacle crown.

● **THE** prevailing Russian influence is exemplified in this smart coat of black tango boucle. A tunic effect is achieved by outlining it in South American skunk. A black toque, trimmed with astrachan, blends effectively with the costume.

ALTHOUGH overseas designers set the pace for the whole field, it is not until the opening race meetings of each season that it becomes known which of the fashion starters will become the hot favorites of Australian women.

Do they back glass dresses and silvered eyebrows in Paris? Do slit-to-the-knees skirts distract the punters in the Judge's Box at Longchamps or Antoul or Ascot? But does that ensure that Randwick, Flemington, Ascot (Qld.) or Onkaparinga shall be similarly favored? By no means. The Australian woman has a definite mind of her own on these matters, and at the big race meetings she often gives thumbs down to bizarre trends which have been well backed overseas.

Still, there are certain style starters which are by now odds-on for the winter season. For example, you can put all that is left over from your dress allowance on any of the mappy costumes showing their paces on this page—easy money!

The dramatic, caped touch, the dyed-fox nonsense, the Russian swank and the roguish bonnet which is an "army" bonnet, but with oh-what-a-difference! About all these we've had inside tips straight from the mouth of the Australian dress authorities, who have long been in training for the opening event of the racing season and already have booked Madame's orders!—A.J.



● **CABELLERO** cast in the color, and rice-drop boucle tweed the material, of the lovely winter coat pictured here. Seal skin trimming forms a square over the shoulders, and the roll collar is of medium height. Notice that the bonnet of felt, finished with a fluted brim, is worn well off the face.

● **A LUXURIOUS** cape of silver fox fur adds warmth for chilly days to the model of platinum-moss crepe on the left.

● **ON** the right is shown a fashionable two-piece suit of Marina blue, finished with bands of the same material. Black lacing of cellophane gives an original note. The oversized cape of fox fur is dyed in the new orchid blue shade. The race-horse is Catalan, owned by Mr. Keith Duggan, of Randwick.

Photos by courtesy of David Jones.

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1 egg
¾ cup milk

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An Editorial

MARCH 30, 1935.

DIVORCE IN AUSTRALIA



EVERYONE is agreed that the good ship Matrimony requires to be carefully navigated if it is to escape the rocks and shoals of Selfishness and Discontent.

Thoughtful people are concerned about the increase of divorce cases since the war, and there are not wanting those who tell us that marriage as an institution is in real danger.

A statement by a speaker at the Women's Institute of Service in Sydney this month has been widely quoted. It was to the effect that 10,000 husbands deserted their wives in New South Wales every year.

As no one State has a monopoly of the deserting habit, and New South Wales husbands are not 50 per cent. of the whole, this would mean that about 20,000 Australian wives were annually left in the lurch.

Fortunately, the position is not as bad, nor nearly as bad, as that! The Commonwealth Year Book gives the number of Australian marriages for the last recorded year (1932) at 43,634, of which 17,362 were in New South Wales. The number of divorces granted in Australia was no more than 1938 for the last year in which the figures are available (1931). This means, if we allow for an increase of petitions in the last two years, that only about one Australian marriage in twenty ends in divorce.

Moreover, as nearly half the successful petitioners are husbands, the number of women who seek relief on the ground of their husbands' desertion is less than 2000 a year for the whole Commonwealth. Where do the alleged 10,000 deserters in New South Wales come in?

What is wanted in every marriage is a degree of mutual understanding and forbearance. The reason for most of the failures is contained, or at least suggested, in the well-known lines of Coleridge:

"Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth..."

And to be wrath with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

It is a healthy sign that the very youthful marriages favored in our grandmother's day are discouraged in Australia as in other countries. Given a man and a woman of adult age and mentality, the "marriage of true minds," as Shakespeare puts it, has as bright a chance as it ever had of contributing to the happiness and the welfare of those who contract it.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

No Training For This

"A MAN must serve his time to every trade save cinema," wrote Byron more than a century ago. He was castigating the critics—his own critics, and others—for taking on a job they knew nothing about.

A writer in an Australian daily mentions another failing for which there is no skilled preparation. "Parenthood is the one function for which we receive no training," says the scribe.

Not a new discovery, of course, but worth insisting on when so much is being said and written about unemployed youth—about its wantonness, its willfulness, and all the rest. The Prince of Wales has put himself at the head of a Jubilee movement to give the youth of Great Britain a chance.

One main cause of the trouble is the irresponsibility and unpreparedness of parents who, in a big percentage of cases, don't even attempt to qualify for what is actually the most important job in the world.

Requires Courage

IT is the courage of a woman that appeals to us these days—that is to say, the moral courage. There are over 500,000 holders of wireless licences in Australia. Up to a few months ago they tamely paid the licence fee of 24/- a year imposed by the Federal authorities. When they were fined for not taking out a licence they meekly paid the fine.

It has taken a woman to test the legality of the procedure under which we have suffered in silence so long. Rather than pay the £1 fine imposed on her for non-possession of a licence, she has begun a test case in the High Court. If she wins there will be over half a million people in Australia to call her blessed. If she loses it may cost her £100 or more.

Win or lose, she has shown moral courage of a high order. The average man does no more than grumble when High Authority puts an imposition on him. A woman marches up to the Official Citadel and pushes a writ under the door.

Useful on the Bench

A MAN like Francis Bacon, if they would give him a job as Stipendiary Magistrate, would be a godsend these days, especially when cases of driving "under the influence" were being heard. It was Bacon who told Queen Elizabeth that he regarded "all knowledge" as his province, and he certainly made an attempt to cover the field.

A Francis Bacon on the Bench would be able to bring both medical and psychological knowledge to bear on the question whether a motorist was really drunk when a policeman said he was, and a doctor said he was sober. Also with a magistrate like Bacon you would learn whether the accused was merely drunk in the legs and sober in the head, or vice-versa. The problem is too hard for the ordinary S.M. to solve.

Yes, we need a few men of Baconian calibre on the Bench and other places.

Lyric of Life

Oblique

Sometimes we wander in the maze
Of our own unlaboured thoughts,
Puzzled
As a child would be
Lost in a crowded city
Where only strangers pass.
It is then, I think, we know a little fear,
A little shame, a little joy
That is all our own, unshared with others
And almost... almost unknown to our
selves.
—F. Duncan-Brown.

In the Stratosphere

IF you were to ask us who is the hardest man in the world to follow, we could tell you at once. It is, of course, Wiley Post, the volatile American who has lately come to earth after exploring the stratosphere at a height which he mentions casually was "between 30,000 and 40,000 feet"—in other words, between six and eight miles. Reminds you of the line in "Adonais":

"Not all to that high station dared to climb."
Wiley Post, remarked on landing that his flying speed in the stratosphere was 370 miles per hour. One advantage of being up in the stratosphere is that there are no traffic cops and no one can charge you with exceeding the speed limit.

Britain is now getting ready to train a race of "super-pilots" whose special job it will be to fly about in the stratosphere and find out all there is to know about it—and beyond it. "Super-pilots" is right.



MOST PEOPLE THINK that John Peel, about whom the famous song was written, was a mythical character; but here is his tombstone in Galdbeck, Cumberland, England, to show that he really did live. He used to hunt his own pack, at his own expense, in the Lakeland fells.

Heiress and Prince

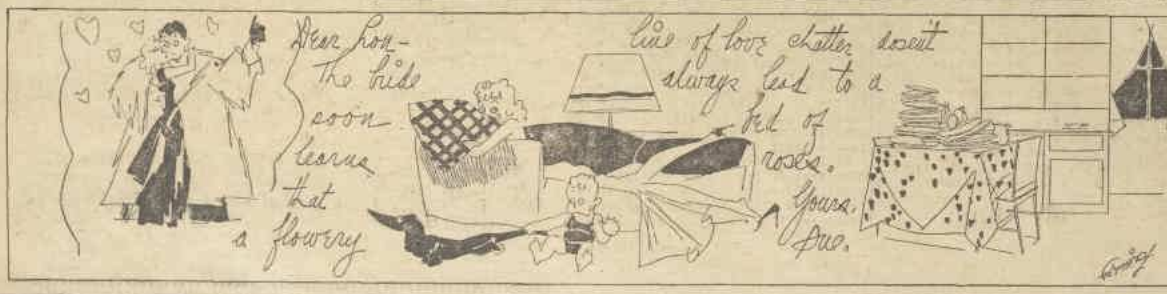
WHY do so many English-speaking heiresses marry foreigners? Is it the title, love of novelty, lure of adventure, craving for romance, excitement, change, or something else that prompts them? There is Barbara Hutton, reputed richest woman in the world, who married her Prince Midvint about two years ago, and is now preparing to divorce him. It will be a perfectly friendly divorce, as both parties protest, but still a divorce.

There have been a number of successful marriages between people of different race and nationality, but they have been the exception rather than the rule. The Nordic races—British, Scandinavian, German—get on fairly well together in marriage, even if husband and wife speak different languages to begin with. There is a bigger problem in front of the English or American girl who, in a mood of romance or infatuation, essays to bridge the gulf between Anglo-Saxon and Asiatic, or semi-Asiatic (i.e., Russian).

One wonders if the glorification of the Sheik in certain movie dramas has anything to do with some of the "mixed" marriages that have ended in tragedy.

FROM SUE TO LOU

A Bright Girl's Letters



Women in France are Trying to Win Right to Vote

By JEAN WILLIAMSON

France is one of the few big modern nations where women haven't got votes... Recently, however, the Chamber of Deputies agreed by 453 votes to 124 to give Frenchwomen a vote, but the bill has yet to be passed by the Senate.

THE pinnacle of progress to every ardent Feminist is the attainment of complete political enfranchisement. There are few nations nowadays which have not accorded it to their women-folk.

This fact makes the present struggle to achieve woman suffrage in France all the more remarkable.

It is almost inconceivable that a country so advanced in other respects, and one whose philosophers and thinkers have been responsible for ideas which other nations have put into practice, should have withheld this privilege from its womenfolk for so long.

But even more remarkable is the fact that the effort to gain political enfranchisement for women started before the Revolution, and that its greatest champions at that time, and when the question was revived after the Restoration, were France's most famous philosophers.

Indirect Influence

IT is problematical if the mass of women in France are wholeheartedly behind the efforts to achieve suffrage. Perhaps they are content and secure in a sense of their own power—powers that cannot be disputed and which have never depended on the ballot box for attainment.

France has numbered many women among her outstanding citizens, women of the highest education and ability who have swayed the destiny of the nation, women whose feminine charm and allure have beguiled Emperors, women of independence and courage who have been an example to men.

It is generally acknowledged that the men of France have a great faith in the wisdom and common sense of their womenfolk.

They are influenced by them to a great extent, and altogether women have been able to achieve quite a lot for their sex without using methods that were blatantly feminist.

On the eve of the French Revolution, Condorcet, the noted philosopher, was preaching the gospel of woman's emancipation. In a well-known journal in 1789 he pleaded for women's suffrage, and other famous men of that period, such as the Abbe Fauchet, the Abbe Sieyes and Saint Just, were also advocates.

The Press, too, gave publicity to the women's cause, and books and pamphlets were published on the subject. The Assembly and the Convention rallied to the women's banner.

Women, themselves, were active participants in the fight. "The petition of the Women of the Third Estate to the King," in 1789, was a remarkable one, as were others drawn up later, one of which included a request that women should be allowed to occupy church pulpits, a revolutionary suggestion in a Catholic country.

The most important petition, that of Champ de Mars in 1791, which demanded that "neither Louis XVI nor any other King should be recognised" was composed by a woman, Mme. Robert.

Cause Abandoned

A FAMOUS French historian has said that women "were the advance guard of the Revolution." It was generally thought at the time that their spirited activities and their participation in that notable event heralded a new era for their sex.

But then, as is so often the case to-day, they were "let down" by men whom they had helped to gain either personal political power or fame. They won the advocacy and encouragement of men in the beginning, but only too quickly their cause was abandoned when the ends for which they were fighting had been achieved.

The Republic was gradually merged into the Empire, which was the finishing stroke of the aspirations of the women of 1789. The Empire not only dissipated their day dreams, but it fastened the Napoleonic code about their necks.

In the early period of the Restoration, another philosopher, M. de Bonald, rallied to the cause of woman suffrage. Socialists, individual women, societies and newspapers joined in the agitation. Women's journals were published, two of the most famous being edited by Mme. Poullet de Launay.

But all their splendid dreams were not realised.

Much history has been made since those days, and in 1935 we find the advanced women of France still seeking political emancipation, and men repeating in some respects the strategies their sex adopted in 1789.

NEW ANGLES to the HAPPY HOME

Things Work Differently When Our Handyman Lower Gets Busy!

IF you've got a wall that needs papering... and who, after all, hasn't got a wall? What is home without a wall or two? As I was saying, if ever you have any odd jobs to do about the house, send for me.

The ceiling of our bathroom was dreadful before I fixed it up. It's not so hot now, but it looks different, and that's something. Of course, we won't be able to have a bath for a couple of months, but as I told my wife one can always have a bit of a flounder in the kitchen sink.

I WAS so successful with the bathroom that I decided to do all my own plumbing, and gas-fitting, and draining, and carpentering and painting, and general repair work about the house. I'd asked the landlord about it, and every time he'd say: "Yes, all right. I'll send a man along."

After a couple of years he had cards printed with "YES, ALL RIGHT. I'LL SEND A MAN ALONG" on them.

Being a man of literary tendencies, which means that you'd rather lie down and read the "Turf Guide," I at first doubted my ability to cope with the work of a mere tradesman. I gained confidence, however, when I fixed up the gas pipes and the water pipes all in one day.

It has made life much more interesting in our place. We have to lie on top of the gas stove to have a shower, and we make toast under the tap in the bathroom.

My wife is a most adaptable woman. When I papered the lounge room she had all the furniture painted paste color. I had a bit of paper left over so I used it on the wireless. It was a pretty flower design and you've no idea how handy it is. The third petal on the left is

BY
L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

2BH, and the pink streak on the right is SKO and so on. Saves a lot of fumbling.

Light on Gas

I DARNED the wire door leading from the kitchen and from a friend learned how to stonker the gas meter to such an extent that when the meter-reader calls he owes me something.

I also put up some shelves. It saves the linoleum putting up shelves. You have to walk very softly past them. Visitors approaching my shelves are told to shhh! They say, "Baby?" I say, "No. Shelves. Don't breathe!"

The wireless set went bung one day. The head of the house said: "I told you not to go fiddling around with the thing. Now, look what you've done! You and your wrestling matches." Of course I knew what was wrong with it. I just took the valves out and reground them and put in a new screen grid-wiper and now we can't hear anything.

Am I any good! Then there was the day when the sink got clogged up. I unstrangled the plug thing where the pipe turns around underneath and poked it with a wire. Nothing happened, so I decided that the fault was somewhere else.

Well, do you know, by the time I had the backyard dug up and all the drain pipes laid out on the front verandah to dry, the sink just gave one gurgle and it was fixed. All I had to do then was to put everything back. When I'd done that I had four drain pipes left over, which I intend to bury in the ground and let out



WEP DEPICTS the consternation caused in the Lower homestead when Handyman Lower undertook a plumbing job and connected the gas with the bathroom shower, and the gas stove with the water main.

as flats to rabbits. Angora rabbits. (Haven't you got any dam sense?)

Let Lower Do It

I MADE a bad mistake when I was fitting a new side into my bookcase. I made my own foot rule, and, always the generous lad, I made it about eighteen inches long. You should see our bookcase now!

Any how, we've read all the books in it, and we only keep it for show (which is more than Wep, the notorious sculptor, will admit) so who cares. But all the

same, if ever you want a few repairs, amendments, or alterations about the house, send for me and my little hatchet. And my wife says, if you've got a wire-less set, dig a deep hole and hide it until I've gone, or I'll fix that, too. And, don't forget, I'm good at bath-rooms. Any time you're having a bath...

A SACRIFICIAL Slam ...in Contract BRIDGE

Intelligent sacrifice bidding to prevent the opponents from getting the full value of the big hands which they have been dealt will pay big dividends in the long run.

HOW pleasant it is to save a rubber for 250 or even 450 points, or to save the first game for 250 or less. And, in addition, every once in a while a bolt will strike from the blue and the team which has bid up to a game or slam contract, expecting fully to go down one or two tricks, will find itself, through some lucky break or bad defence, fulfilling its contract.

On to-day's hand North and South, despite the fact that the West player seemed to be interested in a slam, deliberately risked pushing East and West to that slam in order to take what they thought would be a paying sacrifice at six clubs. Both North and South felt reasonably certain that they could defeat an opposing slam contract if it was bid and knew that they could not be badly hurt at their own slam contract.

When the opening lead was made and the dummy went down, declarer knew immediately that he had to play to fulfil his contract, and he finally succeeded in making it, despite a very fine defensive play by East.

East, dealer.
East and West vulnerable.

S-A 3 2
H-7 3 2
D-3
C-Q J 8 5 4

S-J 10 8 7
H-K Q J 9 8
D-A 6 3 2
C-

N
S
E
S

S-4
H-A 5
D-Q 10 9 5 4
C-A 10 9 3 2

The bidding:
East South West North
1S 2D 3H Pass
3NT Pass 4D Pass
3H Pass 4S Pass
Pass 5C 5S 6C
Dbl. Pass Pass Pass

West was faced with quite a problem on his opening lead. He finally decided—albeit erroneously—that there was a better chance of winning tricks in the spade suit than in the heart suit, and he accordingly led the spade jack. South won the trick with the ace in dummy and led the club queen. East did not cover, hoping South would play for a drop, but from the bidding the declarer realised that the finesse seemed indicated. After the club queen held the trick, the diamond 8 was led from dummy. East very bravely went up with the diamond king, knowing that if he ducked and his partner's ace was forced out, his own diamonds would drop on the second and third rounds and some discards would be set up for dummy's losing hearts or spades.

Only Hope

AFTER winning the trick with the diamond king, East shifted to a heart, which South won with the ace. South now trumped a low diamond in

By Ely
Culbertson

World's
Champion
Player
and
Greatest
Card Analyst.



dummy, and returned to his own hand with the club ace, naturally dropping the king. Despite East's fine play of the diamond king at the third trick, South knew from the bidding that West was marked with the diamond ace. His only hope of fulfilling the contract was therefore to set up two diamond tricks on the next lead.

He had two possible plays: One was to lead a low diamond, hoping West's ace would drop, but this play South immediately discarded as he knew that East, with four diamonds to the king or the king-jack, would not have jumped up. The other play offered a better chance of success. If West had the guarded ace, East could very well hold the lone jack. South accordingly led the queen of diamonds from his own hand. West's play, of course, was immaterial. Actually West covered the trick was ruffed in dummy, and East's jack dropped.

South now had the good ten and nine of diamonds left, and on these two cards he discarded dummy's two losing hearts and was then able to claim the balance of the tricks. Instead of being on the wrong end of a one-to-three-trick penalty, North and South suddenly found themselves with 240 points below the line and 500 above.

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TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

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For the convenience of travellers to all parts of the world, the Bank of New South Wales now issues Travellers' Cheques in amounts of £2, £5 and £10 English currency.

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117C

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?



MANY a case of lagged nerves has started at the feet... sore and over-tired at the end of a day of tripping back and forth, from room to room, in the common round of household tasks.

No wonder you don't feel like going out in the evening. No wonder you're irritable and weary at night. Who wouldn't be... with sore feet. But here is something to give you wonderful relief.

Bathe the feet in warm water, then gently rub in Zam-Buk over the soles and between the toes and massage the swellings. As it is absorbed you will experience a feeling of ease and comfort such as you had not thought possible. Soreness is removed, swelling reduced, hard skin softened and the toes and joints made supple. Do this regularly and be entirely free from the strain of tired, aching feet.

So simple and inexpensive, it is surely worth a trial. Start the treatment to-night.



Sold Everywhere
1/6 & 3/6

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for tired feet

It gets the
children's
vote.....



-and it will get yours.
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the pleasant flavour

Start children early—Mother—with a dentifrice they like and which gives quick results without too much brushing. The TRIPLE action of Listerine Tooth Paste makes it ideal for them. It **CLEANS**—it **POLISHES**—it **PROTECTS**. All you need in a dentifrice, without a trace of grit to scratch delicate enamel or soap to irritate little gums. Here at last is the complete dentifrice, wonderful for your children, just as good for you.

Get a tube to-day and watch those little teeth whiten! Price 1/3 (large tube). There is also a 7½d. size.

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STRANGE Proposal

Ten-Minute
Story

By ---

SYLVIA
PARKER



AMERICAN office. You know that very well. That's the very reason we hurried our wedding plans!"

Sue Macon rose quickly from her chair beside Donald Farrell's desk and hurried to the door. Private secretary though she was, this was one telephone conversation which was too private even for her to hear.

Donald Farrell signalled for her to wait. He hung up the receiver with a little sigh.

"No use going, Sue," he said abruptly. "We've too much work to get through before I leave." Then, remembering, he rose and strode about the office, hands deep in his pockets, head bent, and a frown furrowing his forehead. "There isn't any hurry any more!" he said bitterly. "I won't be going after all!"

Sue's heart was wrung in compassion for him. She knew better than anyone else, unless it was Lucille Babcock, just what this promotion meant to him.

"She can't do this to me, Sue!" he exclaimed vehemently. "She can't break off our engagement like this! She knows how I've been counting on this C.A. post. Why, if I don't grab this chance while I can, I'll very likely be stuck here at a desk the rest of my natural life!"

Sue made rings on her book. She knew how true his words were. But what could she say? What could anybody say?

"A girl can't mean everything to a man one minute and drop him the next by a mere telephone call," he cried. "Said she didn't trust herself to tell me when I'm with her! Said she was afraid I'd make her change her mind again if I saw her!"

"Then why," Sue flared, her grey eyes flashing, "why does she want to break it off, if she still loves you?"

"Says she keeps waking up in the night, filled with the horror of living in the tropics. Says she can't face it, no matter how much she loves me. As if women haven't followed their men into the very jungles since time began!"

He dropped to his chair, buried his face in his hands. "Better take a letter to President Johnson, Sue. Oh, word it any way you like, but tell him I can't take over the Guatemala office. He won't let me have it if I'm not married. There's a vast amount of entertaining to be done. Besides, the company has a prejudice against sending unmarried men to tropical countries. Likely to forget themselves with the natives, I gather!"

PUTTING him, Sue said quietly into her seat, opened her notebook. But how could she ever frame that letter for him? How could Lucille have done this to him?

With sudden inspiration, Sue put out her hand, touched his arm lightly. "Mr. Farrell, don't write the letter," she pleaded. "Get married, anyway!"

He looked up, puzzled. "But Lucille—" he began.

"Marry anybody else!" Sue cried. "There must be any number of girls who'd jump at the chance!"

His face flamed in embarrassment. "Don't be ridiculous. Everyone knows I've been engaged to Lucille for over a year. There isn't a girl I know who'd agree to be second best, snatched at the last minute, this way. Why, the story would be just too good! She'd never be able to live it down, to face her friends when we come back! Besides," he shook his head helplessly, "I haven't even looked at another girl in ages! I don't know anybody who would marry me, even as a favor!"

Sue made a whole row of swirls and hooks in her notebook before she spoke.

"I would!" she declared at last. "Oh," she hastened to add, "just as a business arrangement, of course. I'd hate to see you miss your big chance. I know what it means to you. Besides, I've always wanted to travel."

"Sue!" In an instant, he was on his feet, clinging to her arms eagerly. "Sue! Would you?"

She nodded.

"It's too absurd, too preposterous," he mused. "But I've a mind to do it. Wouldn't it give Lucille a start? She thinks I'll give up the C.A. job and come crawling back to her. Oh, Sue, you are a game sport."

Sue felt strangely shaken at the bold and daring thing she had agreed to. Well, it wasn't as if she were in love with anyone. It wasn't as if there was anyone clamoring to marry her. She

admitted Donald Farrell. He was fine and honest. He would stick to his bargain. It would only be a business arrangement. Besides, she had always longed to travel.

Eagerly he was planning. "We can't spring it all at once, Sue!" he said. "I'll have to rush you a bit, so the boss won't get wise. We'll go out to lunch together now. And dinner to-night. Maybe we can sandwich in a bit of work after the theatre. I've such a load to clear up. And it will make us look as if we were so infatuated we can't bear to be apart. Sue," he looked down at her suddenly, "you're a brick! I promise to be good to you and to free you the minute you say the word!"

"Which," Sue laughed dryly, "is the strangest proposal ever a girl received. Now, hadn't we better get down to that prospectus?"

THE week was a whirl to Sue. "Funniest engaged couple I ever saw," her mother expostulated, managing to corner Sue in her flight into the house to change before going out with Donald. "Coming back here after the theatre and taking dictation, there in the living-room, more like boss and stenographer than sweethearts. Are you sure you want to marry him, Sue?"

"Oh, Mother," Sue flung out impatiently. "Of course, I want to marry him. But there's so much to be done before we leave!"

"Then why are you always going out to dinner and the theatre? Why work in the wee small hours?"

Sue couldn't explain, even to her mother, that it was because they wanted to be seen together, to make the whole thing appear real.

When they were alone together they hardly spoke of their approaching marriage. In the midst of a letter, Donald would pause to say, "Got plenty of shoes, Sue? You change your shoes seven times a day in hot countries!"

Sue did most of her shopping by telephone. To her mother she left the arrangements for the hasty wedding which was to precede their sailing.

Two days before their wedding, Donald said to her as he drove her uptown, "Look your prettiest to-night, Sue. We're going places."

"What would you call what we've been doing?" she asked with a tired little sigh.

"Well, to be perfectly frank, we're going to a party, sort of farewell party the crowd is giving us, since the wedding is going to be strictly family. And," he added, embarrassed, "Lucille is going to be there!"

DONALD'S admiring eyes told her that she had succeeded when he called for her later. With frank approval he took in the smooth coil of her gold-brown hair, the answering shimmer of her gown. "We'll set the river on fire, all right," he exulted as he guided her into the house and swirled her up in a private, gold-grilled elevator.

The party was in full swing. Sue felt a quivering in her legs. Would she mind facing Lucille Babcock? After all, why should she find it so hard?

Donald led her across the room toward Lucille, poised and self-possessed, her dark head flung back, her black eyes like bright jet beads.

"Hello, Lucille," Donald greeted her. "Of course, you know my fiancée, Miss Macon. I want you to be the first to congratulate me." He made no attempt to hide the triumph in his voice.

Lucille's cold stare seemed to cut through Sue. "Why," Lucille exclaimed, "I'd hardly have recognised you as the moony little thing I've seen around Don's office when I came in!"

HOT HOLDSBOOK says: Since 1798 the House of Holdstock has brewed Pure Salt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.

Donald's fingers tightened on Sue's arm, kept her from winning.

"Congratulations, Miss Macon," Lucille went on, pointedly forgetting her etiquette. "I'm sure you two will get along beautifully together. You have so much in common!"

If it weren't all just a business arrangement, Sue would have flung back a stinging retort.

But she bit back the words and let Donald swirl her off to meet his other friends, who chattered about her, eagerly, gaily welcoming.

Please turn to Page 36

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/15/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:

"Wacine," printed by *Smully's* recently, brought me between £5 and £6. I have had nine stories published since I started your course.

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FOUR *Exclusive* KNITTING Designs—FREE!



TWO-YEAR-OLD "MASTER BARRY," proud as proud can be in his snow-white jumper decorated with happy blue angora bunnies. It is worked in stocking-stitch throughout, showing trim collar and turn-back cuffs. Directions and close-up of "bunny" given elsewhere in this issue.



"PRUDENCE," THE PERFECT model—apparently shy, and yet so revealing in her cosy 6-piece woolly outfit in lace-stitch. She is wearing a snug-fitting vest and pilchers; frock, smocked at the waistline; sweet bonnet; booties; and the tiniest gloves. Complete directions given in this issue to fit a 6 to 12-months-old babe.



"ELIZABETH" PRESENTS a perfectly sweet picture in her Nile-green frock and beret, knitted in 4-ply wool, with fairy-like touches of palest-pink angora. Your little 4 or 5-year-old might clamor for buttercup yellow or a pale pink, blue-trimmed color scheme. Let her choose! Close-up of lace-stitch, with directions, given elsewhere in this issue.



"BABY BEAUTIFUL" IN THE cosiest outfit, knitted in a silk and wool mixture. The little booties actually have pink shoes knitted on to them. The sweet little matinee jacket is a magyar style and, as everyone knows, is very simple to make. Directions to fit a 6 to 12-months-old babe given elsewhere in this issue.

FREE DIRECTIONS
... for knitting these
adorable woollies...
given elsewhere in
this issue.



At my age pyorrhea is just unthinkable!

Don't say that to me!

YOUTH is always confident, and it can't be denied that this confidence stands young people in good stead most of the time. Don't, though, ever let it become *your* attitude towards your teeth and gums. No matter how young you are, you should start *right now* to safeguard your teeth and gums.

And don't let a Dentist hear you say that *you* are not in danger of Pyorrhea. He has seen all too many Pyorrhea cases at your age. He knows that this dread gum disease works unseen five years, sometimes as long as ten years. The damage is often done while the victim is quite unaware.

It is terrible to think that four out of five people around the age of forty have Pyorrhea, because this one gum trouble is responsible for half the adult teeth which are lost.

Are you taking any precautions? You really should see your Dentist—and always visit him at least twice a year. And in your home brush your teeth and massage your gums morning and night with Forhan's.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., who for 26 years specialised in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It contains the unique benefits of an *ethical* preparation which he developed, and which is used by Dentists in the treatment of this dread disease.

Your teeth are a priceless possession—don't lose them for any cause. Use Forhan's—so pure—so mild—so thoroughly cleansing. You can make no wiser investment in the safety of your teeth.

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for the gums



GUARDS THE
TEETH YOU HAVE

HAD TO BE FED AT 24

Rheumatism Made Her "Like a Mummy"

Now Kept Active
by Kruschen

The details of a most stubborn case of rheumatism have just come to our notice.

"Some time ago," the woman writes in a letter, "I had a severe attack of acute rheumatism. I tried everything that anybody advised. But all and everything had no effect. I sat just like an Egyptian mummy, and looked like one the longer I sat. My limbs got stiffer, and movement became absolutely impossible without a terrible amount of pain, which at times made me scream. My ankles and feet were so swollen I could not see my toes. It was the same with my hands—they were useless."

"My mother had to feed me with my food. I was only twenty-four, and I had suffered like this for months (it seemed to me years). One day a lady called, and, seeing my condition, said, 'The only thing that will touch that is Kruschen Salts.' I had tried nearly everything, but I sent for a bottle of Kruschen, not expecting any results. To my utter amazement, my limbs slowly but surely unlocked. The joy with which I walked from one room to another was really pathetic, for I thought I was doomed to a life of helplessness and misery. Since then I have never



been without a bottle of Kruschen in the house." (Mrs.) M. E. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action; assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid. When poisonous uric acid—with its deposits of needle-pointed crystals—goes, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too! The people of 119 different countries take Kruschen Salts. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like Kruschen—nothing else that gives the same results. Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

"The Furys" ... Novel that will Evoke Much Discussion

A book that is sure to create a certain amount of discussion among the more serious-minded reading public is "The Furys," the first novel of a trilogy dealing with the working-class family of that name.

As a piece of realism it will call forth loud praise and equally vehement blame; as a story its slow-moving introductory chapter will antagonise a very large section of readers.

THERE can be no denying that in this novel, Mr. James Hanley, the author, has created a group of people who are living, passionate suffering persons. Indeed, he has done more. In bringing to life the Furys he has thrown into relief the whole class of which they are so typical—the working poor of a large English seaport.

The individual members of the Fury family form the core of this long book, but about them boils the mainstream of a proletarian in revolt; the tragedy of a family is executed against the background of the tragedy of an entire class, wrecking itself ineffectually in a general strike against stronger and more highly organised forces.

Looking at the novel in this light there is an exaggeration in the quotation given on the book's jacket of a letter from John Cowper Powys to the author: "... a great book," writes Mr. Powys, "the realism convincing, the characters convincing, the subject tragic in the noblest sense."

It is something approaching that, and yet Mr. Powys, as an eminent critic should have pointed out some of the demerits in this work. Perhaps he did in another section, unquoted, of his letter.

The greatest weakness in "The Furys" is in the terrific number of words the author has found it necessary to write to get his characters launched and the action of the novel under way.

The first part of the novel—two hundred and twenty pages—seems interminable. Nothing moves. The characters exist in a state of terrific emotional stress, but do nothing.

It is easy enough to gather Mr. Hanley's intentions in this first part of the three that make up the book. He has worked to create an atmosphere, to "fix" his characters, to establish a clear conception in the reader's mind of the state of affairs from which storm and struggle and final overwhelming tragedy will shortly arise.

But as an artist he should have been

able to create this picture with much less verbosity, much less expenditure of effort on whole long paragraphs of detailed description which convey only minor effects that could be compressed into one pregnant sentence.

Whatever might have been in the author's mind, whether or not he was just endeavoring to pad out his book so as to get the five or six hundred pages which publishers now seem to like turning out, Part 1 of "The Furys" is undoubtedly the section most open to criticism, and the one that will scare off readers who may not be aware of what awaits them once this hurdle is jumped.

This heavy introduction once negotiated, however, the novel takes on a different tempo. The general strike breaks out, and with the enforced likeness of the various members of the Fury family new situations arise, relationships change, drama enters into the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Fury and their grown-up family.

It is in writing of the strike that Mr. Hanley's powers as a descriptive writer are to be studied at their height. Scenes of huge mass meetings, of clashes between strikers and police, of rushing, panic-stricken crowds, are handled with a brilliant realism that is all the more admirable for the restraint of the writing and its freedom from anything of over-coloring.

Of all the figures in this long novel—Denny Fury, ex-seaman, now railway worker; Mr. Mangon, the old grandfather; Desmond, Maureen, and Cecil, who comprise the grown-up Fury family—Mrs. Fury is undoubtedly the most significant. She dominates the book as she has tried to dominate her family. She is an heroic figure, and yet pitiable. Her tragedy, ambition for her menfolk is the tragedy of thousands of other women of her class.

"The Furys" is not a book that women as a whole will enjoy. For those whose tastes lie in Mr. Hanley's particular field, however, and who can brave the effort of getting into the novel, Parts 2 and 3 will prove a rich reward.

"The Furys" James Hanley. (Chatto and Windus.)

A Venture in Verse

OF all the cities of Australia, it has been left to the Industrial Newcastle to give birth to a magazine devoted entirely to verse. "Thyrus," the publication in question, is edited by Bert Birtles; the first issue is dated March 15; and, with one minor introductory exception, prose makes no appearance in its twenty pages.

Contributors to the first number are Dora Birtles, Ross Gollan, Alan Buchanan, Bert Birtles, Isabel Howarth, Mar Ryb, James Tate, A. H. Pelham, and Kurt Offenburg, the last-named being represented by "Ete d'Amour," translated by I.K.S.

"Thyrus" is an interesting experiment. As it stands, it is not representative of the best that is being produced by Australian poets, but Mr. Birtles will no doubt receive more than enough material to enable him to widen the scope of the magazine.

It's A Man's Pudding!

Be he five or fifty-five, every man has a leaning towards Ginger Pudding! It's got a "bite" in it, and a man can come back for a second helping. Let him have his second helping! If you make your pudding with Copha it can't affect his digestion and impair his temper. Cut this Copha Recipe out—you're going to need it often—it's so light, so delicious!

COPHA GINGER PUDDING

- 1 oz. Pure Copha
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- 1 Pint Milk
- 1 Teaspoon Bi-carbonate of Soda
- 1 Egg
- 1 lb. Plain Flour

Dissolve soda in the milk and egg. Mix all together well, and boil in basin for three hours. Serve with sauce.

There's no limit to the ways in which Copha can be used. It can, of course, be used whenever you need shortening, but there are also lots of dishes which can only be made with Copha. These recipes can be found in the Copha Recipe Book. Write for a copy to:

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In your own recipes remember you need less Copha because it contains absolutely no moisture. So where you would use 1 lb. of any other shortening, use only 1 lb. of Copha, and add two tablespoons of water and a pinch of salt.

Cook your vegetables with Copha, too! The Copha method retains the full garden-fresh flavour, and the health-giving natural juices. Get a copy of the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder from the above address.

SHORT REVIEWS

"THE LARK LEGACY." Alice Hegan Rice. Probably no story enjoyed more popularity years ago than "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and when one sees the name of its author, Alice Hegan Rice, on any new novel, one secures it avidly and without fear of disappointment. "The Lark Legacy" is not such a good story as "Mrs. Wiggs," but it displays many characteristics of the latter—wholesomeness, humor, and a clear insight into human love and relationships.

Isobel Reed, wife of a learned and retiring professor, is a gay and joyous person, living in the midst of ghosts. Her home is gloomy and dull, haunted by the shadows of its former inhabitants, but "fortunately she had become used to her barn and to sing behind them undisturbed, but beneath this acceptance of her surrounding there had always been a passionate longing to escape, at least temporarily, provided she could take her professor with her."

Isobel received a legacy from her uncle, Mr. Lark, and decides to entertain at a seaside cottage a strange medley of relatives whom she thinks are in need of a break in their lives. They are ill-assorted and the experiment was not without its trials, but the story that is built out of it is altogether delightful. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"FRIENDS AND ROMANS." Virginia Faulkner. Smart and brightly written and dealing with inconsequential people whose standards are anything but conventional. Marie Manfred, the famous pianist, is the heroine and recorder of the story, one that has no true plot, but which is gay and humorous and filled with wit of a particular type. Marie tells of a summer spent in Italy, and introduces numbers of her acquaintances, several of whom have been her lovers, interpolating her story with such delightful passages as "A cup of tea and a confidante are the only necessary instruments for the verbal crucifixion of

anyone whose name happens to pop into your head and out of your mouth." (Arthur Barker.)

"FAR CARAVAN." E. V. Timms. Mr. E. V. Timms, in his latest book, "Far Caravan," has forsaken the usual hunting grounds of the writer of historical romance. The period, late seventeenth century, is one beloved by all novelists of the clashing sword, high-spirited maid, satin and ruffles school, but instead of, in the accepted manner, leading hero, heroine, and villain a dance through the England and France of that era, or even shipping them off to the Spanish Main, Mr. Timms has chosen an entirely different background—the Caucasus, the Cosack country of the Don, and, as a rich ending, Moscow.

Previous books by this author have shown fully his capabilities in the particular avenue of writing he has chosen. "Far Caravan" will enhance the reputation he has built up. In addition to having exploited a new field for romance, he has produced in this novel a story that is packed with incident and in which the color and the barbaric splendor of seventeenth-century Russia are admirably used.

Readers who like fiction that keeps moving from first paragraph to last, who enjoy reading of brave men and beautiful women, will not be disappointed in "Far Caravan." It satisfies all the canons of the class of reading entertainment it represents. (Angus and Robertson.)

"WATCHDOGS OF THE DEEP." T. M. Jones. The author was a leading torpedo man on H.M. Submarine J2 for five and a half years, so who better could tell the story of the exploits of this branch of the service during the great war. This submarine was later sunk off Port Phillip, Victoria. Rear-Admiral Raudie Ford has written the foreword, and commends the story, which he describes as a "stirring narrative" (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

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AND CLEAR YOUR
SKIN CAN BE!



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PROTECTS NORMAL SKINS



Chess Champion : Dog Show : Motor Rally



A TRAFFIC JAM in the park. "Why don't you put out your hand?" says the young man on the tricycle. "You women drivers are all the same!"



FRAULEIN GRAF, German women's chess champion, snapped in London when she played against 16 players simultaneously at the Empire Social Chess Club.



COMPETITORS TO THE number of 131 set out from seven distant points in Europe recently and raced to Monte Carlo for the annual rally. Here is an English competitor, Miss Ryles. There was a larger number of women drivers.



TRY CROSSING a busy street with three dogs like these, and you will understand why the girl in the picture needs the aid of a policeman. The photo is from London, where there has been a record dog show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.



ABOVE: BILLIE HOUSTON, English comedian, gave a performance in a South Yorkshire coal mine recently. She is seen at the pit-head after coming up from below, where she entertained miners who hack away at the coal.



RIGHT: THIS is how stage scenery is painted. The artist is seen at work with a pencil 10ft long. The canvas is 50ft. in width, the palette—which moves on wheels—is 6ft. wide. She uses 5-inch brushes, and buckets to hold the paint.

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Sensational purchase of entire full output of the famous "Red Line" double dull Silk Stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 2/6. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Papillon" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity.



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MENTION THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY.

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(Late Continental & Museum Fur Stores)

Ladies, you are invited to make an early inspection of the finest quality furs in Sydney.

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8th Floor, State Shopping Block, Market Street, SYDNEY.

TELEPHONE: MA2064.



THE JOHNSON QUADRUPLETS, three girls and a boy, and "all doing well."

MAORILAND has Rival to the Dionne Family

From a Special Correspondent

Last week we published details of the famous Dionne Quintuplets, of Canada. New Zealand now leaps into the limelight with Johnson Quadruplets. Not quite as good, perhaps, but a very stout attempt to equal the score.

THE quadruplets—three girls and one boy—were born within the space of four and a half hours, and all, like the mother, are progressing satisfactorily.

The King's Bounty of £3, which may be claimed by parents after the birth of three or more children, will not go far towards relieving the financial worries of Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, to whom the stork has just presented an addition of four babies to the family, all at once.

As Mr. Johnson said, after the news of his children got into the papers: "It is all right to read about, but it is a

bit of a shock when a man increases his family four at a time." He added, "I think the Government might let me off the unemployment levy after this."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson actually knew more than a week in advance that quadruplets were to be born. Mrs. Johnson's condition at that time began to give cause for anxiety. She was taken to hospital, and there underwent an X-ray examination. The X-ray disclosed that she was about to give birth to four babies.

The proud father-to-be may or may not have believed this intelligence when it was first announced, but at least he

was warned before being told that they had actually arrived.

The birth was quite a normal one, and the infants have every chance of surviving. All four are normal and well-formed. Although the birth was six weeks premature, an incubator such as was used for the Dionne quintuplets has not been found necessary for these hardy Maorilanders. They have been placed in a specially warmed room in the Dunedin Hospital, but apart from this and rather more attention from the doctor and matron than would come the way of a single baby, they are not being spoiled.

Father Painted On

NEWS of the arrival was followed by congratulatory telegrams and telephone messages from all quarters, from the Prime Minister down. And while all this excitement was going on, Mr. George Johnson, 120 feet above the street level, carried on with his job of repainting one of the city gasometers far, far from the madding crowd. What he thought of while engaged in this isolated job has not been disclosed.

Special Offer Thousands of Amazing Free Gifts!

FOR USERS OF THESE 4 POPULAR DOUGLASS PRODUCTS

To further popularise the use of the four excellent products illustrated in this advertisement the manufacturers offer you your choice of any free gift illustrated here in exchange for the following coupons:

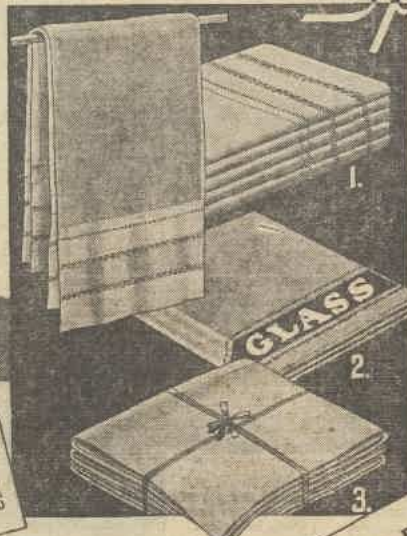
- 4 coupons from Fountain Self Raising Flour, 4 lb. size (or 8 coupons from 2 lb. packets)
- 6 coupons from Fountain Pure Fruit Jellies
- 2 coupons from Basket Brand Mixed Dried Fruits
- 2 coupons from Breakfast D-Light
- 14 only assorted coupons required

NOTE: You must have the correct number from each product.

When you have collected your assorted coupons as shown above, bring them to the Gift Showroom of W. C. Douglass Ltd., Foveaux Street, Sydney (opposite Sydney Railway Station), and select your free gift before the 1st of May next, or call personally at our warehouse, 41 Scott Street, Newcastle.

If you live in the country, write to Miss Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and she will personally send on your free gift, provided you enclose two stamps for postage. Write your name and address clearly on the outside of your coupon parcel.

All Douglass Pure Food Products are sold on the guarantee by your grocer—"Satisfaction or your purchase money refunded." The most liberal coupon offer we have ever made!



POPULAR FREE GIFTS FOR MOTHER.

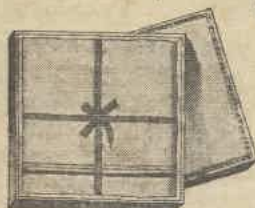
1. Thousands of brightly coloured useful gift towels, good quality. Size 40 inches x 20 inches.
2. Lots of strong Pure Linen Glass Cloths, 24 in. x 24 in.
3. Good Quality Pillow Slips for the Housewife. 30 inches x 20 inches.



FOUNTAIN PENS
Good quality Fountain Pens for Boys and Girls.



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HANDKERCHIEFS

Nice boxes of Pure Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs for Girls. So useful!



STATIONERY

Boxes of lovely Stationery. Latest style, shape and colour. Most attractively boxed.

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Only 4 Coupons necessary from these 4-lb. packets or 8 from 2-lb. size.



Everybody's using them. You need only 6 Coupons of these lovely Fruit Jellies.



All ready for instant use. Only 2 Coupons necessary from this popular brand of mixed fruit.



2 Coupons only necessary.

**This Special Offer
Definitely Closes
1st MAY, 1935**

**Start Saving
Coupons To-day!**

IMPORTANT.—You must save 14 assorted coupons as shown above. Every product here is fully guaranteed by **W. C. DOUGLASS LTD., Foveaux Street, Sydney.** Country clients please enclose 2 stamps to cover postage.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by...

L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen."

When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Photo, madam?"
"No!"
"Don't blame you, either."



"Getting a new baby, eh? Does that mean you're going to trade me in?"



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: In 579 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar captured Tyre. Now, can any one of you tell me what reason he could have had for doing this?
TOMMY: He probably wanted it for his chariot.



HUSBAND: How did she lose her job in the parcels office?
WIFE: She was too much wrapped up in herself.



CAP'T: Well, my buckos, I suppose ye know that there's a price on yer heads?
BOSUN: What about mine, Cap'n? I've got a gold tooth.

CONSTIPATION HEADACHES LASSITUDE

Why let these troubles beat you in the battle of life? They do not give you a fair chance!

A small dose of CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts will free you from the grip of Constipation, rid your system of uric acid, and make your life worth living.

CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts are Nature's aid to perfect functioning and perfect health.

At least 64 average doses to the jar.

CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS **2/3**
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES LARGE JAR

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

BROWN: I've had another addition to my family since I saw you last.
SMITH: You don't say so. Boy or girl?
BROWN: Son-in-law.

WOMAN (about to attend political meeting): I'm not prejudiced at all. I'm going with a perfectly open and unbiased mind to listen to what I'm convinced is pure rubbish!

JUDGE: What possible excuse did you have for acquitting that man?
FOREMAN: Insanity!
JUDGE: Surely the whole twelve of you were not mad, were you?

"DON'T you think I look ten years younger in this hat?"
"How old are you?"
"Thirty."
"No, I mean without the hat."

"CAN you lend me your broom, Mrs. Jones?"
"I can't just now. I expect my husband home."

CUSTOMER: It's tough to pay a shilling a pound for meat.
BUTCHER: Yes, but it's tougher when you pay 9d.

AT a sale one day a farmer bought a hen coop and persuaded two of his friends to help him carry it two miles to his home. They had a rough time with it. When half a mile from home they missed their friend, the purchaser.

"Where's Ted?" asked one.
"All right, lads, all right," came a voice from inside the hen coop. "I'm carryin' the perchas."

CLERGYMAN: Is this a respectable place?
HEAD WAITER: Yes, but come on in anyhow.

Soft loveliness for your FACE and HANDS



6/6 1/6

NIVEA All-Purpose Creme—with the exclusive EUCERITE base that penetrates to the lower layers of the skin—restores to the exposed skin of your face and hands the soft, natural loveliness lost daily by exposure to the weather, hard water, and drying soaps.

And NIVEA Creme is more than a skin food and protector—it is a superb powder base, a vanishing creme, and a cleansing creme... ALL IN ONE.

TRY IT...

it's marvellous!

NIVEA
CONTAINS EUCERITE
All Purpose CREME



PETTY'S Hotel for Comfort

When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. The tariff is indeed moderate. Wire or write for reservations.

What Women Are Doing

Interesting Visitor

THOSE who met Mrs. F. P. Keppel, wife of Dr. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation in New York, during her visit to Australia met someone very interesting, and very alive to all that is going on.

But then she lives in New York, and has travelled a lot, and that's a big encouragement to be observant, isn't it?

Nursery schools and kindergartens are her special hobby "over there." After visiting all our States, home will be reached about the middle of July, after a look at South Africa.

The Charm of Nina Staraci

AUSTRALIAN theatre-goers will welcome the news that the glamorous Nina Staraci will shortly flash across the footlights in several J. C. Williamson productions which she will direct and appear in.

Miss Staraci's ability as a dancer is only rivalled by her flair for smart and unusual frocking, and her Delysia-like personality and arresting English-Italian voice will undoubtedly charm her Australian audiences. She has been on the stage since the age of ten, and established a reputation in London as a teacher of dancing, besides being a West End stage favorite.

Miss Staraci believes Australian chorus-girls to be more apt at routine work than their English sisters, and this she thinks will be of great assistance during her Australian tour, as it will give her more time to concentrate on the finesse of their art.

Her Share in Producing Australian Cantata

"OLD MR. SUNDOWN IN FAIRYLAND," a delightful children's cantata with Australian bushland characters, has just been published by Allan's.

The music is by Miss Pirani, whose compositions have made her probably as well-known as her husband, Alfred Hill, whose opera, "Ausere," is to be produced during the present season in Melbourne.

The words of the cantata are written by Leila Pirani, a Melbourne writer and amateur actress who has been with the Little Theatre players since their first began productions, playing character parts.

She has written a number of children's stories and verses, always with an Australian background, and last year wrote a one-act children's play which was produced at a big children's entertainment.

Queenstand Composer Whose Song Cycles Are a Delight

MRS FANNY TURBAYNE, who resides in Brisbane, is a very fine pianist and, in addition to her pianoforte playing, has several compositions to her credit. In her music she has succeeded in conveying an Australian atmosphere and sentiment.

Her song-cycle entitled "Songs of Joy," are a group of six songs all typically suitable for the concert platform in Australia.

The Mitchell Library (N.S.W.) has this song-cycle on its shelves, and in 1933, at an Austral Choir concert at Brisbane, Miss Nancy Mulhearn sang several of Mrs. Turbayne's compositions, which received very favorable criticisms.

Lady Kidman Will Soon Celebrate Her Golden Wedding

IN June, Lady Kidman, the wife of Australia's cattle king, will celebrate the golden jubilee of her wedding to Sir Sidney. Few women know more about the pioneering spirit than Lady Kidman who, with her husband, set out nearly fifty years ago with comparatively nothing more than the determination to succeed. She is one of the most charitable women in South Australia, and her name heads numerous charity committees.

The Protestant Children's Home and Y.W.C.A. have her very special regard, and she is vice-president of the latter having twice filled the role of president. Lady Kidman is a great lover of home life, and a delightful hostess.

Home from Conference

IN Mrs. Carlisle McDonnell, the Australian Federation of Women Voters and the British Commonwealth League had a capable representative at the recent London conference. Mrs. McDonnell returned recently to Adelaide from discussing women's problems with expert speakers from all over the Empire.

She delivered two addresses to the League, choosing "The Status of Married Women" and "Australian Aborigines" as her subjects. She also attended several mass meetings, which were arranged to discuss "The Right of Married Women to Earn" and "The Claims of Equal Work for Equal Pay."

Mrs. McDonnell, who also has the interests of the Women's Non-Party Association (of which she is a prominent member) at heart, met many of the world's leading feminists during her travels, these including Dr. Maude Royden and Miss Chrystal MacMillan, who is a noted authority on the nationality of married women.

The New Lady Mayoress of Perth

MISS MABEL TEATHER, Perth's new Lady Mayoress, is a niece of the Lord Mayor, Mr. J. J. Poynton.

She assisted her aunt, the late Mrs. Poynton, when the latter was Mayoress of Midland Junction, and at that time was secretary of a committee which helped to provide clothing for the children of the unemployed.

Miss Teather is a Victorian by birth, but has resided in West Australia for the last five years. She enthusiastically follows the hounds when the Perth Hunt Club rides, and plays a good game of tennis, but has not yet succumbed to the fascination of golf.

Main Thought of the Six White Residents

MRS McLEOD INNES, who has come across to Australia with her mother, Mrs. Temple Stephens, of Melbourne, for an extended holiday from Sudan in Africa, says that the most absorbing thought at Pasadena, a British outpost in the Sahara, where her husband is District Commissioner, is planning how to keep cool.

Bridge and other pastimes that one associates with the East are only a secondary consideration with the six white residents of this far-away link of the British Empire.

Queensland Sculptor Sends Work to the South

QUEENSLAND'S leading sculptor, Miss Daphne Mayo, has become for the Darnell Art Fund, whose object is to raise £4000 for a new art gallery.

Marked evidence of Miss Mayo's talent is shown in many of Brisbane's public buildings.

The tympanum on the City Hall, the Women's Memorial in Anzac Square, the tympanum for the Church of the Holy Spirit, three figures for the Brisbane Crematorium, and the stations of the Cross in All Saints' Church, are examples of Miss Mayo's work.

A figure of St. David for the Hobart Cathedral comes from Miss Mayo's studio, and her sketch model for the Anzac Memorial, Melbourne, has been accepted, with that of Mr. Paul Moffat, from the work of eight leading sculptors.

Trained at the Royal Academy School, England, Miss Mayo was successful in winning the coveted honor of the gold medal and the travelling scholarship, which included two years in the Continent. She also secured the Lansdowne Scholarship and two silver and two bronze medals.

Miss Mayo is also honorary secretary of the Queensland Art Fund, as well as being a trustee and honorary secretary of the Godfrey Rivers' Trust.

Lecturer for British and Foreign Bible Society

MISS LUCY OWEN, F.R.G.S., who has devoted her life to the British and Foreign Bible Society, is in Australia. She is an honorary life governor of the society, and has been a voluntary lecturer on its behalf for the past twelve years.



Miss Lucy Owen

When seen in Perth Miss Owen said the Bible was "still the world's best seller," having been translated into 700 different tongues, to which 12 new translations are being added yearly. The next most popular book is "Pilgrim's Progress," which has been translated into 170 different languages.

Miss Owen strongly opposes the contention that cheap popular fiction is displacing the Bible in popularity.

Woman Suggested Tasmania's Pioneer Gathering

THE Tasmanian Pioneers' Gathering, that will draw all eyes to Launceston on April 5, 6, and 7, owes its origin to a woman.

The idea of attempting to assemble descendants of the pioneers who arrived in Van Diemen's Land prior to 1835 was first introduced to the Launceston Fifty Thousand League by Mrs. F. G. Dougherty.

That was last November, when Victoria's Centenary Celebrations began the vogue for "turning back the clock." Since then Mrs. Dougherty, with two other women—Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. C. Youl—have been among the moving spirits on the committee appointed to carry out her own original scheme.

Member of the Imperial Military Nursing Service

A VISITOR from India is Miss Nora Kersley, who has gone to Tasmania to stay with her brothers at Port Cygnet.

Miss Kersley, who has been stationed at Poona, is a member of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Service.

The four to five hundred nurses attached to the service are all trained at Guy's Hospital, London. They are sent wherever British soldiers are stationed, and apart from their ordinary duties, they have to train orderlies for duty at the outposts where white women cannot live.

Miss Kersley is a keen sportsman, and has been on several big game hunting trips. She will return to England later in the year before being sent to some other distant station.



Physical Culture Expert Visits Northern State

A VISITOR to Brisbane who is hoping to further the teaching of physical culture in Queensland is Miss Trixie Hill, of Toorak, Adelaide.



Miss Trixie Hill

Miss Hill, who was trained under the leading exponents in Melbourne and Adelaide, has been teaching for eight years in the Southern capitals.

Her methods are based on the standard of the annual Ballarat competition, which is considered to be the highest in the Commonwealth.

Her personally-trained pupils were successful in winning the Lady Kidman Shield and the Y.P.D. Shield in South Australia in 1931 and 1932, and also the Ballarat diploma in 1932.

Miss Hill's object is to encourage competitive physical culture between clubs, and a start has been made with the Manly Club, in which there are over thirty members.

Professor's Wife Comes Back After Ten Years

MRS. ALEXANDER BOYCE GIBSON, wife of the new Professor of Philosophy at the Melbourne University, is delighted to be back in her home town after 10 years in England, most of them spent at Birmingham, with frequent visits to the Continent.

Before she left Australia to be married Mrs. Boyce Gibson, then Miss Kathleen Derham, was a keen kindergarten worker.

She had a busy time in Birmingham, for she served on an orphanage committee, as well as on the East and West Friendship Society's committee. This society provides suitable entertainment for foreign students, who might be very lonely in a big town unless they were put in touch with people who would take an interest in them.

This versatile woman shares her husband's interest in the drama, and was attached to Birmingham's excellent Repertory Company under the direction of Sir Barry Jackson.

She hopes to find a house before her black retriever finishes his 60 days' quarantine on Coode Island.

Brought Home Two Silver Cups from India

AUSTRALIAN girls who long to don jockey colors will sigh with envy when they hear of slim and browned Phyl Skene's conquests in India where she pitted her horsemanship against crack Indian Army riders and triumphantly collected three firsts and two seconds at several race meetings in Assam.

Phyl, who shares with her father, Mr. C. O. Skene, of Kilbride, Campbelltown, and brother Bob, the distinction of being in the foremost rank of N.S.W. polo players, is an all round sports-woman, and when she returned to Australia by the Ormova recently, two silver cups had been added to her possessions while she was away, by winning the Indian and mixed doubles at a tournament up in Assam. She also includes big game hunting in a day's sport, and is a very good shot.

Mr. and Mrs. Skene, with Phyl and Bob, make an annual trip to India with polo ponies, and last year when her father shipped forty-seven on the Shiralla. Phyl personally supervised and exercised about twenty of the ponies each day during the voyage.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



Mandrake the Magician



PICK UP THE STORY HERE

AMBASSADOR VANDERGRIFT: Has had papers of world-importance stolen from him by emissaries of **THE COBRA:** An arch-criminal possessed of magical powers and controlling a world-wide organisation.

INSPECTOR SHELDON: U.S. Secret Service man, sets out to track down this sinister figure. He is accompanied by **BARBARA:** His daughter, and **TOMMY LORD:** His assistant. The party, however, would speedily have fallen victims to The Cobra's plots only for

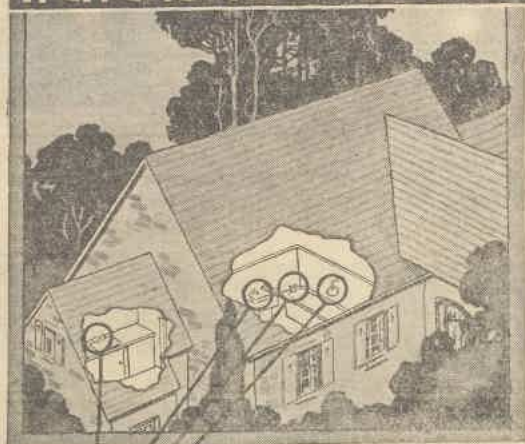
MANDRAKE: The Master Magician. As The Cobra's sworn enemy, Mandrake allies himself and

LOTHAR: His Nubian slave, with Sheldon. Mandrake repeatedly foils The Cobra. With Sheldon, he tracks the Master Criminal to the lonely Kilgar Pass. Leaving Barbara and Tommy Lord behind, Mandrake, Sheldon, and Lothar go forward to explore a mysterious castle they come upon. They enter, to find themselves confronted by Blank-face men. New read on—

THE WEEK'S HIGHLIGHT... PRISONERS OF THE COBRA... DEATH THREATENS



HERE IS THE HOT WATER SYSTEM



You
have been
waiting for

It is right up to the minute—supplies sink, wash-hand basin, shower and bath, and will be installed complete for £30 cash—or on easy terms. The heater carries a 5 years guarantee and systems installed by us will be inspected and serviced periodically. It is thermostatically controlled; gives a full-bore flow at every tap; costs as little as

20 gallons per day (140°F)	9/6 per month
30 " " "	11/6 "
40 " " "	13/6 "

Builders and architects—here is the system you have been waiting for . . . here is a system that operates automatically, has no complicated mechanism and makes hot water a certainty at all hours. Come and see this wonderful hot water service—or 'phone M6503 (Hot Water Section) and our experts will gladly furnish free information and advice.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

(Hot Water Section)

HAYMARKET, SYDNEY Phone M 6503

Music of the Week

A CELEBRITY with a Sense of HUMOR!

Gertrude Johnson Unpacks

Gertrude Johnson, the singer who has come home to Melbourne after fourteen years abroad, has brought out an amazing number of things, including a ton of music with forty operatic scores, fifty pairs of shoes, and an important message to Australian singers about to venture overseas.

A CELEBRITY with a sense of humor. That is how somebody described Gertrude Johnson, who has come home to take a well-earned rest in her old home at St. Kilda, Melbourne.

She brought out an amazing number of things, including her piano, a ton of music, a favorite mahogany writing-desk, nine trunks, and 50 pairs of shoes. The whole surface of the piano was badly damaged in transit, and the desk is completely smashed—but their owner tells of the double tragedy as though it is one of the best jokes in the world.

She has turned it into a good story—and if Gertrude Johnson was not a singer, she would be a raconteur.

Quantities of Shoes

THE fifty pairs of shoes are all small sizes, and by that we may guess that Miss Johnson is one of the slimmest and most graceful operatic sopranos that Australia has ever produced.

She only completed a long engagement with the B.B.C. the week before she left England, and has earned the two months' rest she intends to give her voice.

After that, she has plans for a concert season. Before she would talk about her successes during the past fourteen years, Miss Johnson insisted on giving this message to young Australian singers about to venture abroad.

"Before I left England Wilma Berkely and other singers told me that I must prevent our ambitious young Australian singers from wasting their money," says this experienced singer.

"Please tell these girls and boys to go straight to England. So many of them go to Italy to perfect themselves in Italian arias; to Germany for lieder work; or to Paris.

"They work like slaves and then, with their money almost gone, they attack London. The first things they are asked are: 'Do you sing the standard English works? Have you done any oratorios?' and what about English ballads?"

"The fact of the matter is that Italians can be engaged to sing in Italian, Germans to sing in German, and



MISS GERTRUDE JOHNSON, who recently returned to Australia after achieving operatic success abroad. She is depicted in the role of Musetta in "La Bohème," in which she took part at Covent Garden.

so on. The Australian singer must first perfect herself in her own tongue, for it is in English that she will make her first success.

Australian Marchesi

"I WAS lucky," says this charming Australian. "I went straight to Anne Williams in London. She is called the Australian Marchesi, you know, and is the guardian and friend as well as the teacher of most of the successful Australian singers."

When she was singing in "Lucia di Lammermoor" at His Majesty's in Melbourne, Miss Johnson met Sir Peter McBride. He praised her voice, and later when she reached London, he invited her to a dinner at which she met Robert Radford.

Through him she sang in "Faust" in the provinces. After that came an audition at Covent Garden with 80 other singers. Out of that audition came the fulfilment of her dearest wish—to sing at Covent Garden.

One of the most delightful of her memories is of "La Bohème," produced with an all-Australian cast at the "Old Vic." At this performance—Melba's farewell to opera—she sang Musetta to Melba's Mimi, and Browning Mummersy's Rodolph, while John Brownlee, Frederick Collier, and Tom Minogue also took part.

Blind Cellist

JOHN FAIVRE, known in America as the Blind Cellist, has astounded radio listeners with his remarkably beautiful tone and his fine musicianship, and now Australian listeners are to hear him in "The Easy Chair" programmes from 3GB each Wednesday at 9.45 p.m. and each Thursday at 6.0 p.m.

John Faivre plays entirely by ear, and so amazing is his memory that he can play any tune without a fault after hearing it once through.

He has a repertoire of 30,000 pieces. Supporting him in these programmes will be another interesting musician, George Nixon, who is claimed to be the finest tenor in America to-day.

This seems a big statement when we recall such men as Richard Crooks and Donald Novis. Listeners, however, will now be able to judge for themselves.

Suite by Saint-Saens

"THE CARAVAN OF ANIMALS," by Saint-Saens, the great French composer, which was first introduced at the Rindögger School of Religious Music, will be heard over Station 3GB next Sunday at 4.30.

In this suite there is nothing more delightful than the Dance of the Elephants, in which parts of Berlioz's "Dance of the Sylphs" and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music are played on the double basses, giving the most realistic picture of elephants gliding gracefully through the dance—if elephants could glide gracefully through a dance.

HOPKINS: Holbrook says: Many dairy injuries can be made with Holbrook's "The Day" Paste. In 1½ of 200, 200, 200.



BACKACHE

WHY ENDURE THIS AGONY WHEN A SURE, SIMPLE AND SAFE REMEDY IS AT HAND

When you reach the stage where pain compels you to say:—"I must get rid of this backache!" you will commence taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and then, in a very short time, your pain will disappear.

Naturally it would be better if you took De Witt's Pills as soon as

THE FIRST STAB OF PAIN

came to warn you, but many people make the same mistake. They do not realise the serious nature of Backache and so they wait, hoping the pain will go away, or try various methods of treatment which may give temporary relief. This cannot go on for long. Soon the time comes when backache compels you to neglect or give up your work. Life is a mockery when you are always in pain, but De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will drive the pain away and they will also protect you against future attacks.

Read how successful De Witt's Pills proved in Mrs. Edmiston's case and perhaps her experience will persuade you to give them a trial.

Writing from "Green Villa," William Street, South Brisbane, Mrs. A. Edmiston says:—

"I used to suffer terribly with backache and, although I tried one thing after another, I could not get lasting relief. The pain got worse and worse until a friend induced me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. These gave me ease at once. Anyone who has suffered as I have will understand how grateful I am."

DE WITT'S
KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

A point you will appreciate about De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is the fact that they give almost instant relief. You may have endured agony all day and you feel that unless you get rid of the pain you will not be able to endure another day. Put your faith in De Witt's Pills. They will not fail you. Get a box from the chemists to-day, price 3/6 and 6/6. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes. Take two just before you go to bed and in the morning your pain will be gone.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

A few hours after you take the first dose of De Witt's Pills discolouration of the urine will prove that they have commenced their good work. You will be able to see that the cleansing, healing and strengthening ingredients of De Witt's Pills have passed through your kidneys and your bladder. No other medicine furnishes proof like this, and once you have tried them you can never regret that you did not do so before. Take De Witt's Pills for Scalding Pains, Gravel, Stone, Painful Joints, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica. Give them to children subject to Bed-wetting, and to aged persons afflicted by Urinary Disorders, and in every case they will give prompt relief. Many thousands of suffering men, women and children in all parts of the world have already proved this, but the best proof of all can be obtained by a personal trial in your own case.



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

So They Say

MISSING FRIENDS!
If you haven't written a "So They Say" letter yourself, perhaps some friend of yours has. Look at this page carefully each week—many readers have told us they have rediscovered lost friends through the "So They Say" page.

HERBALIST QUACKS

SHOULD not the law against medical quacks be enforced more rigidly? A friend of mine, being impatient of her progress under a doctor, consulted a herbalist, who guaranteed a cure within two months.

Now, at the expiration of that term, her condition is worse, and all her money gone.

The Australian Women's Weekly has exposed many injustices since its publication.

I would like to see it take up the cudgels on behalf of many women who are victims of these so-called "Nature doctors."

E.P. for this letter to T. Brown, G.P.O., Adelaide.

WINTER "HIKES"

BY thousands of Australian youth the winter is eagerly awaited as the time when walking trips again call. The crisp clearness of winter days draws us to the bush track, and we leave the surf for a season.

For three years now the organised hikes have been popular, but one hopes that this stage of community hikes will have developed into something more worthwhile. May our youth tire of being catered for in the crowd—the greatest curse of the century to individualism—and seek more the joys of tramping along the quiet tracks.

A. Klippenger, 23 Palmer St., Balmain, N.S.W.

PENSIONED—BUT FREE

A FRIEND of mine was being retired from the Civil Service, because of his having reached the age limit.

"It's the penalty of growing old!" he said. "If you want to be allowed to go on working, never grow old!"

But I thought, why all the fuss? He never had particularly liked the work he did, but, as he had married young, he had kept on in the office for half a century. Really this was the chance he had always longed for. He was still strong and healthy, had a good pension from his superannuation fund, and so could now do some of the things he had always wished to do, if he were only free.

So, in my opinion, it was rather a time for rejoicing than sorrowing. I may be wrong.

Perhaps some of those who have also reached the age limit might give me their opinion.

K. Parkinson, care Post Office, Wynnum, Qld.

HOUSEHOLD NOISES

I READ with interest the article in The Australian Women's Weekly for 9/3/35, mentioning the dangers of noise. I think it is time we Australians also became noise-conscious. Besides public reprobations of noise there is much that the housewife can do to prevent noise, and so soothe the nerves of those returning home from a tiring day's work.

The rattling of windows and blinds, the clatter of washing-up, and the banging of wire doors can easily be overcome with a little care and thought. What, after all, is a home if it is not a place where one can rest and relax?

Mrs. Dunlop, 287 St. George's Rd., N. Fitzroy, N.Z. Vic.

WORDS THAT STAGGER

I WAS interested to see in the 9/3/35 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly that "Disestablishmentarianism" is reported to be the longest word in the English language, but what about these two, "Antidisestablishmentarianism" and "Antidisestablishmentarianism"? They cropped up in a typing dictation exam, for which I was sitting some years ago in England. They were hauled at us within a few words of each other and were taken from a passage in the leader of a daily newspaper. Needless to say, I have never forgotten them. They not only staggered our brains, but paralysed our fingers also. The merry chattering of the typewriter died away in a horror-stricken silence—to think our language could play such tricks on us.

G. A. Nolegrave, 25 Royal Parade, Parkville, N.Z. Vic.

The Reason Why 'Women Say "Feed the Brute"

NOW Mr. Hughes, don't be upset by those old sayings, "Feed the Brute," etc., for they really contain a lot of sound logic. A hungry man is an angry man, you know. Would you ask your boss for a rise just as he was about to go out for lunch? You wouldn't get it. I would not dream of springing any really unpleasant news on any member of my household just before a meal.

Hunger is one of those all-pervading, soul-destroying feelings that mean death to romance. So, girls, learn to cook. The injustice of those old sayings is that they are applied only to men, whereas they really apply to both sexes equally. I frankly confess that I am more irritable during the half-hour preceding lunch than at any other part of the day.

O. E. Morris, 51 George St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

Makes Him Happy

A. HUGHES' contention that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is an unfair assumption (W.W., 9/3/35). N.B. leads one to believe that he has never been a victim to bad cooking; otherwise he would realise how hard it is to have any interest in, or sympathy with, those around him while suffering from an acute attack of indigestion.

A wise wife knows that well-cooked, nicely-served food goes a long way to keeping her man good-tempered and happy in his home-life, which, in the majority of cases, is his whole life. And, while the woman who coined the phrase must have had an extremely cynical view of men in general, nobody can deny that there is more than a grain of truth in her statement.

M. Derrick, 109 Gladstone Rd., Highgate Hill, Brisbane.

Takes a Meal Seriously

THE reason for the assumption that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach" is that man (differing from a woman) regards a meal seriously as an important part of his daily life. Eating is a pleasure to a man. He approaches a meal with interest and attacks it with zest. And this man-like quality endears him to the woman who gives thought and time to the preparation of his meals, and doubtless gave her the inspiration to frame the saying to which A. Hughes objects (9/3/35).

A similar inspiration must have come to the man who, when he wanted his wife to refrain from gadding about, invented the proverb, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

E. H. Gunn, 11 Claremont Av., Geelong, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



EDMUND LOWE

In Youth Lies Our Hope of World Peace!

RE A. V. MAHER'S letter, "Youth is Our Hope" (9/3/35). I, too, think that the youth of to-day will do much to keep the harmony between nations. A. V. Maher thinks that correspondence between schools of different countries should be made compulsory. I would like to say that a list of countries is posted in many High Schools, and that a great number of young folk keep up very interesting correspondences with foreign girls and boys.

This is a very satisfactory arrangement as it creates a very friendly spirit, so we hope it will keep on.

L. Potts, Tallim Bend, S.A.

THANKS TO RUTH FURST

I FEEL I must write a few words in appreciation of the very useful articles contributed each week by Ruth Furst. Besides being very tempting and attractive the recipes are both practical and economical.

It must be a great help to mothers (especially those with large families) to find that there are still methods of preparing ordinary, everyday dishes in a delicious and attractive yet quite inexpensive manner.

Many thanks to "our own paper" for this service!
Mrs. W. Kinson, care P.O., Chatsworth Island, Clarence River, N.S.W.

Youthful Touring Parties

I THINK A. V. MAHER (9/3/35) is right as to the need for friendly inter-communion between the young people of the various countries of the world. World peace might be assured if there were a universal language and the young people of all lands were not only encouraged to write to each other, but youthful touring parties exchanged visits to each other's country.

In that way national prejudices would be overcome. They're often the result of sheer ignorance. For instance, it seems to me that nothing since the armistice has made us Australians better disposed towards our British enemies than the visit some time ago of the German girl flier, Elly Beinhorn. We just couldn't think harshly of a hand that could produce such a charming young person.

Mrs. J. Copeland, 73 Oaks Avenue, Deewhy, N.S.W.

Nothing Wrong With Word

MY outlook on the word "spinster" differs from that of Miss Noll. I think it has an air of dignity and distinction.

A woman is either unmarried by choice or mischance. It is unfair to tie her down to a type. To me the term is fraught with possibilities which make it applicable to the business woman as well as our traditional lavender ladies. Whereas "old maid" leaves nothing to the imagination, writer stated "it is kinder." Does anyone think that the spinster of to-day wants, or needs, sympathy?

The alternative offered, "bachelor maid," is suitable for our modern miss, but what of our great aunts?

Thelma Barber, 19 Cambridge Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W.

No Way Out

I AM not a spinster, but were I one I would fault the person who called me an old maid. One objection is that it implies being old, and no one is really old in this wonderful age in which we are living. I cannot agree either that "bachelor maid" would fill the bill. There seems to be no way out of it but to call our unmarried sisters "spinsters."

Mrs. J. Nash, 4 Selwyn Flats, Ramage Avenue, Bondi, N.S.W.

Barking Up the Wrong Tree

I THINK Miss Noll is barking up the wrong tree. What is wrong with the word spinster? Absolutely nothing. It is our attitude that are still those of 1850. If we change the word, then the new word will all the more be a sign of failure. No, what we must change is the whole attitude towards spinsterhood. Why should Miss Noll say that, at the sound of the word "spinster," she conjures up a picture of "an angular, sharp-visaged female of the schoolmarm type?"

E. J. M. Blard, 230 Vulture St., Brisbane.

Perhaps We Could Abolish the Word "Spinster"

I ENTIRELY agree with Miss Noll (2/3/35) that spinster is an ugly word, and it is only surpassed in this respect by the word female.

Before my marriage, to be called a female bookkeeper or a spinster used to make me see red.

I think that the term bachelor-girl is the kindest and most appropriate to all ages.

Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Watson St., Charleville, Qld.

"Single Woman" Now Used

THE word "spinster" is a good old English word meaning "spinning woman," the unmarried women in medieval times having more time to work with their spinning-wheels than the married ones whose domestic duties were more numerous and varied.

I agree that the word in modern usage has an unpleasant connotation, but would not any word used to denote an unmarried woman be prone to conjure up the picture of an "old maid"? Anyway, apart from its employment in legal phraseology, the word "spinster" is seldom used. Has not the term "single woman," which is invariably used in ordinary speech, entirely superseded it?

Mrs. J. Copeland, 73 Oaks Avenue, Deewhy, N.S.W.

Has Romantic Associations

UNLIKE Miss B. Noll (2/3/35), I see nothing ugly about "spinster," which to me conjures up a picture of a girl, her eyes and her heart full of dreams of her future home, spinning all the household and personal linen she will use there. Such was the original meaning of "spinster," and though the meaning has somewhat changed I still prefer it to the rather invidious "old maid."

There is, too, a subtle distinction between the two, a distinction slightly expressed by Myrtle Reed in one of her novels: "An old maid" is a woman who never could have married, and a "spinster" is merely one who hasn't.

In any case we can so live that we give a new and jovial meaning to the world's slightest "spinster" or "old maid."

Mary L. Lane, Quamfong, Vic.

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E. J. M. Blard, 230 Vulture St., Brisbane.

PRESENT BOREDOM

OUR generation seems to be suffering from boredom, ennui, and weariness of life. We have more leisure, more freedom, and statisticians tell us that life, from a material point of view is more pleasant and comfortable for a greater number of people. There are more amusements open to us than ever before, our knowledge is wider, our physique better.

The discontent of which I write is a vague malaise that seems to have settled like a blight on our lives. It is something quite different from that healthy discontent which drives many of us on to realise ambitions that otherwise would remain dreams.

Perhaps we expect too much from life, and so are disappointed. We seem to have lost the child's joy in simple pleasures, and as adults, to have not yet mastered the art of pleasant living.

Miss H. Shannon, 24 Loch Avenue, East St. Kilda, S.W. Vic.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T ASK questions you know will embarrass.

THOSE BORROWERS!

WHY do so many people borrow? I think it is a sign of weakness of character, and certainly a confession of bad housekeeping and inefficiency. I have known people to have the borrowing habit so deeply imbedded that they regularly borrowed groceries from a woman who kept a small country shop at her home, from which they could have purchased the goods instead of borrowing them! Another woman three or four times a week changes into her street frock in order to go over to her neighbor to borrow goods which, by walking fifty yards further on, she could have bought at the shop. These women are not poor or in need of money.

Miss S. Snow, Palm Vale, via Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

MELODY—RUINED

HOW few are the people who realise, let alone appreciate, the perfect melody and charm of our English language!

To me, it borders almost on crime to hear the deliberate misuse and careless pronunciation of words, such as is prevalent nowadays.

We are taught, at the cost of much labor, time, and expense, to master the intricacies of the piano and violin, but how few of us realise that the greatest melody of all lies in the harmony of beautiful thought expressed in the charm of our English language!

Miss M. Wilde, Enns Park, via Rockhampton, Qld.

OUR TRADE REPUTATION

IN recent months there have been many complaints from English consignees about our exporters, their grading, and the condition they are received in. "It is not possible to see that these goods—Australia's best advertisement—are the best, and that the pack, etc., leaves nothing to be desired? After all, this is not a purely personal matter for the consignee, but one that affects every Australian, and makes or mars our trade reputation overseas, and consequently our internal prosperity. Are we careless?"

Take, for instance, the eggs we consume, carefully passed and branded by the Egg Marketing Board as to their freshness (i.e. when they handle them), but would not the stamping on the egg of the date by the Board assure the housewife that they are still fresh when she buys them?

Mrs. M. Walker, The Waldorf, Bayswater Rd., King's Cross, N.S.W.

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Coleman Instant Lighting Iron

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INSTANT LIGHTING. Just strike a match and it's ready.
 BLUE PORCELAIN ENAMEL BODY. Always nice and polished.
 TWO-POINTED NICKELLED BASE. Never puckers even the finest silk.
 AUTOMATIC GENERATOR. Keeps the tip clean and free from carbon.

Supplied with Stand,
 Pump, Filling Can.

**SMOOTHES the WAY
 ON IRONING DAY**



Ask your stockkeeper, or write for Catalogue to
 COLEMAN QUICK-LITE CO., 160 Kent St.,
 Sydney (near Liverpool St.).

Price,
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Help Kidneys

• If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, or Acidity, try the new discovery, Cystex (Bios-tek). Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

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SEALYHAM and SCOTCH TERRIERS
 ALSO MINIATURE ORANGE POMERANIANS,
 all from pedigreed champion and prize-winning stock. Beautiful, strong, healthy puppies now ready. Sent anywhere. Inquiries please send stamp for reply.

FRANK, 101 ST. GEORGE'S CRESC.,
 DUNMONEY, Tel. 115.

HOW AUSTRALIA'S Pioneer Woman Announcer STARTED

Mrs. Jordan of 2GB Began
 with Talks on Infant Mortality

Much interest is focused on the question of maternal and infant mortality by the declaration of the Federal Minister of Health, Mr. Hughes, that action is imperative and must be undertaken whatever the cost.

THIS was the question that first brought one woman into the broadcasting field in Australia after Mrs. Jordan had grown tired of being told that this or that Minister quite agreed with her, but lack of funds prevented anything being done.

Those were the days when nobody imagined there was any scope for women on the air except as musicians and occasional talkers.

People said that such a thing as a women's session was all wrong. Women had no right to leave their homework and listen to other women chattering.

Perhaps Mrs. Jordan would never have disputed that view if her cause hadn't been so urgent. She was out to help save the mothers and the children whatever way she could.

As secretary of the Women's Union of Service she enlisted the help of Dr. Morris and approached 2GB to allow her to run a women's session daily.

If only one life was saved by their advice, then it was worth while, she argued. 2GB agreed with her, and so Mrs. Jordan inaugurated her first woman's session and became the pioneer woman radio announcer in Australia.

Those early sessions were like a great

adventure. Letters began to pour in. There came a day when seventy letters awaited her on her table. The same day her first real-life adventure over the air. A mother who listened regularly in the far outback wrote asking for some urgent advice. Her daughter had developed a bad eye, and it would be some days before a doctor could arrive. Within twenty-four hours of the writing of the letter, Mrs. Jordan had consulted a doctor and the treatment necessary to save the child's eye was broadcast.

The day they received a letter of thanks they felt that they had justified women on the air.

Much other good work was accomplished through that session, especially in building up faith in the work of the free clinics, which in those days did not enjoy the prestige they have to-day.

All sorts of innovations were continually being made, and Mrs. Jordan had her share in them. She broadcast the women's reception to the Duchess of York at the University. Mrs. Jordan called the names of the guests as they entered, and she recalls with amusement the manner in which they presented themselves at the thought of their less fortunate friends hearing it over the air.

She also broadcast public dinners. They weren't exactly a success. Who doesn't recall the lengthy speeches and

YOUR FIGURE IS IMPORTANT

DON'T
 DEVELOP

that
 Washing-day
 droop



Don't
 risk your
 figure—
 CHANGE
 WASHING-DAY
 TO RINSO-DAY



Every up-to-date woman realises the value of an erect, slender figure, and yet there are some who still cling to old-fashioned methods on washing-day. Don't sacrifice your figure for the sake of an out-dated system! Constant rubbing, scrubbing and stooping over tubs must inevitably coarsen the figure—a few months of old-fashioned washing-days can bring a woman a few years nearer the dreaded "middle-aged figure."

Work is cut down to the minimum when you wash with Rinso. And it is not only the escape from exhausting work which makes the difference—it's the relief from worry. You know that the clothes are going to be spotlessly white and a credit to you when you wash with Rinso.

Rinso

A LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

RADIO LISTENERS!
 RINSO brings you that riot of laughs, fun and melody
"COMEDY CAPERS"
 TUNE IN TO every Mon., Tues. and Wed. at 9.30 p.m. 2 GB 4.11.35

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, March 30.—6.20, Funfest; 7.45, Darby and Joan; 9.0, Feature Sessions, Oriental Music, Barrack Square; 9.45, Glen Southern, The Voice from Hollywood.

SUNDAY, March 31.—11.0, Humane Sunday Service from St. Andrew's Cathedral; 3.30, Pages from the Past; 6.30, Feature Sessions—Delibes, Jones and Hare; 7.20, Miss V. K. Maddox—The Meaning of Masonry; 8.45, George Edwards in "The Unfinished Drama"; 9.45, Mr. A. M. Pooley—International Affairs; 10.0, Even-song.

MONDAY, April 1.—10.45, "The French Revolution"; 11.45, Dorothea Vautier—People in the Limelight; 2.45, Radio School of Domestic Science; 8.50, Frank and Archie; 9.0, Elks' Price in "Peterchio's Method"; 9.15, Ninth Parade; 10.0, "The Trial of Harold Greenwood."

TUESDAY, April 2.—12.15, Irene Allan—Contract Bridge; 2.30, In a Clock Store; 3.30, Dorothea Vautier—Musical Personalities; 6.35, Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven; 8.45, The Voice of the People; 9.15, George Edwards in "The Loves of Mary Queen of Scots."

WEDNESDAY, April 3.—12.0, Community Singing; 9.0, Happy Harmony—France; 9.15, "Nothing but the Truth"; 9.45, Easy Chair.

THURSDAY, April 4.—10.0, G. Z. Dupain—Diet for the Pre-School Child; 7.15, Happy Valley Boys; 9.30, Easy Chair; 10.15, Grace Moore.

FRIDAY, April 5.—12.15, Claire E. Byrne—Stammering; 7.0, Two Octaves; 9.0, Cyril James—Bert Love Songs; 9.15, Newspaper Adventures.

the equally lengthy pauses filled with nothing but the buzz of conversation and the rattle of crockery, and an occasional guffaw.

Another time she broadcast the opening of a big city theatre, describing the frocks of the prominent members of the audience and attempting to describe the costumes of the chorus, which were almost too scanty to be described.

Out of the hurly-burly of those many activities has developed her Nine to Ten Hour of Comfort and Cheer. She started by giving calls to the Diggers in the hospitals, and soon other people wrote to her for advice and help. The Diggers used to regard her as an authority on everything. Once she received a letter asking her to settle a bet for them. "Dear Mrs. Jordan," it read, "would you please say that haggis is made with whisky..."

Radio has travelled a long way in the last nine or ten years, but Mrs. Dorothy Jordan has found it a most pleasant and exciting journey.

Painful
BURN healed up
 in two days.
 Agonying burns heal up quickly—without forming blisters—when you apply Tiger Salve. Get a tin today. 2/- per tin. All Chemists and Stores.

TIGER SALVE



A Happy Future—

THEY FURNISHED ON

W.W. Campbells'

100 PAY WAY.

EASY to FIND the WAREHOUSE

LEAVE GEORGE ST. AT END OF QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING—NEAR FARMERS & COWINGS. THE BIG ELECTRIC SIGN POINTS THE WAY. ONLY A SHORT WALK TO 249 CLARENCE STREET.

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Examples of general Furnishing Orders.
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£25 for 20' deposit 5' weekly. £50 for 40' deposit 10' weekly.
£100 for 80' deposit 20' weekly. £150 for 120' deposit 30' weekly.



4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet has numerous compartments, including Bread Cupboard. Leadlight doors are particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, 85/-.
5' 2' 1'



Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and useful Mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 50/6.

Bed Settee is reliably made with closely-woven wire seat. Full Panel Back. Two-tone finish. This Week's Cash Price, 29/6. (Without Cushion.)

Full-size Double Bedding, 100 per cent. Pure Japara Kapok, in genuine Belgian striped ticking. Don't miss this bargain at 44/9. Cash Price, 50/6.



The modern design of this beautiful Bedroom Suite is enhanced by contrasting veneers of Polished Figured Walnut. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe; 4ft. 6in. Knee-hole Dressing Table and Double Loughboy are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. Three-piece, shaped, bevelled Mirror on Dressing Table is extra large and frameless. The suite is extraordinary value at This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/- (Bedstead Extra).

SYDNEY & SUBURBS
20' DEPOSIT
4/6 WEEKLY

*** OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT**

SAVE £4/4/-

1935 on THIS Radio

Clock Dial. Recessed Sounding Board. Glorious Tone. Perfect Local and Interstate Reception. 12 Months' Guarantee, Free Delivery, Free Service, Free Installation.

You must hear this set to appreciate it. Call at the Warehouse.
15/- DEPOSIT
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Usual Value £18/18/-
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"SILOVAC"
VACUUM CLEANER

This new design is much more efficient than ordinary vacuum cleaners and the Introductory Cash Price is

£10/12/-
(Other models at Warehouse Prices). Call at Warehouse for demonstration.



Polished Figured Maple and artistic construction make this a most attractive Dining Room Set. 4ft. 9in. Sideboard has three centre drawers (one divided for cutlery), two cupboards and shelves. 4ft. Rectangular Table is of new design with special underframe. Four Chairs (two only illustrated) have upholstered, lift-out seats. This handsome suite is really unique in its class at This Week's Cash Price, £14/14/-

SYDNEY & SUBURBS
15' DEPOSIT
3/6 WEEKLY



Comfort is assured in this handsome Three-piece Lounge Suite because Settee and Chairs (one only is illustrated), are full size and scientifically constructed and the Loose Cushions have perfect inner springs. Upholstered in beautiful Tapestry this splendid suite is remarkable value at This Week's Price, £15/19/6.

SYDNEY & SUBURBS
15' DEPOSIT
3/6 WEEKLY

BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Usual Value: £5/19/6	£6/19/6	£7/19/6	£8/19/6
NOW AT—	£4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/- £7/5/-

GENUINE CORK LINO

TWO YARDS WIDE
5/3, 5/11, 7/6 yd.
IMITATION LINO
TWO YARDS WIDE
2/11, 4/3, 4/11 yd.

249 CLARENCE ST. SYDNEY
ONE DOOR FROM MARKET STREET.

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6 LINES

WON'T PLAY with GARBO

Gyles Isham

GYLES ISHAM is evidently an actor who takes his profession very seriously. Nowadays Englishmen are more in demand than ever at Hollywood, especially if they have served their apprenticeship to the art of acting on the London stage. What makes them so much sought after is the pleasant quality of their voices, which commends them to international audiences.



GYLES ISHAM, the English actor who would like to play with the glamorous Garbo, but cannot bear to leave the London stage.

Greta Garbo, the famous Swedish star, who makes only two pictures a year.

From Our London Correspondent By Air Mail

I HAVE just been talking to Gyles Isham. He is the son and heir of Sir Vere Isham, of Lamport Hall, and he has a good part in Gertrude Jennings' play, "Family Affairs." This was first produced at the Ambassadors last August, and is still apparently nowhere near the close of its West End run. Others in the brilliant cast are Lillian Braithwaite and Athene Seyler, so you see the young man finds himself professionally in the best of company.

Mary Hinton, better known to you in Australia as the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, and Lesley Warding, shortly to be seen with George Arliss in "The Iron Duke," also have parts in this play.

He told me that yesterday he received a cable asking him to play leading man in "Anna Karenina," Greta Garbo's new picture.

"I am thrilled to death," he said. "I am a Garbo fan, but I have never met her personally. When I was last in Hollywood I acted in Shakespearean stage-plays. I have never played in American films; but when Louis Meyer was in London recently he saw me act with George Arliss in "The Iron Duke." He seemed impressed with my work, but although he said he would find me a film part I thought no more about it. So the cable was a complete surprise to me."

Hesitation

MR. ISHAM is thirty-two years old. He is tall and fair, and has a particularly beautiful speaking voice. He should prove a grand second to Greta—if he accepts. However, there is the usual drawback which English artists find in going to Hollywood.

They are required to sign a seven years' contract, which means giving up all thought of playing in "the legitimate" for the whole of that time.

Mr. Isham has cabled back to see if he can negotiate concessions with regard to the time of the contract. He must, also, if he closes the deal, find someone to take his part for the rest of the run in "Family Affairs."

Talking of family affairs, by the way, the one thing that might cut across Gyles Isham's stage career is that his father is a baronet, and that he stands next in succession to the title.

There are, of course, several actors who have been knighted—Sir Guy Standing, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir Cedric

Hardwicke—but a knighthood is a different thing from coming into a baronetcy, which usually means a family "tate to look after . . .

PAULA WESSELY, a New Star from VIENNA

From Our London Office

THE latest film sensation is, without a doubt, the Viennese film, "Maskerade," and the sensation of that film is the Viennese actress, Paula Wessely, who is hailed as the new Bernger.

CROWDS are flocking to the Academy Cinema, and long queues line up outside, hoping to get in and to enjoy this new presentation of the life of gay Vienna in pre-war days and to hear the thrilling music. In the opera scene Caruso's voice is actually recorded.

Apart from Paula, the point which strikes one most about the film is its fine editing. The cutting was done with absolute genius. We certainly have a lot to learn from German producers in this respect.

PAULA WESSELY is not pretty. In fact, she looks positively plain at times, and she makes no effort to appear otherwise. Her acting is what she relies on. She has a restrained style, and a subtle appeal which goes far beyond anything that mere good looks could achieve.

She is a true daughter of Vienna, that city of romance; she shines most of all on the stage in serio-comic character studies.

"MASKERADE" is her first film to come to England; it is being shown

at the same house, the Academy, as introduced Bernger to an adoring London public. Like the one and only Elisabeth, Paula is coming over from the Continent in a few months to follow



PAULA WESSELY, a new Viennese actress, who is creating a sensation.

up her screen success with a stage appearance.

Paula Wessely has been offered the usual tempting bait by Hollywood, but she will not accept any parts that she does not care for. In "Maskerade," she plays the role of a timid little lady's companion, who contrives to get herself involved in a great scandal, and has a thrilling love affair.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon. (London Films.)

IN its genre of costume novel and adventure story, Baroness Orczy's best-seller ranks high. The "dimpled elusive Pimpernel," his quixotic dandyism concealed under a mask of foppishness, offers a wealth of opportunity to Leslie Howard's polished art.

From the Paris of the Revolution, where aristocrats languish in prison or amid the clamors of the mob are tumbril-borne to the guillotine, beneath whose shadow sit the knitting women, we cross the Channel to see Regency beaux disport themselves at ball and boxing match. Couches away and creak, horses gallop along the tree-bordered roads of France. With perfect adjustment of time and place each figure moves to its significant setting to make a satisfying camera picture.

The lesser roles are superbly cast. Under the right handling Merle Oberon's fragile beauty and distinction make their due appeal, and Chauvin—Ambassador's Cavalry—calls him—strikes unerringly the note of smooth-tongued villainy. Two brief appearances of the Prince Regent give Nigel Bruce his chance to present a masterly vignette of the "First Gentleman of Europe," halfway down decline from the fairytale Florizel of his youth to the bloated Prunty of his old age.

A triumph of direction for Alexander Korda—Embassy; com. Mar. 22.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

John Boles, Gloria Swanson. (Fox.) ON the stage this operetta charmed by the color of its settings. On the screen instead we see Eberdorf on fete, Munich's opera house and Zoo, and the road coming and going in the mountains between them. One enchanting shot, as the village aspirants to fame, after their brief hour of triumph, jog crestfallen homewards—a foal, startled by their passing and pressing for refuge against its mother's flank—may be chosen to illustrate how the camera can heighten the dramatic mood.

This film is made by a man who knows and loves the essential Bavaria, with its kindly, simple folk and its national love of music. Pains have been lavished on the reconstruction of the scenes; the Schubertian dances in performed by genuine peasants, brought all the way to Hollywood.

John Boles has a role that gives him and his voice full scope. Gloria Swanson, as the temperamental prima donna, shows that she can still act.

Three years' intensive grooming has turned June Lang out rather too much of a movie blonde to be quite successful as the flaxen-haired Teutonic maiden of tradition. Douglas Montgomery fits his part of rustic lover better. He does contrive to look as if he had been "reared on goats' milk."—State; com. Mar. 22.

UNDER PRESSURE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen. (Fox.)

TUNNELLING under the Hudson River provides a new sensation for filmgoers. This picture of "sandbags," laboring madly for brief spells in compressed air, liable to fall victim to "bombs" and "stagers," waging their high pay recklessly on the prospects of their gang's getting to the centre first, and seconding with their bare hands the work of the drills, is compact of vitality.

Victor McLaglen, as Jumbo the boss tunneller, has chance after chance for deeds of derring-do. His to cope with fire and air-blow; his to drive his men to superhuman efforts; the scene where he returns to the flooded tunnel for the rescue of his mate the "iron boss" (Edmund Lowe), and drags him back in triumph from the raging waters, is breathtaking.

The women in the cast are less convincing.—Capitol, com. Mar. 29; King's Cross, com. Mar. 30.

COUNTY CHAIRMAN

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Will Rogers, Evelyn Venable. (Fox.) A SUITABLE field of operations for Will Rogers has been found in the small-town politics of Wyoming some thirty years ago. As county chairman he busies himself to get his partner and protégé, Ben Harvey (Kent Taylor), elected county prosecutor. That this young man, besides being a novice in public life, is in love with the daughter of the rival candidate, only adds spice to the game.

Will should understand politics, since he regularly writes pieces about them for the newspapers. And he certainly understands human nature. His canvassing technique is a joy. We forgive him for monkeying with the course of true love, especially as we have a well-founded conviction that it will be all for the best in the end. What we find less easy to condone is that he should barter his devoted dog for political support.

Evelyn Venable, in the costume of the

early 1890's, makes a charming heroine and her elopement in a period motor car pursued by the rest of the townspeople in home-drawn buggies provides an entertaining sequence. There is a sound supporting cast—Capitol, com. March 22; King's Cross, com. Mar. 23.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.
★★ Two stars—good films.
★ One star—average films.
No stars no good.

THE GAY BRIDE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Carole Lombard, Chester Morris. (M.G.M.)

GAY BRIDE is a misnomer for Mary (Carole Lombard), a tough little chiseller whose one aim in life is the security that wealth can give. Being an attractive show-girl, she achieves marriage with Shoots Magis, professionally a quick-firing gangster and in private life an amiable dolt, and when he is killed, leaving her a penniless widow, she promptly turns her attention to getting a trust fund out of other members of the gang.

The purity drive has had some effect on films. Here we see racketeers as what they mostly are—namely, poor fish. But apparently it is still ethical conduct for Office Boy (Chester Morris) to earn a salary as gangster's bodyguard. Out of his savings he buys a garage, and Mary, when they fall in love, is willing to share it. But first to prove good faith she literally throws her ill-gotten gains away, and she only escapes from ensuing complications with the law at the price of a mortgage on the garage.

Repeal of prohibition may have caused a slump in bootlegging, but it seems as if rackets will flourish until New York breeds a better type of politician.—Clive; com. Mar. 22.

WINGS OVER EVEREST

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

MT. EVEREST, the highest peak in the world (29,000ft.), has now been conquered. Lady Houston financed the expedition and British Air Force men carried it through.

The film shows the preparations, the building of the planes, the arrival at the advance camp in the Himalayan foothills, the chafing delay until the weather should warrant a start, and finally the triumphant flight itself. A Gaumont-British cameraman, recording what no human eye had ever seen, is photographed repairing a fracture in his oxygen tube, and so saving his own life. The picture closes on a characteristic note of understatement; the leader is asked as he lands again, "What is it like up there?" to which he succinctly replies, "All right."—Embassy; com. Mar. 22.

I ADORE YOU

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Margot Grahame, Harold French. (Warner-British.)

THIS musical has its points. Margot Grahame, in her own person as star of film and televised radio, is a credible object of pursuit by the infatuated Norman Young (Harold French), who looks a trifle worn for this cello part. There are some deftly-woven dance patterns, the Savoy Orpheans provide music, and the daily round of the film studio owned by one of those munificent producing companies that are springing up on the outskirts of London supplies a background at once absurd and apparently true to life. O. B. Clarence, as the old actor seeking a job and enthusiastically received under the illusion that he is a millionaire backer, has more than a touch of pathos in his comedy. But we could well be spared the repellent chorus of pseudo-babies in drama.

THE MAN OUTSIDE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)

Henry Kendall, Gillian Lind. (R.K.O.) **T**HERE is, of course, always a public for detective-thrillers. Those practised in solving these crime puzzles will not be deceived by the suspicious behaviour of some of the characters in this film; they know that false clues are part of the game. The odds are that the ally, as especially if he is stunted, will turn out to be an amateur sleuth, and criminals have been known to this to disguise themselves as police officers.

Although Henry Kendall and Gillian Lind have sound West End stage reputations, they have not yet acclimatised themselves to the screen. There is too much under-playing. The defects of this Twickenham production, as a whole, seem to indicate that it may fairly be classed as a quota quickie.—Clive; com. Mar. 22.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Sir Standish Roche, Bt., A.D.C. to Lord Galtway, is due in Sydney this week before transhipping for New Zealand?

Governor's Democratic Party

FIRST night in Sydney spent by Lady Hore-Ruthven touring harbor with husband and party of ten, including Miss Ivay Price, Miss Priscilla Fielden and attendant A.D.C. . . Distinguished sight-seers caught 8.30 ferry to Manly and gazed about from seats near battered piano. . . Last seen, party making in direction of water "dodgems" and captive outsize sharks.

Sir Leslie and Lady Wilson, accompanied by their son, arrived back from holiday trip to Japan last week. Their passage to the North was marred by tremendous storms.

Mrs. Campbell Convalesces

MRS. HUGH CAMPBELL, well-known country matron of Queensland, making satisfactory progress after recent operation in St. Kilda Hospital. . . Mrs. Campbell is daughter of famous Sydney doctor, Arthur Mills, so beloved by medical students for several decades. . . Young David Campbell among new boys at Cranbrook this term.

Spots of Hindustani

COLONEL AND MRS. NORMAN MILES, of Staff College, have made their home at Dover Road. . . Curious from India took much placing, but now quite at home. . . Mrs. Miles, formerly Marjorie Langtree, and husband have their respective families in vicinity. . . John studies three "R's" and trappings at Cranbrook. . . Mary's spots of Hindustani intrigue fellow Kambala girls.

Far-away Russia will receive visit from Alice Bolger before end of the year. Alice leaves this week for her London theatrical venture.

Law and Stage

AMATEUR acting not considered quite correct for members of legal profession. . . Should not take it too seriously seems general opinion. . . Wilfred Blacket now threatens to say farewell to footlights. . . Many years ago, Mr. Justice Milner Stephen attracted to stage, but gave it up for sterner realities. . . Mr. Richard Windeyer, K.C., is patron of Players' Club, so evidently has different ideas on subject.

With small son Douglas, Mrs. Eric Poyser is enjoying a mountain holiday at Simla, Leura. Her husband makes Leura Golf Club his objective at weekends.

Sprinter and Stroke

THE two Cyril Monk children showing great prowess in water sports while parents more than hold their own in musical circles. . . Patricia recently won a 220 yards race in Balmoral Baths in fine time and Ian busily strokes maiden crew from Mosman. . . Next musical play with melodies by Varney Monk may show aquatic influence.

Feminists to Marry

QUITE a few "younger feminists" about to be married within next few weeks. . . Myrtle Oakley, Margaret Sharp, Win Gill, and Edna Coutts are all heading for altar rails. . . On Monday last, prospective brides entertained at play evening. . . Doris Pitton also present, and lent helping hand to selection of best plays.

Hero and Heroine!

MUSIC sadly lacking for off-stage accompaniments to incidents at landing of Lady Hore-Ruthven. . . Girl Guide Edna Bourke richly deserved plaudits of crowds for bravery in jumping to rescue of fainting fellow-guide. . . Captain Holford, with not a thought to marvellous uniform, also plunged into harbor to assist in rescue. . . New A.D.C. Ponsonby, tall, slim, and dark, with large glasses, somewhat overshadowed by fellow-officer's dramatic adventure.

From Childhood Days

JANET SAXTON, one of Sydney's loveliest natural blondes, just announced her engagement to Stanley Utz. . . Janet and Stanley have both travelled extensively. . . Absence, however, did not disturb their life-long friendship. . . Both their families had large old mansions at Drummoyle in early days. . . "The sport of kings" is also good enough for Jan and Stan, come Saturday afternoons.

Sir John McKelvey will be missed from accustomed dinner-table at Hotel Australia on Thursday nights. He is now on high seas en route for England, where arrangements already made for reunions with Australian friends abroad.

Another J. K. Lethbridge

VERY interesting christening party held at St. Mary's on Saturday. . . Fourth John King Lethbridge, of Tregaire, christened at old family church of St. Mary Magdalene, where King Lethbridges have been christened, married, and buried for quite a time. . . Newest arrival, adorned in century-old christening robe, behaved angelically on this important family occasion. Young John's pretty mother was formerly Natalie Field.



THIS IS BETTY MATTHEWS, a student at Doonee, who is assisting in social activities held in aid of Anthony's Week, and will participate in a large tennis tournament to be held on April 7.

—Dorothy Welding.



Ship Ahoy!

LOTS of jolly company on board Strathaird, which left with much farewell whoopee on Saturday. . . Dr. and Mrs. Harry Harris had friends to wish them bon voyage. . . Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Warry with their pretty daughter, Barbara, also on board. . . Much-travelled Lady Anderson Stuart sailed for Marseilles. . . Hon. Sara and Hon. Anne Vanneck, daughters of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, join ship in Melbourne.

Bride for Holland

FIVE years ago Edyth Bowden met Johan Maurice van Dijk, of The Hague, Holland, in Sydney. . . Last June, Edyth left Sydney to stay with an old school friend in Amsterdam. . . Second meeting with Johan resulted in recent marriage. . . Edyth and Dutch husband first couple to be married in 1935 in Holland. . . According to custom, bride's frock was all blue.

Cupid Scores Again

NAME of Chauvel closely associated with military and film affairs. . . Movie director Charles is nephew of General Sir Harry Chauvel, whose daughter, Elyne, has just announced her engagement. . . Young man concerned in romance is Thomas Walter Mitchell, who varies his successful ski-ing career with political adventures. . . Elyne a snappy exponent of fashion and very popular both in Melbourne and Sydney.



Bound for Celebrations

MR. AND MRS. MERVYN N. FRASER-SMITH, of Auckland, are spending honeymoon in Sydney. . . Have taken flat at Onslow Gardens. . . Bride was formerly Raye Clements Murphy, daughter of Dr. Murphy, and ex-student of Kincoppal Convent. . . Mr. and Mrs. Monte Winter, two more New Zealanders away from native shores, have just left Sydney for Jubilee celebrations in London.

Angela Parselles, who sailed from Sydney last November, making bid for fame and fortune in London, has made number of B.B.C. broadcasts and was heard in Sydney at 1.30 a.m. recently.

Maoris at Bondi

BONDI having gay fling for last of surfing season. . . Thousands witnessed Maori song and dance on Beach Auditorium, last Sunday night. . . Rubbing of noses and fascinating examples of black and white quill and bead skirts features of occasion. . . One Maori with glorious bass voice heard all too infrequently. . . Mr. D. MacDonald, born in New Zealand, with artist daughter Sheila, who has penchant for music of the Pacific, among those who registered approval.

Chinaman's Beach Popular

LOOKING absurdly like his father, Dr. John Maude's son accompanied his pretty mother on a shopping bout on Friday. . . Swimming outfits being order of the day. . . Family is off to Chinaman's Beach for last-of-season surfing. . . Quite a run on Chinaman's Beach this year.

Mrs. Arthur Screever will be much missed from Queen Victoria Club. After eight years as president she has decided to refrain from standing for office next election.

Very Bon Voyage

BEATRICE FAWSITT, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Fawsitt, has no intention of arriving on ship all-of-a-heap. . . Has gone to visit school chum, Doreen Ross, at Manila, for complete rest before sailing for Europe. . . Beatrice to visit Northern ports and Iceland. . . Will join Leslie Eales in London and trek off to Tyrol for winter sports.

Night bathing popular on hot nights last week. Doug Scott's smart car was parked at Nielsen Park while party cooled off in sharkproof pool.

Knut in Shirtsleeves

IMMACULATE Carleton Kelly seen in town in shirt sleeves last Friday. . . Unconventional attire partly hidden behind wheel of large black Packard car. . . Brown sleeveless jumper played its part. . . Carleton indefatigable dancer and his partners at popular night clubs are legion.

Have You Noticed—

The grace and charm of Lady Hore-Ruthven? Her smile never flagged on long walk from Man-o'-War Steps to her new home at Government House.

Jane Lane

Mr. CLEVER

Continued from Page 7

She dealt with them faithfully, and so came to Bruce Clever's cabin. It was an outside cabin, with a porthole, and in it, surrounded by the luggage, stood a tall, good-looking, dark young man and a pretty, peevish, peroxide blonde.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Clever. The man said, a shade too heartily, "Good afternoon, Stewardess." "Good afternoon, sir." "I see that all the baggage is here. What time can we get tea?" "As soon as the boat starts, sir, in the Palm Court and the Lounge. Promenade deck, sir."

"I shall want a bath," said the woman imperiously. "I'll send you the Bath Stewardess, madam. I expect you would like to make your reservations now." "My goodness, Bruce, look at these wardrobes. Look at the length of them! What do they think we'll wear—pin-flores and children's rompers?" Sick and dizzy, Bessie Douglas sought the Bath Stewardess. "A.B." she informed her briefly. "I've seen 'em. Well, sailors don't care."

"Stewardess, I understood from Cooks, when I booked the cabin, that mine had a porthole. This hasn't got

a porthole. I should die of suffocation."

"Stewardess, how on earth can I read in bed with a lamp like this? Can you get me a portable?"

"Stewardess, could you make me up a sofa under the porthole and put the pillow the other way?"

"Stewardess, I cannot find one of my bags."

"Stewardess, which is the way to the dining-room?"

"Stewardess, can I send a wire now, or is it too late?"

A band was playing on the promenade deck. Fuss and flurry. Old passengers greeting old friends among the stewards and stewardesses. The baggage-master, calm and tranquil, his work done. Fuss and flurry.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Clever!"

That night the ship rolled. The water struck the bows both ways. The stern seemed to rise and wobble like a dog's tail.

She knew what would happen. In the early morning, cabin bells

peeled. The red light in the alleyway flickered on and off. Her passengers wanted early morning tea. They had to be persuaded away from lemon juice and orange juice. They required sympathy, tact and firmness.

She sent messages to the surgeon's cabin for two of the more nervous and prostrate. Her day's work had begun.

At 8.30 A.B. rang like fury. She went at once. The golden blonde lay in her bunk in a jade green and toffee-colored lace nightgown, as limp and yellow as an old rag.

"Is it going on like this?" she demanded furiously.

"I hope not, madam."

"How long is it going on like this?"

"I CAN'T say, madam."

Would you like anything?"

"Don't you talk to me about eating! I couldn't look at a single hampstead I'd like some iced water."

"If I may suggest, madam, I wouldn't—as you are sick."

"I want some iced water!"

"Very good, madam."

Bruce Clever came in as she was placing the iced water beside the bunk. He looked extraordinarily handsome in grey flannels, and a blue pullover as blue as his eyes. She acknowledged his personal charm.

"My poor darling!"

"Don't you 'poor darling' me! I wish I'd never seen the ship."

He laughed genially. "You'll be grand to-morrow, won't she, Stewardess?"

"I hope so, I'm sure. This sort of cross-going is very trying to those who are unaccustomed."

"Trying! It's hell."

The steward laughed in the alleyway.

"Seen No. A.80? Looks like something the cat's brought in."

The next day it rolled even more. The saloon stewards had nothing to do, but they must stand at attention over one or more passengers at the big tables.

At intervals Bessie Douglas brought the lady in A.80 iced water. As the day went on she grew gloomier and more evil-tempered.

That night it suddenly calmed, but she was too exhausted to get up.

Bruce Clever appeared in evening dress, a delightful and debonaire figure. He apologised charmingly for dancing.

"A fellow needs exercise, my Sweet, and nobody was up to deck tennis or shuffle-board or bull-board to-day. They'd all panned out."

He disappeared.

Before going off duty Bessie Douglas visited A.80. She found its occupant in floods of tears.

"Can I get you anything, madam?"

"No, thank you. I wish—I wish I were dead! Lying here alone hour after hour feeling like death warmed up. If this is pleasure cruising it ought to be re-named! Have you seen Mr. Clever?"

"No, madam. I believe he is dancing."

"Dancing!"

"The passengers are feeling a bit better to-night. There's a lot dancing."

At six o'clock in the morning the ship rolled again. It rolled all the next day. The table steward was an old friend of Bessie Douglas'. They discussed passengers with the usual freemasonry of the sea.

In the morning all of them went on shore at Gibraltar, including Mr. and Mrs. Clever.

Please turn to Page 32

WAR ON PAIN

Science employs Powerful
NEW WEAPON

Amazing success of
CELERY POWDERS

A development of great interest to those who suffer from nerve pains is the use of a new Celery powder in alleviating pain.

This powder which includes a preparation made from the crushed seeds of Celery has now been introduced into Australia under the name of Celris.

It is no exaggeration to say that the pain relieving properties of this powder are positively astonishing when experienced for the first time.

Celris acts with lightning-like rapidity and yet without the slightest ill effects on health. Celris possesses the enormous advantages of being absolutely harmless and of causing no disagreeable or injurious after effects. Its safety is such that it is being widely adopted for general use where safety is of paramount importance.

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The absolute safety of Celris, combined with its swift and certain action, renders it a boon to all who require a powerful pain reliever the use of which involves neither danger to health nor the possibility of forming a pernicious habit.

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Only those who have suffered from sleeplessness know what a strain this condition imposes on health generally and the nervous system in particular. Celris is a boon to sufferers from sleeplessness. One Celris powder taken before retiring and followed by a glass of warm milk will produce sound, refreshing sleep the whole night through. Celris provides a simple, safe, and yet entirely effective means of overcoming sleeplessness. Celris will so the nerves and induces sweet, healthy sleep with absolute SAFETY.

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In routing Colds and Influenza the success of Celris is unparalleled. A Celris powder should be taken at the first sign of an attack of either a cold or influenza. Then when going to bed take one, if possible followed by a hot lemon drink. This assists the action of Celris but is not essential. Colds and 'Flu can be routed out of the system completely in 24 hours by this treatment which strikes at the root of the trouble. The great advantage of Celris is that its use leaves no unpleasant after effects.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

March 30, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

27

BERTHA MAXWELL Presents a 13-Piece Sunflower Luncheon Set!

Comprising one 17 x 17 Centre, six 8 x 8 Plate Mats, and six 5 x 5 Glass Mats... in Lovely Soft Blue, Green, Lemon, Blush Pink, White, or Cream Linen, Traced Ready for Rapid Stitchery.

DESCRIBED as a set of mats for luncheon or dinner, there is not a home in the land which cannot make some use of one or more of these charming pieces of linen.

Carry the summer into your winter days with these golden sunflowers. Use them for your little parties... use them when you dine alone... and use them as a pool of brightness on your polished furniture!

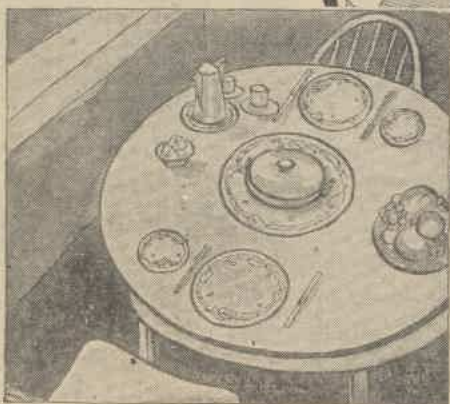
THIS large clear illustration explains itself to all needle-workers and home-makers. There is one central 17-inch mat which can be used for many purposes, eight 1-inch mats for plates, and pretty little five-inch mats for cups and tumblers. A complete set consists of one centre, six plate mats, and six little mats. They are well and carefully stamped on white, cream, blue, blush pink, lemon and green linen and represent amazing value carrying Bertha Maxwell's exclusive fascinating design for 7/6 post free. Remember, they are procurable only from The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Needlework

THE first question which occurs to a woman who wishes to own one of these delightful sets, is how much work is there in it? Look closely, and think of what your needle will have to do: you will be surprised to find that there is very little more stitching than if you hemmed the mats or sewed lace round them.

Here are the sunflowers with their leaves trailing round the edge, the work always growing less as the mats decrease in size, so that even the tiny one is clear and perfect in its impression of golden flowers.

Everything you know about sunflowers is there—their charm, their color, their simplicity, their grace; but everything else which does not matter to your needle,



A close-up of the 17 x 17 centre-piece carrying Bertha Maxwell's lovely swift-to-work sunflower design.

EQUALLY AT HOME on the colorful lacquered or polished table. This set will make an especial appeal also to the girl who desires to fill her box with the most enchanting and exclusive linens. Note: The simple charm and color of sunflowers are here, but all intricacies have been cleverly omitted by Bertha Maxwell.

or which is hard to sew, has been cleverly omitted from the work.

So that if you can make a buttonhole, even a bad one, you can make yourself as many of these mats as you would like to own; for they are easier to sew than buttonholes. The cutting is done after the stitching, so that you are on firm ground all the time.

Method of Work

WHEN you receive your mats through the post, iron them to press out creases and be careful of the cut edges. If there is the slightest sign of fraying take a needle and thread and whip a few stitches over the edge, quite large ones will do, to keep the linen tidy. Then when you have safely worked past the place, it will not matter if it frays.

It is only by careful cutting and no waste that you can buy these lovely exclusive designs at such low prices on such good linens.

Thread your needle with the cotton you wish to use for working the designs, but do not make any knot—just leave a loose end to be clipped off later, or run the thread in with a small back-stitch to keep it firm. Place a running thread inside the lines of the pattern, round the petals, round the leaves, and round the oval centres of the flowers; then buttonhole neatly over that, keeping the purled edge of the buttonholing always outwards.

Where double lines appear on the flowers of the centre piece take the stitching right over them to give more character to the large flower than is required in the small ones.

The crossed lines in the centres of the flowers may be merely run over in

darning fashion, or worked in French knots, or filled in any other way you wish.

A very handsome method is to satin-stitch each patch formed by the crossed lines, which will give a filled-in, checkered appearance to the work.

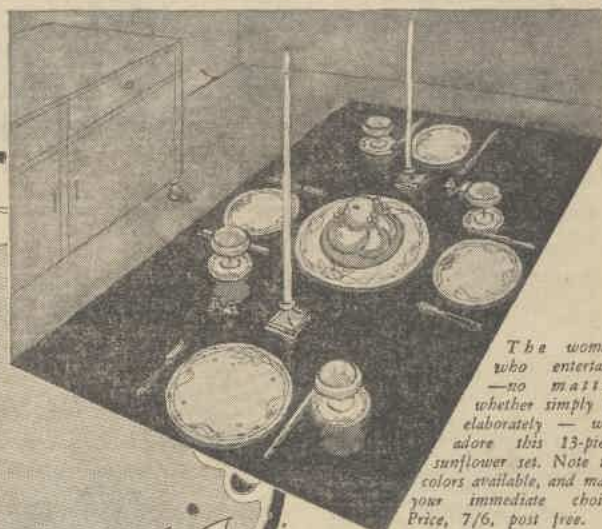
When you come to the stems which trail round the mats, double buttonholing will be found to be perfect; it not only expresses the design well, but completes it as you go.

The double lines may be shallow stitches along each line, inner and outer, or may be deep and interlocked. There are tiny bits of outwork formed in the angle of the leaf and its stem, which your buttonholing will automatically cause to appear. Clip the little bit out neatly, or leave it if you wish. The design is very strong as it almost all lies well on the linen, so that a little outwork will not weaken it at all.

The Colors

WHITE linen is exquisite when worked in all white, or in pale tones of natural shades which give a pastel effect; the cream linen is lovely in ecru cotton all through the design, and is also just as lovely in strong natural colors.

The colored linens may be worked in natural shades, or soft cottons, or slight contrasts. The "petal" parts of the flower, which are really very modest little flowers by themselves, are yellow or gold of many tones which everyone knows; the centres, which are a mass of wonderful little stumpy flowers, are a deep rich brown. The leaves are medium green, and so are the stems.



The woman who entertains—no matter whether simply or elaborately—will adore this 13-piece sunflower set. Note the colors available, and make your immediate choice. Price, 7/6, post free.

Clever IDEAS

Clever ideas are worth money—send us yours! A first prize of 10/- is awarded each week for the best idea submitted. For every other item published, 2/6 is paid. No non-de-plumes accepted.

WHEN pasting your jam bottles down, paste to the top edge an oblong piece of paper with the name of the jam contained thereon, printed in heavy block letters, and allow to stand up above edge of jar. Use stiff paper so that it will stand up well. When placed in the cupboard you can see at a glance the jam you are looking for, and this will save you much time and worry.

First Prize of 10/- to Miss D. Harradine, Brooklyn, Narrandera Rd., via Wagga, N.S.W.

IF YOUR wire mattress is beginning to rust, and is marking your ticking, try painting it with aluminium paint. Brush it well first with a stiff scrubbing brush, and spread a few sheets of paper on the floor to catch any splashes. When finished the mattress will look quite new, and will last much longer than if the rust remained unchecked.

Mrs. C. Clare, Playstone, via Mackay, Qld.

WHEN A copper becomes stained or "green," collect some brick dust, moisten with kerosene, and rub copper well, then rub the obstinate stains with a cut lemon. Polish with soft cotton rag.

Mrs. Wilfrid A. Brady, Wilks St., Kew E4, Vic.

IF YOU find that when making gooseberry jam, 2 medium-sized cooking apples, peeled, sliced, and boiled with the fruit before the sugar is added, results in a nice jelly from the surplus liquid which is always in evidence in gooseberry jam. Moreover the berries will be evenly distributed.

Mrs. R. Pearson, Pine Mt., Qld.

YOU CAN make a simple and tidy job of filling the salt cellar and pepper pot if you use a funnel, made by tearing a small corner from an envelope.

A. Pitcher, 18 Victoria St., Mile End, S.A.

WHEN THE screw top on a jar will not unscrew, try gripping it with a piece of sandpaper. This will give a firm hold and prevent slipping.—Mrs. S. G. Wright, Box 2, Melbourne, S.A.

AVAILABLE!

These Enchanting and Exclusive
Bertha Maxwell Designs

"APRICOT" sideboard or dressing-table set, comprising centre-piece 17 x 11 inches and two square 8 x 8 mats, in best quality cream or white linen traced ready for working; 3/6 the set, post free.

The Flowered Bodyspread, 68 x 90 inches, carrying twelve motifs, for 12/6, plus 1/- postage.

Koala baby pillow slip at 2/6, and cot cover 2/6, plus 3d postage. Also the 20 x 20 Koala transfer, 1/6.

The lovely 15 x 20 Hibiscus transfer, for 9d., post free.

"Apricot" runner, 36 x 12 inches, 3/-, post free; the 18 x 18 "Apricot" centre-piece, 3/-, post free; and the "Apricot" linen cushion cover, 16 x 20 inches, 4/-, post free.

The Blue Wren good-morning set, comprising 12 x 17 traycloth and 11 x 11 serviette, price 3/6, plus 2d postage. Extra serviettes 1/3 each, postage 1d.

NOW INDIGESTION WILL SOON BE ENDED



Indigestion in its early stages shows its presence by attacks of heartburn, wind, belching, palpitation or griping. Later come the more serious agonies of dyspepsia, gastritis, colitis and ulcerated stomach, duodenum or bowel.

The stomach has been wonderfully protected by Nature to withstand abuse, but there comes a time when neglect of small disorders upsets the finely digestive system. The acids of the stomach actually attack the fabric of the walls, and vomiting, continual thirst and severe pain indicate that ulceration of the stomach has set in.

Serious though these complications are, Nature will heal the ulcers if she is given help. De Witt's Antacid Powder is especially prepared to help in this healing work.

Firstly, it neutralises the excess acid which the stomach continually produces, and allays the irritation.

Secondly, the ulcers are coated with a film of colloidal-kaolin. So finely powdered is this kaolin, it is easily spread over the entire surface of the stomach, protecting the inflamed lining from the hot, burning acids.

Thirdly, it actually digests portions of your food, thereby still further taking the load off the weakened stomach, and finally, the ingredients in De Witt's Antacid Powder build up an alkaline reserve in the body, that, with ordinary care, there will be no recurrence of your trouble.

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Recommended for

INDIGESTION FLATULENCE
ACID STOMACH HEARTBURN
GRIPING PAINS GASTRITIS
PALPITATION DYSPEPSIA
ULCERATED STOMACH

Be sure you get the genuine De Witt's Antacid Powder, in sky-blue canisters. Take it regularly, as directed, and you will get rid of your digestive troubles for good. If you wish to have a free test supply, fill in the coupon now.

FREE GIFT COUPON

To E. C. De Witt & Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
(Depts. 2222), P.O. Box 24,
MELBOURNE

Please send me, free and postage paid, a sample of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Name _____
Address _____

Exquisite Delicacy of NEW CHINA

Even Royalty Found It Irresistible
By OUR HOME DECORATOR



PRIMROSES bring the breath of an English spring to the new china. Examples from a 21-piece coffee and dessert set, which has just arrived in Australia.

EVERY woman loves fine china, and, even though we all cannot afford to fill our cupboards with exquisite pieces, we manage to collect at least a colorful teaset as well as other odds and ends, and display them with pride.

HOW often, too, when we visit the china department of our favorite store, we make a mental vow that we must have this or that, and let the contemplated new hat or frock wait a little longer.

Yesterday I was introduced to some glorious new arrivals in the china world



HERE YOU see the exquisite modeling of the fruit comport. Note the perfect balance and symmetry of line.

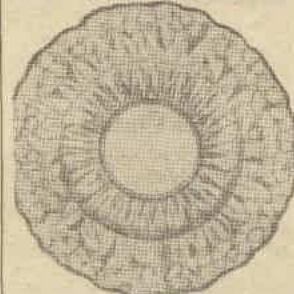
—Photos by courtesy Grace Broca.

—among them the primrose design you see here—and I made such a vow!

This design, a product of Paragon, has just arrived in Sydney. Examples here shown are but part of a 21-piece coffee and dessert set. Some weeks ago, Her Majesty the Queen, when shopping, came across a replica of this pattern, and was so intrigued with its beauty that she immediately chose it for her own personal use.

I quite understand its instantaneous appeal to the Queen.

The coloring is incredibly lovely. Impossible to believe that the exquisitely delicate yellow of the English primrose could be duplicated on china with such accuracy; and the leaves—that warm



SKETCH showing the lovely all-over pattern of the new primrose design. But it cannot show the exquisite delicacy of the coloring, which must be seen to be believed.

shade of golden green, as if the sun had swept into their coloring—are so natural that automatically I reached out to touch them in order to be reassured that they were but reproductions of Nature.

The fruit comport is a glorious thing. In every line and shade it reveals the hand of an artist. The base is beautifully symmetrical, fluted, and scrolled, and supports the round primrose plate with grace and dignity. Dishes, cups, saucers, and plates show individuality combined with perfect workmanship—a tribute to our era when ceramic art has reached such a degree of perfection.

—E.E.G.



A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorefields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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Next-door neighbor's little boy: Father says could you lend him your gramophone for to-night?

Gramophone Enthusiast: Have you a party on?

Little Boy: Oh, no. Father only wants to go to bed.



The SMOKER

prefers Bryant & May's
because

- the heads flare to a strong flame so swiftly—
- the paraffined splints ignite so thoroughly and give such a long-sustained light even in a breeze—
- the splints are so straight-grained and tough—
- the box is so strong, not losing shape in the pocket—
- and the striking sides of the box are so well surfaced, never crinkled or soft, so that every match in every box strikes every time.

BRYANT & MAY'S MATCHES

CHALLENGER!

Continued from
Page 6

He went into the cottage. It was one of those "cottages" with five master bedrooms and five baths. In the gunroom he took a forty-five calibre revolver, loaded it, and went out through the back door of the house. Then he saw that Challenger had left the scabbard ground, and was coming across the meadow, hobbling on three legs, with the fourth dragging. His head bobbed up and down with each effort, but when he saw the master coming he stopped and waited, with something of the old air. Billy had taken it. If the saddle and was now approaching partly in awe and partly a curiosity.

Killian put his left hand over one eye of the horse and laid the muzzle of the revolver in the hollow of the temple. In the bottom of that hollow a great pulse beat like a fountain of life that was trying to spring out. After a moment, Killian looked up, but instead of receiving strength, the low rushing of the clouds made him dizzy.

He put the gun into his pocket and stroked the neck of the old horse. "Billy," he said, "when Webster comes back, tell him to get in touch with Doctor Whaley. About giving Challenger a final look and putting him away, if he's really finished. You could have Whaley out here by tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," whispered Billy. "Old Challenger—yes, sir, I'll tell Webster." Killian went back into the house and washed his hands, hard, gripping them together with all his might. Afterwards he went outside to the car.

They got down to the station in time to wait a few cold, windy minutes on the platform. But Killian looked across the dark fields towards the place where Hollowell Hill was lost in the sweep of the storm. Challenger could not be grazing. He could not very well stand on one foreleg and reach the grass, but perhaps Billy would think to blanket him and tie a feed bag over his head.

The train came round the bend, steamed a bit of white from the

hand itself might have been guilty of utterance. Henry Banner looked up from beneath his gathered brows and said nothing. So Killian walked past them.

Luck brought along a train in the homeward direction within half an hour, so that he did not have to sit long in the empty waiting-room. He kept thinking about Mary Holm, and loving her, and hating her pride and her coldness. She was like this night, full of storm and danger.

He was thinking of that when he got off at the station, remembering only then that all his luggage was on the other train; but a fellow without an income doesn't need many trappings.

The station entrance was lost in a snow-storm through which he had to step slowly, if he found a taxicab. Killian sat forward on the edge of the seat, waiting, hungering.

When the car stopped, he paid the man and kicked the gate open. The snow was streaming across a lighted upper window of the cottage, making a wide blur.

It was not till he came near the stable door that he saw Challenger standing there, with his head down and the wind blowing his tail between his legs. The foreleg was trailing.

He laid his hand on the shoulder of the old gelding. The hide wrinkled and trembled under his touch, but that was the only response. The head of Challenger remained down.

Killian fumbled at the padlock. The snow stuck like frost to the rough wood of the door and the moonlight kept this frost gleaming, until it seemed to Killian that he was standing outside a door of steel. Then Challenger drew closer, leaning some of his cold weight against the master. Killian, with a groan, laid hold of the big padlock with both hands, and his wrench snapped the rusted chain.

If a man breaks into a locked place he becomes a burglar. Killian thought of that as he thrust the door back on its runners. The stable door came out at him, mingled with the clean sweet-

ness of hay. Challenger entered at once, his halting step beailing heavily on the floor planks; Killian lighted the lantern that hung in the corner and pulled the door shut. Challenger had gone into his box stall, and when Killian entered, the gelding was already down on the bedding, with his left foreleg horribly twisted under him.

KILLIAN worked the leg into a normal position and swept off the snow.

Keeping the blanket drawn over the lame shoulder, he began to work under it with both hands, kneading, the muscles, working his finger-tips the bone and running them from the point of the shoulder to the withers. It was not that he really hoped this massage might effect a cure, but because he trusted that the warmth which his hands gave, the blood which the rubbing brought to the injured place, might comfort Challenger.

Please turn to Page 33

NOW
she laughs
at pain!

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Presto is the amazing new improved A.P.C., more effective, quicker, safer. And you can take it with absolute safety—it contains no harmful drugs whatever. Get Presto to day. At all chemists and stores.

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Box of 12 Powders or Bottle of 25 Tablets **1/6**




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in a cheerless laundry

No more backbreaking toil at the washtub; no more hanging up the clothes to dry. At a snap of a switch the Westinghouse Spinner-Dryer washes and rinses in the machine—it dries clothes in two minutes. This mechanical laundress, at the cost of a few pence for current, washes with amazing rapidity and gives whiter, cleaner clothes. The unique "Cushioned Washing" feature will not injure the most dainty fabrics, scientifically removing all grease and dirt, speedily and economically, safely and "gently." "Cushioned Washing" saves money by eliminating clothes wear. Come in and see for yourself how 960 water actions take place each minute. There is a model for every purse and purpose and you'll be amazed how easy it is to own a Westinghouse "Cushioned" Washer, Master of them All.

*Phone M 6361 for free home demonstration.



STANDARD WASHER
Washes 60 lbs. of clothes per hour dry weight—Safety wringer—Reversible drain-board—Tub "Cushioned" on rubber—Amazingly silent—Automatic pump—Capacity 13 gallons.

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SPINNER DRYER

Washes and blues quickly—Rinses in the machine—Dries clothes in two minutes—The pump even empties the tub for you—Easy and safe to use.



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Please send me full particulars of the Westinghouse "Cushioned" Washing Machines.

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Our Diet Hint

Vitamin D

By R. E. FIGGIS,
Hon. Dietitian to the New Health Society.

THIS vitamin is a very important item in the diet of the growing child because it largely controls the development of the bony structure of the body. Rickets appear if this vitamin is missing from the child's food, and a shortage of it is a very real danger. It comes to us in milk, butter, and eggs. If none of these are obtainable, cod liver oil will make good the deficiency, but in a land such as ours a shortage of Vitamin D should be unknown. Children who receive a fair supply of milk, butter, and egg yolk in their daily food are not likely to suffer from that pestiferous bony trouble called rickets.

whistle, and then sent the long and whooping hoarsely against the wind. They got into the Pullman.

Henry Banner and the girl sat on one side, Killian was opposite Mary Holm, still smiling a little. Now and then, when he got his mind back from the distance, he saw Mary looking at him with wide fear always in her eyes. That was the strangest thing he had ever known.

THEN he was aware that the images in the windows were not those of the outdoors but the deep reflections from the lighted interior, for the full night had descended.

Killian looked towards the windows, but the reflection no longer wavered deep in the glass. A mist coated the panes, and outside the mist there was a solid frosting, a thick coat of snow. The thing troubled him because he felt, in the back of his mind, that there was some dangerous and important connection which he ought to make between the snow and something else.

He had it, suddenly, with a shock and a start: Challenger was out there with his tail to the wind, his head down, and one leg trailing. Whaley would not arrive till the next morning. The whistle had sounded. The train was slowing for a stop, and Killian rose.

Mary Holm was on her feet at the same moment, saying, "What is it, John? Is something wrong?"

He made a gesture with his head. "I'm going back," he answered.

"You mean that you're going to leave the train?" exclaimed Henry Banner. "Young man, if there is a brain in you capable of thought—"

"Good-bye," said Killian. "Good-bye, Uncle Henry—Mary—"

He saw the pride and anger rush into her face, into her eyes, but instead of speaking she caught back the hand she had stretched out, as though the

HOW HOLBROOK says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetizing zest as

BEFORE EATING

BE SURE THAT
HANDS ARE GERM-FREE!



HANDS
WASHED WITH
LIFEBUOY
CAN'T CARRY
INFECTION

THE HEALTH
SOAP



**QUIETS UNSTRUNG,
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Genuine Bayer Aspirin far more
Harmless than Bromides.

When Bayer discovered Aspirin and introduced it to the medical profession in 1900, they did not then realize what a blessing Bayer Aspirin would prove to millions of nervous, excitable folk throughout the world.

The next time you feel unstrung, excited, depressed, or have a nervous headache, nervous stomach, or cannot sleep, take two tablets of genuine Bayer Aspirin any time, preferably about an hour after meals or at bedtime. You feel no ill effects; there is no bad reaction; your nerves simply quiet down to normal again.

Be sure you take only Bayer Aspirin, because the genuine does not affect the heart, derange the digestion or form a habit. All Chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitations and loudly advertised substitutes, which physicians would not think of prescribing. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

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**WORK
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AN ACTUAL STATEMENT
BY A PERSIL USER

HERE ARE Knitting DIRECTIONS

For the Adorable "Prudence" 6-Piece Set, and the "Master Barry" Jumper, Featured on Page 13

ONCE again The Australian Women's Weekly gives sterling value to knitting enthusiasts. We feel sure that mothers and all baby-lovers will welcome these snug, cold-resisting designs of such outstanding charm. As usual, happy variety is the keynote of the offering, and timely presentation allows early preparation against winter chill. Now for the full directions:

The "Prudence" 6-piece Baby Set

For Babies 6 to 12 Months

(COMPLETE from top to toe in the loveliest woolly outfit, Prudence is ready to defy the coldest weather. Snuggly vest and piliers, the daintiest frock with smocking at the waistline, cozy bonnet and booties, and the tiniest gloves, you ever saw. Made in a silk and wool mixture, and neatly finished with a silk crochet edge.

FROCK

Materials: 4 skeins of silk and wool mixture in white, reel fine pink crochet silk, 1 yard narrow pink ribbon, 1 press-stud, pair No. 9 bone needles, 1 spare No. 9 bone needle pointed at both ends (for smocking), steel crochet hook size 4½. Measurements: Length, 17 inches; underarms, 20 inches; sleeve seam, 5½ inches, including frill.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; a., slip; sp. ndle, spare needle, w.o.n., wool over needle.

BACK: With wool cast on 119 sts., knit 1 row into back of every stitch. Next Row: Knit. Now start the fancy pattern. 1st Row: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.o.n., k. 1, w.o.n., k. 2, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. 2nd Row: Purl. Repeat last two rows three times.

9th Row: Same as 1st row. 10th Row: Knit. (This completes the pattern once.) Repeat pattern three times.

Work 52 rows stocking-stitch (1 row plain—1 row purl). Next Row: * k. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: * k. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 7 sts., k. 5, k. 2 tog. (70 sts.).

Now with wrong side of work towards you start the smocking. 1st Row: * p. 4, k. 2, repeat from * to last 4 sts., p. 4. 2nd Row: * k. 4, a. 2, repeat from * to last 4 sts., k. 4. 3rd row: * p. 4, a. 2, repeat from * to last 4 sts., p. 4.

4th Row: K. 2, * a. next 2 sts. on to sp. ndle, and leave at back of work, k. 1, k. 2 off sp. ndle, slip next st. on to sp. ndle, and leave at front of work, k. 2, k. 1 off sp. ndle, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

5th Row: P. 2, k. 1, p. 4, * k. 2, p. 4, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 1, p. 2. 6th Row: K. 2, a. 1, k. 4, * a. 2, k. 4, repeat from * to last 3 sts., a. 1, k. 2.

7th Row: P. 2, s. 1, p. 4, * a. 2, p. 4, repeat from * to last 3 sts., a. 1, p. 2. 8th Row: K. 2, * a. next st. on to sp. ndle, and leave at front, k. 2, k. 1 off sp. ndle, slip next 2 sts. on to sp. ndle, and leave at back, k. 1, k. 2 off sp. ndle, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Repeat last eight rows once. Next Row: P. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. (66 sts.), keeping 2 extra sts. at each end of row, work the 10 rows of fancy pattern once.

Still working in pattern, knit 2 tog. at each end of every second row 3 times. Continue until you have worked the pattern 3 times from smocking. Next Row: Pattern on 24 sts., cast off 15, pattern on 24 sts.

Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K. 2 tog., pattern to end of row. Repeat last 2 rows twice. Cast off. Join wool at neck and work the other shoulder to correspond.

FRONT: Same as back.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 65 sts., knit 1 row into back of every st. Next Row: Knit. Work the 1st and 2nd rows of fancy pattern twice. Next Row: Same as 1st row of pattern. Next Row: Knit. Next Row: Knit into front and back of 1st stitch, then knit 2 together to the end of row (34 sts.). Work the 8 rows of smocking twice. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K. 2 tog., then knit into front and back of every stitch to end of row (65 sts.). Next Row: Purl. Work 24 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: Purl.



SHOWING a section of the lace-stitch used for the six-piece set.

Repeat last 2 rows twice. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully on the wrong side under a damp cloth. Stitch side and sleeve seams. Stitch across right shoulder and half-way across left one, starting at armhole edge. Ease sleeve a little when stitching into armhole.

Join wool at neck edge of opening at the back. Crochet a row of treble across opening, * 6 chain, 1 double crochet into 2nd chain, 2 chain, 1 double crochet into neck of frock, repeat from * round neck. Press all seams under a damp cloth. Thread ribbon through holes at neck, stitch press-stud on shoulder.

With pink silk work the following edge round the bottom and sleeves: * 4 double crochet into frock, 4 chain, repeat from *.

BONNET

Materials: 1 skein white silk and wool mixture, 2 yards 1-inch pink ribbon, reel fine pink crochet silk, same needles as for frock.

With wool cast on 88 sts., k. 1 row into back of every stitch. Work the 8 rows of smocking twice.

Next Row: K. into front and back of 1st st. p. to end of row. Keeping 3 sts. in moss-stitch at each end of row, work the fancy pattern 3 times.

Next Row: * k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Next Row: P. (70 sts.). Work 4 rows stocking-stitch. Next Row: * k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1. Next Row: P. (66 sts.). Next Row: * k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: * k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: * k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K. 2 tog. to end of row.

Break wool off about 18 inches from work, thread a darning needle with this, slip stitches from knitting needle, gather, and stitch down back of bonnet for 2½ inches. Press under a damp cloth.

Crochet all round the edge with pink silk, the same as for frock.

Make rosettes with ribbon and stitch in place.

BOOTIES

Materials: 1 skein silk and wool mixture, 1 yd narrow pink ribbon (pink), a little pink crochet silk, pair No. 12 steel needles.

Cast on 47 sts., knit 1 row into back of every stitch. Next Row: Knit. Work the 10 rows of fancy pattern 3 times. Next Row: K. 2 tog., * w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last st. k. 1. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K. 31, turn. With wrong side of work towards you, work the 8 rows of smocking twice on the entire 16 sts. Knit 12 rows plain. Next Row: Pick up 14 sts. at side of flap, knit to end of row. Next Row: Knit to other side of flap, pick up 14 sts., knit to end of row. 74 sts. Knit 14 rows plain. Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. 26, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 26, k. 2 tog. Next Row: Knit. Cast off knitting 2 tog. at each end of row.

Make another bootie the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press under a damp cloth. Stitch seam, gathering a little under the toes. Crochet the top with pink silk same as for frock. Thread ribbon through holes at ankle.

GLOVES

Materials:—1 skein silk and wool mixture, 1 yard narrow pink ribbon, a little pink crochet silk. Pair No. 12 steel needles.

Cast on 47 sts., knit 1 row plain into

Exclusive Knitwear ... On Display!

ALL baby-lovers within the metropolitan area will be able to inspect the "Elizabeth" frock and beret, the cosy "Barry" jumper, and the "Prudence" 6-piece baby set featured in this issue. They are now on display in David Jones' wool department, ground floor. See, too, the fascinating green jumper which was featured in last week's issue, and for which David Jones' courteously supplied materials.

back of every st.

Next Row: Knit. Work the 10 rows of fancy pattern once. Next Row: K. 1, * k. 7, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last st. k. 1. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: Knit. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K. 1, * w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last st. k. 1. Next Row: Purl. Work 4 rows ribbing (2 plain, 2 purl). Work 4 rows stocking-stitch.

Now start the thumb:— 1st Row: K. 20, k. into front and back of next 2 sts., k. 20. 2nd Row: Purl. 3rd Row: K. 20, k. into front and back of next st., k. 2, k. into front and back of next st., k. 20. 4th Row: Purl. 5th Row: K. 20, k. into front and back of next st., k. 4, k. into front and back of next st., k. 20. 6th Row: Purl. Continue to increase 2 sts. in each knit row, working 2 more sts. between increases, until you have 54 sts. on needle.

Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K. 20, then work 12 rows of stocking-stitch on the next 14 sts.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. to end of row, break off wool about 10in. from work, thread a darning needle with this and slip sts. from needle, gather top and stitch down seam of thumb.

Go back to first 20 sts., join on wool and pick up 2 sts. at base of thumb, knit the remaining 20 sts.

Next Row: Purl. Work 12 rows stocking-stitch. Next Row: * k. 4, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: * k. 3, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: * k. 2, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: * k. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row; break off wool about 16 inches from work, thread a darning needle with this, gather top of glove and stitch down seam.

Make another glove the same.

TO MAKE UP: Press on wrong side under a damp cloth, crochet round edge with pink silk same as for frock. Thread ribbon through holes at wrist.

SINGLET

Materials: 1½ skeins silk and wool mixture, 2 yards narrow pink ribbon, 1 small button, pair No. 9 bone needles.

FRONT: Cast on 65 sts., k. 1 row into back of every stitch.

Next Row: Knit. Work the 10 rows of fancy pattern 7 times. Work 8 rows stocking-stitch. Next Row: K. 21, cast off 33, k. 21. Next Row: Purl. Work 10 rows stocking-stitch. Cast off. Work other shoulder to match.

BACK: Same as front.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side under a damp cloth, stitch side seams up to top of 6th pattern, stitch right shoulder and half-way across left one beginning at armhole. Crochet the neck and armholes the same as legs of piliers. Crochet a buttonhole on shoulder and stitch on button.

PILCHERS—Materials: 1½ skeins silk and wool mixture, 2 yards pink ribbon, pair No. 9 bone needles.

FRONT: Cast on 74 sts., knit 1 row plain into the back of every st. Work 3 rows ribbing (1 plain 1 purl).

Next Row: K. 1, * w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last st. k. 1. Next Row: Purl. Work 4 rows ribbing. Work 7 rows stocking-stitch. Next Row: Knit. Work the 10 rows of fancy pattern four times. Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Next Row: Purl. 2 tog. to last 2 sts., purl 2 tog. Repeat last 2 rows till you have 24 sts. on needle. Work 4 rows stocking-stitch. Cast off.

BACK: Cast on 83 sts., knit 1 row into back of every stitch. Work 3 rows ribbing.

Next Row: K. 1, * w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Work 4 rows ribbing. Work 7 rows stocking-stitch. Next Row: Knit. Work fancy pattern same as for front. Next Row: K. 6, * k. 2 tog., k. 7, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1. (74 sts.). Next Row: Purl.

Work 4 rows stocking-stitch. Shape same as for front. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side under a damp cloth. Stitch all seams. Crochet with white wool round legs as follows: * 6 chain, 1 double crochet into second chain, 2 chain, 1 treble into work, repeat from *.

Thread ribbon through holes at waist and each leg.

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CONTINUING Knitting DIRECTIONS

"Master Barry" Comfy Jumper

THE table is set with luscious carrots for the twin bunnies to hold their birthday party on the front of this snow-white jumper for the two-year-old. It is made in stocking-stitch, with the bunnies in blue angora, the turn-back cuffs and neat collar giving a trim finish.

Materials: 41 skeins white 4-ply super Scotch fingering wool, 1 ball blue rabbit wool (winding into 2 balls), a little pink, blue, deep pink and green wool, 3 small pearl buttons, 2 press-studs, pair No. 9 bone needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 14½ inches; chest, 35 inches; sleeve from underarm, 11 inches with cuff turned up. Abbreviations: K, knit; P, purl; w, white; b, blue; p, pink; k, 2 tog, knit 2 together; m, 1, make a stitch by knitting into front and back of stitch; st, stitch.

FRONT

With white wool cast on 76 sts. k 1 row into back of every st. Nine rows ribbing (2 plain, 2 purl). Making 1 extra st., work 12 rows of stocking-stitch (1 row plain, 1 row purl).

Now start the rabbits:—
1st Row: K 17 w, 11 b, 9 w, 3 p, 9 w, 11 b, 17 w. 2nd Row: P 17 w, 11 b, 9 w, 3 p, 9 w, 11 b, 17 w. 3rd Row: K 13 w, 12 b, 13 w, 1 p, 13 w, 12 b, 13 w. 4th Row: P 12 w, 14 b, 12 w, 1 p, 12 w, 14 b, 12 w. 5th Row: K 12 w, 2 b, 1 w, 11 b, 12 w, 1 p, 12 w, 11 b, 1 w, 2 b, 12 w. 6th Row: P 15 w, 11 b, 12 w, 1 p, 12 w, 11 b, 15 w. 7th Row: K 15 w, 11 b, 12 w, 1 p, 12 w, 11 b, 15 w. 8th Row: P 15 w, 10 b, 8 w, 11 p, 8 w, 10 b, 15 w. 9th Row: K 16 w, 9 b, 8 w, 11 p, 8 w, 9 b, 16 w. 10th Row: P 17 w, 9 b, 8 w, 9 p, 8 w, 9 b, 17 w. 11th Row: K 18 w, 8 b, 3 w, 2 b, 15 w, 2 b, 3 w, 8 b, 18 w. 12th Row: P 19 w, 12 b, 15 w, 12 b, 19 w.

13th Row: K 20 w, 10 b, 17 w, 10 b, 20 w. 14th Row: P 21 w, 7 b, 21 w, 7 b, 21 w. 15th Row: K 22 w, 6 b, 21 w, 6 b, 22 w. 16th Row: P 23 w, 8 b, 23 w, 8 b, 23 w. 17th Row: K 24 w, 8 b, 13 w, 8 b, 24 w. 18th Row: P 24 w, 3 b, 1 w, 4 b, 13 w, 4 b, 1 w, 3 b, 24 w. 19th Row: K 24 w, 7 b, 15 w, 7 b, 24 w. 20th Row: P 24 w, 6 b, 17 w, 6 b, 24 w.

21st Row: K 20 w, 9 b, 19 w, 9 b, 20 w. 22nd Row: P 19 w, 8 b, 23 w, 8 b, 19 w. 23rd Row: K 19 w, 7 b, 25 w, 7 b, 19 w. 24th Row: P 23 w, 3 b, 25 w.



A CLOSE-UP of the bunnies in Angora wool on Barry's jumper.

w, 3 b, 25 w. 25th Row: K 22 w, 4 b, 25 w, 4 b, 22 w. 26th Row: P 22 w, 3 b, 27 w, 3 b, 22 w. 27th Row: K 22 w, 3 b, 27 w, 3 b, 22 w. 28th Row: P all white. (This completes the rabbits), 30 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K 2 tog, knit 36, purl 1, knit 36, k 2 tog. Next Row: Purl 36, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 36. Next Row: K 2 tog, k 33, 5 moss-stitch, k 33, k 2 tog. Next Row: Purl 33, 7 moss-stitch, turn. Next Row: 7 moss-stitch, knit to last 2 sts, k 2 tog. Next Row: Purl to last 2 sts, 7 moss-stitch.

Repeat last 2 rows once. Still keeping 7 moss-st, on front edge, work 22 rows of stocking-st.

Next Row: Cast off 13, knit to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K 2 tog, knit to end of row. Next Row: Purl. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Cast off. Join wool at centre front and cast on 7 sts, knit into back of cast-on st., purl to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog, knit to last 7 sts, 7 moss-stitch. Next Row: 7 moss-st, purl to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows once. 22 rows stocking-stitch, keeping 7 moss-st, on front edge.

Next Row: Knit 25, cast off 12 sts. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: Knit to last 2 sts, k 2 tog. Next Row: Purl. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Cast off.

Join wool at neck and work other shoulder to correspond.

BACK

Cast on 76 sts, knit 1 row into back of every st, 9 rows ribbing (2 plain, 2 purl), 70 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K 2 tog, knit to last 2 sts, k 2 tog. Next Row: Purl. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. 22 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K 25, cast off 16, k 25. Next Row: Purl. Next Row: K 2 tog, knit to end of row. Next Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Cast off. Join wool at neck and work other shoulder to correspond.

SLEEVES—BOTH ALIKE.

Cast on 36 sts, knit 1 row into back of every stitch. 26 rows of ribbing (2 plain, 2 purl).

Next Row: K 1, m, 1, * k 6, m, 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts, k 2, m, 1, k 1.

Next Row: Purl, making 1 extra stitch in row (43 sts), 10 rows stocking-stitch. Next Row: K 1, m, 1, knit to last 3 sts, k 1, m, 1, k 1, 7 rows stocking-stitch.

Repeat last 8 rows till you have 59 sts. Work 13 instead of 7 rows of stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K 2 tog, knit to last 2 sts, k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 76 sts, knit 1 row into back of every st, 7 rows moss-stitch.

Keeping 6 stitches in moss-st, at each end of every row, work 13 rows stocking-

stitch, 5 rows ribbing (1 plain, 1 purl). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.

Press on the wrong side under a damp cloth. Stitch all seams and sew sleeves into armholes. Stitch collar to jumper, beginning and ending on the inside edge of the moss-stitch. Outline the rabbits in stem-stitch with pink wool, and work an eye also in pink. Outline the table in blue. With the deep pink wool work a carrot with green leaves in each rabbit's hand, and work 3 on the little table.

Sew 3 buttons down moss-stitch on front and sew press-studs at opening. Give a final press first on the wrong and then on the right side.

Directions for the 'Elizabeth' frock and beret, also 'Baby Beautiful' set, are given on Page 41.



CONSTIPATION IS A PENALTY OF OLD AGE

Nothing is so essential to health in advancing age as keeping the bowels open. The wear of years impairs the action of the bowels. Advancing age restricts activity and exercise and is responsible for the constipated condition of old folk. The digestive organs are more readily to be deranged in old age than in youth. Old age needs a mild and gentle laxative, one that will not irritate and tone up the system without giving or distressing after-effects.

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IT'S SPEEDY!

IT'S SURE!

Mr. CLEVER

Continued from Page 26

"PITY his old woman had to appear. He was a fair riot," said the steward. "Got 'em eating out of his hand."

"Mr. Clever?"
"You've said it."

Mrs. Clever came back amiably enough with castanets, and blisters on her heels from walking miles with a guide through the galleries to see the gun emplacements.

She looked extraordinarily pretty. Straightening up after the passengers. Running about. Dashing. Bessie Douglas asked herself one question—"What am I going to tell Jill?"

She slept fitfully—waking and sleeping to that one question.

The sea was calm between Gibraltar and Tangier.

Mrs. Clever looked exquisite in a pink lace frock, pink shoes, and a little horseshoe of artificial roses in her artificial gold hair.

They seemed amorous and friendly. They chaffed each other a lot and, dealing with trays at the end of the alleyway, Bessie Douglas could hear her laughter, high and raucous.

At Tangier Mrs. Clever came on board very amiably with a complete set of pale green underclothes, an embroidered dressing-gown, embroidered shoes, and various other tourists' junk.

For the first time in all her life at sea Bessie Douglas, in the middle of the night, was suddenly seasick. Mrs. Chambers chaffed her a good deal. She knew that for the first time in her life she was ill.

After Casablanca Mrs. Clever came

on very chirpy, very gay and full of cheerful repartees. She liked Casablanca—its sunshine, its Moorish quarter. She liked everything. She wore a yellow sports suit and a little yellow hat. She looked adorable.

Suddenly the sea behaved abominably again. The passengers went sick one after another. Once more the saloon stewards stood at attention over empty tables.

UNDETERRED by the weather, Bruce Clever went his way.

That evening Bessie heard a furious altercation in A.80.

"You are not going to dance to-night!"
"Certainly I am going to dance to-night!"

"It is that girl with the red hair. I know you, Bruce. I saw you looking at her, lifting your eyelashes at her. I know how it is. You were on the upper deck with her, too."

"Don't be so stupid!"
"I know. I heard what you said to her, too. And you are not going to dance to-night."

"Oh, yes I am."

"Oh, no you're not."

Bessie went in after he had dressed and gone to the cocktail bar, and found her passenger struggling with tears and seasickness, a sick rule of a woman.

She turned on Bessie like fury.

"Where's Mr. Clever?"
"I don't know, madam. I'm sure."

"On the upper deck! The wine! The cad! The beast!"

"I beg your pardon."

"I wish I'd never seen the inside of this beastly boat. And now he's gone after that red-headed girl. I know it! You can't tell me. I know him. I know what she is. You can't tell me anything. You know her, she's one of my lot."

"Miss Self, madam? The young lady in A.50? Well, she's after him."

"Oh, yes, and he's after her. I know all the signs."

"Your husband, madam?"

"He's not my husband. Good Lord, you don't think I'd tie myself up with a nit-wit like that, do you? My husband! My God! He's got a wife. Oh, yes, he has. That's the kind he is. He's got a kid, too—five years old. Mavis," she mouthed it hideously.

"Mavis! My little Mavis."

"You do surprise me."

"Oh, yes, he's got a wife all right. Lives in some village in Cheshire—Postle, near Mickleham. Keeps her quiet. I must say. I'm going to get up."

"Really, madam, I don't think you will be capable of it."

"I'm going to get up, I tell you!"

She thrust herself out of her bunk in a white nightgown, heavily decorated with transparent, coffee-colored lace.

Outside, Bessie Douglas paused a moment by the ledge under the port-hole in the alley-way. On her white starched cuffs she wrote "Postle, Mickleham," and that was all.

At Madeira Bessie Douglas asked for leave.

"But it is very inconvenient, Mrs. Douglas."

"I know sir. I'm very sorry. I want to get one of those Madeira fancy dresses for a young friend. I promised. I won't be gone half an hour."

THE head steward gave in reluctantly. The company's launch took her on shore with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Clever. They nodded to her affably and condescendingly.

"Going for a spot of wnoopee, Stewardess?"

"Oh, no, sir. Just a little shopping."

She found the Post Office near the quay. She sent two cables. One to Postle, Mickleham. "Please meet me

at the dock, Liverpool, with Mavis. Arriving 12.30 on the Concordia next Friday. Very important. Best love, Bruce."

It was a recklessly expensive cable. The next was more economically worded. It was addressed to her daughter.

"Please meet me at 12.30 on the Concordia. Very important. Best love, Bruce."

Then she went back to the ship on the waiting launch and reported to the grumpy head steward.

They had calm weather from Madeira, lovely blue, sun-filled days.

Mr. Bruce Clever bathed. He sun-bathed on the deck in a royal blue bathing suit. He was a truly marvellous figure of a man.

The women's eyes rested on him all the time.

The ship's concert on the last night was a tremendous success. Cheers for the captain and a grand speech from the Old Man.

That night Mrs. Chambers sat up in the upper bunk with such force she banged her head.

"Are you sick, Mrs. Douglas?"

"No."

"Then what are you doing?"

"I was saying my prayers."

"Good gracious," said Mrs. Chambers and lay down to sleep again.

It was a quiet, spinsterish English morning. All neat, untrimmed white clouds and limpid, lifeless blue sky.

The ship was like a beehive.

Her passengers had tipped her and said the usual things about hoping to see them again on a pleasant voyage—the benefits derived from sea and sun.

When the bugle had sounded and they were allowed to leave the ship, and they were pouring in a dark mass down the gangways, she went to the port-hole in the centre alley-way, between A.80 and T6, and watched.

The Clevers had messaged about in their cabin until quite late. They were isolated when they went down the gangway.

Bessie Douglas saw a rather pretty woman, plainly and unfashionably dressed, with a little girl clinging to her hand, advance and throw her arms impulsively round Bruce Clever's neck.

She saw her own daughter dart forward with her two hands outstretched.

She saw the woman with the child turn to her daughter and the peroxide

blonde, and obviously explain herself. She could almost hear the words, "I am his wife."

For just one minute Bruce Clever was hemmed in by the three women. Then she saw her daughter drop back with a face as white as snow.

"O H. God!" groaned Bessie Douglas, looking out of the port-hole. Her frantic eyes, aching with pity and fury, saw her daughter turn away and go slowly through the customs' shed and out of sight.

Bruce Clever, and his wife and child had disappeared.

She went into cabin A.80.

He had given her two pounds. Beside the bed was a heavy composite ash tray with the name of the company across it. She put the two pounds in it, tied it up in her handkerchief, and flung it out of the port-hole into the sea. She heard it splash.

Crumpled on the settee under the open port-hole of cabin A.80, with the door locked, she sobbed, "She'll be better without me. She'll feel better without me. You don't want another woman looking on. Not at a time like this."

Bruce Clever came back. He stood there almost as she unlocked the cabin. "I've left my passport."

"I'll find it. Would you do me a favor, sir?"

"Yes, certainly."

"We are not allowed on the shore till six o'clock to-night. There is a telegraph office at the station. You will be going back that way. Would you send a telegram for me?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"I will write it."

"All right. I will hunt for the passport—loads of time."

He was worried, white as a sheet, shaking. She could see that. It reprieved her.

She came back in five minutes.

"Here you are, sir. It comes to 1/2. Here is the money."

It was a telegram addressed to Jill Douglas at the flat. It said, "All shore leave stopped this cruise. Sorry, darling, Mother."

He looked at her. He said nothing. He was green. If ever she saw a craven sick thing it was Bruce Clever. "You won't forget, sir?"

He shook his head. He took the telegram and bolted.

Underneath the paper in the top drawer on the right-hand side of the dressing-table, Bessie Douglas found his passport.

She tore it into dozens of pieces.

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CHALLENGER!

Continued from Page 29

HE found a tender spot, laid narrow and deep under the flesh. Whenever he touched it an electric vibration ran suddenly through Challenger's body until he tossed his head a bit and turned it. Killian, hearing the food breathing, took the feed bag away. After that he could see the red distending of the nostrils as the horse suffered pain. A man will submit himself, like this, to the doctor's hands, but a man possesses reason, and a horse sees by the light of faith only. As long as the sensitiveness remained buried under the muscles, like a charged wire, Killian felt that there was a reason for continuing the massage. And he worked for hours. He pushed the head of the gelding down on the bedding and continued the massage until the numb aching of his arms reached up even into his brain. He did not stop until he was sure that the chestnut slept in spite of that painful manipulation. Then Killian sat back against the wall to rest for a moment. It seemed to him a blessing that he had the woe of Challenger to care about, instead of his own. But when the vet. came in the morning to pass the final opinion before rubbing out the gallant life, Killian would be left alone. It seemed to him, also, that on this night there must have been a sort of madness in him when he left the train. Mary Holm, Henry Banner, and opportunity.

The others were in town now, and perhaps the heart of Mary had a small ache in it, but of all women she was the least capable of marrying a fool. When his prospect of inheriting the Banner millions was gone, her interest would be ended, also; not that she was mercenary, but because she deserved to find a dignity of talent or place or wealth in her chosen man. Love, in her, could not outlive respect. As for him, he would put distance between him and the people and places of his past, and perhaps it would be great enough to divide him from sorrow.

His meditation began to grow confused; he thought he was reaching more deeply into his problem, but he was merely falling asleep.

There was a heavy weight across his lap—it was the head of Challenger turning his legs numb, that awakened him. Dawn, like a grey dust, was pouring through the small window, set high in the wall. He ran his hand over the bony face of the gelding. The eyes flickered, closed again; the ears pricked forward.

Then Killian was aware, that something else was beside him. There was a steady ache in the back of his neck, because his head had been drooped on his breast so long, that was why he turned so slowly, and found himself looking into the face of Mary Holm. She sat in the deep straw at his side. He was not fully awake. She seemed to Killian a twilight vision, an image which hope made him find in sleep; so he put out a hand and touched her.

She was real. She was not smiling, but she was real. Sleeplessness had darkened her eyes. She looked older.

but time would never alter or obscure that beauty in her which he was seeing now.

HE got up, with a great effort, because his legs were asleep. She rose with him. "You know there's nothing ahead?" he told her. "Good old John," she said. "What do I care? You're the one to care. I don't even know how to cook or sew." "Don't you?" said he. "I want you to know the worst of it. I really thought I wanted the Banner millions more than I wanted you. Back there on the train, I hated you, John." "Go on," said Killian. "I don't care what you say." "We have to be serious." "I love being serious."

She began to laugh. Her voice had wobbled in it like the knees of a new foal. "After I left, tell me about everything," said Killian. "I want to have every moment of your night in my hands, to keep." "What do we care about anything?" "There isn't anything," said Killian intelligently. "There's only us. That's all there is. Tell me things, Mary."

"There was a queer scene when I told Henry Banner that I was coming back. He stared at me. His eyes were as bright—"

"As a snake's," said Killian. "He's an old monster. But he isn't anything."

"We're the only things," said the girl. "There never was anything else," said Killian.

He said that poverty and work would deform our bodies and our souls. He said that the taste I work would soon sicken you and you'd come back to him, begging. I said you wouldn't come back now, because I'd never let you. "Did you say that? God bless you."

"That was where the train stopped. And I got out and didn't hear the rest. He didn't lift a hand to stop me. I had to sit in the station for hours before the right train came. My heart kept dying in me."

"Kind of sick at the stomach?" "How did you know?"

THERE was a sound of small thunder as the door of the stable was thrust open. A heavily marching step crossed the plank in the door of the stall appeared the huge shoulders of Henry Banner, with a white dusting of snow on them.

The great voice of Banner made Challenger suddenly lift his head. "Stable-breaking is burglary!" thundered Henry Banner. "By George, young man, I've a mind to bring the law on you for this. It's the horse that anchors you here. A big dumb brute holds you. Ruins two lives—and wastes my time, eh? John, that horse belongs to me, and I'm going to put an end to it, now. If you haven't the courage to do your duty, I have the courage to do mine. Stand away from that horse!"

Please turn to Page 34

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KF 35/4

CHALLENGER!

HE pulled out a snub-nosed automatic. It was as black as a raven. It was a shadow of a thing. Challenger had raised his great head. Killan dropped his hand on the face of the horse.

"Put away the gun," said Killan. His voice had changed.

"Stand aside!" shouted Henry Banner.

"Put away that gun," said Killan.

The girl screamed out, "John! John!" She ran to him. He swept her aside without moving his eyes from the face of Henry Banner. "Uncle Henry! Go away! Don't you see?" cried Mary Holm.

Banner dropped the gun into the pocket of his overcoat. A white sugar lozenge appeared in the tips of his fingers.

"I told you what he was," said Banner. "A hysterical young fool. Do you think that you've stopped me, John Killan? From this day forward—"

He made a gesture with the lozenge. And then Challenger, with a great, lunging effort, rose to his feet and snorted.

"Look!" exclaimed Mary Holm. "He has some weight on the bad leg, John. It isn't the nerve, after all!"

Out of the hot, numb rage that had held him, Killan turned stiffly and saw that in fact the miracle was there

Continued from
Page 33

before his eyes. The foreleg no longer dragged. The toe was pointed and the knee bent a little, with a tremor in it; but beyond all doubt it had been a matter of strained ligaments and not the incurable snapping of the nerve.

Joy came from the throat of Killan in a groan. With the sharp edge of his hand, he struck the leg of the horse behind the knee. The hoof jerked up from the floor and settled again almost with a stamp. Killan shouted aloud. He threw out his arms to the girl.

"It's true!" cried Killan. "He's going to be sound!"

"Horse or no horse," burst out Henry Banner. "I'm going to tell you—"

His gesture was incomplete; his sentence broke off; for Challenger had reached out with his great head and, with prehensile lip and accurate, careful teeth had plucked the white lozenge from the fingers of Banner. He tossed his head to get the morsel back on his tongue. The sheen of mischievous delight was in his eyes of Challenger.

"Ha!" said Banner. "Damnation!" But he spoke softly, looking down at his wet, empty hand. "Ha!" muttered



FRANCES DRAKE, Paramount player, wears this delightful evening gown of white silk crepe. Large coin spots are embroidered in gold thread, with a new, wide, matching gold belt. The scarf effect is caught at the throat and trails on the floor.



Are you married to an Eskimo?

If you were, you'd live in the far north, and you'd give your husband a breakfast of oily, heat-producing foods to combat the cold! But you live in Australia in a semi-tropical climate—therefore you should give your family light, easily digested food, especially in



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the morning. Modern housewives know that heavy cooked food produces a lazy, sluggish feeling. They know the whole family feels better if it has Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast! They know, too, that Kellogg's Corn Flakes are nourishing and satisfying, and their delicious malty flavour makes them popular with old and young alike.

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Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

Eat a KELLOGG BREAKFAST — You'll feel better!

Banner again, and walked straight out of the stall and through the stable.

"What happened to him?" asked the girl. "What happened to Uncle Henry, then?"

"Why should I care? Look at Challenger!" exclaimed Killan. "Now, if he can walk—"

He went slowly out the door of the stall. The gelding followed, limping badly, but undoubtedly putting weight on that injured foreleg. It no longer dragged; it answered the will of the brain.

"Look at him, Mary!" said the begoggled John Killan. "Is it the happiest day of my life? He'll be following the hounds again next winter!"

He stopped. Henry Banner stood at the open door of the stable, staring through the dull light at the Jarvis house on the next hill. Without turning, Henry Banner said:

"I SEE the whole trouble with you. No vision. No broad grasp of affairs, John. You've gone at this horsebreeding like a young fool. Nine horses instead of ninety. What could you expect to accomplish?—it you seem to know something. With a business man behind you, something might be done. The Jarvis place, for instance. Suppose we bought that and threw it in with this one. In ten years the Banner-Killan Stable would be known wherever horses are raced, by George! Known and feared! Do you hear me?"

Killan could not speak. But the girl came suddenly to Banner and peered up into his face. "Do you mean it, Uncle Henry?" she said.

"Of course I mean it," said Henry Banner. "There's a place for horses. Stop this infernal blubbering. And if I was fool enough to try to fit a square post into a round hole, we won't dwell on the fact."

He took a white lozenge from his pocket and was about to put it in his mouth, but as though with an afterthought he held it in the flat of his hand to Challenger.

"I didn't understand," said Killan, as the mighty truth began to dawn on him. "I'm sorry that I didn't—"

"How could I expect you to understand?" demanded Henry Banner. "Young fools never do understand what's meant for their good. But they can be taught, and by George, I'll be the teacher!"

Challenger began to sniff at the pocket in which the treasure of sugar lozenges remained.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

SO that You May Keep Your Eyes Lovely!

Devote but a Few Minutes a Day to Their Care... Not Too Much to Ask, Is It?

By EVELYN



WHEN YOU want your eyes to look extra sparkling, put a tiny spot of rouge close by the inside corners of each.

UNFORTUNATELY not all of us are blessed with sparkling eyes, soulful eyes, dewy eyes, expressive eyes—and the like—fringed with long, curling lashes, but no need to despair about that. The point is that we should make the most of the pair we have—and be thankful. With care we can do much, and then we can aid and abet nature a little if we wish to. This latter skilfully done is all to the good since appearances count for so much.

NATURALLY, we want our eyes to remain clear, young and lovely. But how many of us take the necessary steps to do so?

In this rushing age, with every waking moment filled with duties, and pleasure, we are inclined to ask too much of them, and then wonder why they show definite signs of weariness, strain and fatigue. Reading, sewing, movies, sport, typing, writing or motorcycling to excess produces disfiguring furrows between the eyes, squinting lines, crow's feet, sometimes inflammation—even the tiny blood-vessels in the whites of the eyes cry out for mercy by their prominence.

Some people are great believers in saline eye baths, in which case the cor-

rect proportion is one teaspoonful of salt to one pint of boiled water. Always use an eye bath, and keep it scrupulously clean.

You can get your chemist to make you up an excellent lotion if you are dubious of using a saline or boracic lotion—the latter can be highly irritating if your eyes are inflamed. So be careful.

If, every morning, you filled a bowl with clear, cold water, and dipped your face into this, opening and shutting your eyes quickly under the water, you would find that this would strengthen and brighten the whites. And if, every night, you bathed them with a soothing eye lotion, they would seldom feel tired.

Tired Eyes Banished!

HOT salt water compresses, however, will often remove the tired, drawn appearance from around the eyes. Add one teaspoonful of ordinary salt to half a glass of very warm water, and saturate two pads of cotton-wool in this, squeezing out excess water. Place these over your closed eyes, and as they begin to cool, replace them with fresh, hot pads. After ten or fifteen applications, apply nourishing cream round the eyes, and massage it in gently with light, tapping movements (the skin surrounding the eyes is very sensitive, and must not be stretched on any account). Begin at the bridge of the nose, and work outward over the upper lid, and back again under the eyes to the bridge of the nose.

Rubber pattens, which are now coming on to the market at a reasonable figure, may be used for lines that are stubborn. Apply stimulating muscle oil first. Never under any circumstances massage or pat the eyes without cream or oil. Allow some of the oil to remain on the skin overnight, and remove carefully in the morning.

EXERCISES are good for the eyes. When reading, look up now and again, and blink them rapidly a dozen times or so. Cupping the eyes by placing the palms of both hands over them



and excluding all light, and rotating them first to right, and then to left, are among the beneficial exercises.

If your eyes are round, art may be called upon to give them length. You can attain this by drawing a faint line of about a quarter of an inch from the outside corners with an eyebrow pencil. It must not, of course, be hard, and care must be taken to blend it into the skin.

Eyes that are dull will appear brighter if a tiny spot of rouge is placed in the inside corners.

Thank goodness a lot of women are allowing their eyebrows to become a more normal shape once again. Nothing makes a woman's face so utterly

TRAIN your eyebrows, as far as is possible, to follow the line of your eyes—curved and following the bony structure of the forehead. Brush them nightly.

HERE you see Gail Patrick, of Paramount, whose eyebrows have been made up for a "given" role. Striking, no doubt, but note how they leave the natural curve.

inane as eyebrows plucked to one single thread.

An eyebrow brush should be used. A tiny spot of vaseline rubbed on the brush with the tip of the finger, then a

good brisk brushing will help the eyebrows to grow the right way and, at the same time, keep them shapely and neat-looking.

The brush should be washed thoroughly with soap and warm water, and then, after drying a spot of vaseline can be added to the eyelashes, brushed upwards to make them curl a little as they grow.

I believe you can have your eyebrows and eyelashes dyed to any desired color now, but this would necessarily have to be done by an expert. The eyes are too precious to take risks with. Never attempt it yourself.

Eye-brow pencils, however, may be used to darken pale eyebrows. If you do use one, draw only a thin line along the eyebrows, and then soften with the finger afterwards.

Mascara is usually reserved for night—it takes great skill to apply it in the daytime so that it does not give that over-made-up look. Oil or vaseline rubbed on the lashes themselves is more becoming for day-time, and rubbed along the upper lids, near the lashes, will make them look larger. To encourage their growth castor oil is sometimes recommended, while vaseline will tend to darken lashes and eyebrows.

At night eye shadow may be used with fascinating results, but that, too, requires art in the application.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: I hope soon to have a child, and while I have given attention to everything that it is thought will ensure its physical well-being, I think parenthood means something even bigger than that. I want to be fitted to train and rear my child properly, to develop in it those characteristics which are important, to check those which are wrong. How can I equip myself for the task?

IN the last analysis, parenthood is the biggest job there is. It is one thing to have children; quite another to raise them to be healthy and vigorous; to train them to become adults that will stand out from the average.

Parenthood, worthy of the name, is not frequently encountered. Nor should this be surprising. After all, young men and women become engaged and get married, and look forward with joy to one or more children, but seldom, if ever, do they consider seriously the new roles they are going to play when they become fathers and mothers.

Small wonder, then, that so many youngsters become a credit to their parents and community, not because of the help they received at home, but in spite of it.

There is so much pampering of children going on, so much unnecessary and even harmful freedom given them, so many mistakes and so much bad behaviour that goes under the name of modernism, that one often marvels why more neurotic and otherwise maladjusted, unhappy and unsuccessful people do not exist.

Goodness knows there are plenty right! What is more important still, their number is increasing year by year. Yet had their childhood foundation been right they surely would not have turned out the way they did.

It cannot be emphasised too strongly that the adult is the direct out-

growth of the child, and that, in a definite way, whatever the child is, or is allowed to be, the adult will be the same.

Heredit is a powerful factor in the shaping of character. But hereditary influences can be changed and even wiped out in childhood. When it comes

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



GERTRUDE MICHAEL, Paramount Player, demonstrates this excellent exercise. After a warm shower, grasp a coarse Turkish towel in both hands, place under the ankle and work up the leg, rubbing briskly. This stimulates the circulation and provides that exercise so necessary for beautiful limbs.



BY A DOCTOR

to the years after adolescence it already is too late.

But we must prepare for parenthood early. We should take an interest in a job that the vast majority of us sooner or later must, or at least should, face. If we wait too long, parenthood may develop into a veritable nightmare.

Large doses of common sense, kindly understanding and knowledge of child health, as well as child psychology, patience and firmness—these are but a few of the outstanding qualifications for successful parenthood.

YOU must learn to steel yourself to the slights and hurts that go with the job. Often you will think your children are ungrateful for all the things you have done for them and for the numerous sacrifices that you have made. You may charge them with being cruel and with ruthlessly trampling upon your feelings.

At such times remember that you, too, once were a child, that you, too, made mistakes. Remember that your attitude towards your own parents was not always exemplary.

Many books exist on the subject of parenthood which are written in non-scientific language, so that all may understand and learn. In popular magazines, articles on child-training, written by experts in their respective fields, are frequent. Lectures, likewise, are available.

Keep abreast of the times by studying this highly important subject. But do it soon. Don't wait to learn until you actually become a parent.

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

At her door, Donald said, "No work to-night. You're fagged." Then, suddenly cupping her face with his hands he gazed down at her a long moment before he spoke. "You were perfect to-night, Sue! You looked lovelier than all the rest and you certainly got Lucille up in arms!"

And then, before she knew it, he planted a kiss on her lips. With an abrupt "Good night," he went quickly down the steps to his car.

Sue didn't know how long she stood there trembling. Her heart seemed to

STRANGE Proposal

beat in a new rhythm, to some mad, dancing tune she had never heard before. Her hand went to her lips, wondering.

Even after she had crept into bed, she kept feeling the sensations stirred up by his kiss, as if it had opened a new world to her, a dizzy world of glory.

When Sue came into the office the next morning everything seemed

changed. The sun seemed to shine more brightly than ever before. And Sue knew with every quivering fibre of her being what had happened to her. She was in love with Donald Farrell.

Not all the months of working with him as his secretary, not even the past days of being his fiancée, had told her as much as that one provocative kiss on her lips.

Continued from Page 12

Her heart beat joyously. He would love her. She would make him love her! There was the long voyage to Central America, the honeymoon that wasn't really to be a honeymoon. She would be his wife before she would try to win his love.

Opening the morning mail, her eyes caressed his name every time she read it. Mr. Donald Farrell. Soon, so very soon, she would be Mrs. Donald Farrell! It hadn't meant anything to her before, merely a business arrangement. And now it meant so much! Promise of happiness. Promise of love.

Gathering up the pile of opened letters, Sue took her notebook and pencil and went towards his private office.

Sue had already turned the knob, shoved the door part way open, when the sound of a girl's voice, high and clear and familiar, made her pause.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Don!" Lucille Babcock said. "You did it because you didn't want to give up the post! Nobody but a fool could think otherwise! Seeing you again last night made me realise I can't give you up! I love you, Don! Enough to go with you!"

With a terrified little gasp, Sue drew back, a sob breaking in her throat.

She had but one thought, to get away as quickly as possible!

Back at her desk, she dropped the batch of mail and her notebook, drew on her hat and gloves.

She rushed blindly through the outer office, out to the sunlit streets. It seemed as if the world had suddenly collapsed about her. She didn't know what to do, where to go.

Well, at least she had helped him get Lucille back! The thought brought her small comfort. What a cruel trick of fate that she should love him!

If only he hadn't kissed her! If only she need never have known the savage tumult that was going on inside her! All day long she fought with herself. But she couldn't go back. At last, weary and hurt, Sue dragged herself home.

Her mother greeted her anxiously. "Susan! Where in the world have you been all day? The office tried to get you, but I told them you went to work as usual. What a start you've given

Do You Know—?



That there are no "skyscrapers" in Paris. A decree of 1902, issued by the Prefecture, limits the height of all buildings to sixty-five feet.

us! I wanted to go to the police, but—"

"But I knew you'd been into the office, Sue. No one would have opened my mail but you. I knew you must have left when you saw Lucille there!"

"Donald!" Sue gasped, seeing Donald Farrell in the doorway of the living-room. Then, with terrific effort, she recovered her composure. "I'm sorry," she gulped. "I'll work to-night and get out that dictation."

He smiled at her. "You'll have plenty of time to type that report on the boat," he said lightly.

"You want me to go along to Central America as your secretary?" Sue gasped. Then, with a sudden surge of resentment, she flared. "What will Lucille say?"

"Plenty, perhaps," he replied. "But we won't be here to hear her!"

"But she's going with you! She said—"

"—I heard her!"

He shook his head. "Bigamy being prohibited in most parts of the world, you'll be the only wife I'll be taking."

"You don't have to stick to our agreement," she flung at him. "I wouldn't expect you to! It's Lucille you love!"

"Lucille I loved," he said, drawing her to him, "until I saw you together last night! Until I kissed you!"

"Oh, Donald!" Sue murmured contentedly, creeping into his arms, raising her lips to meet his.

"Well," Mrs. Macdonald sighed with satisfaction as she went back to the kitchen, "that's more like it!"

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Little Miss Lonely Heart?—NOT SUE!



Sue's learned how to guard against unattractive COSMETIC SKIN



She uses powder and rouge as much as she likes... but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way...

HAVE you detected the warning signals of Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes... enlarged pores... blackheads, perhaps? Then you are probably not removing cosmetics properly. You're allowing them to choke the pores.

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate

skin! No matter how much rouge and powder you use, your skin can be kept clear—soft—silken smooth.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores gradually become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting the screen stars' beauty care. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap to protect your skin—keep it clear and temptingly lovely.



MAE WEST PARAMOUNT STAR shortly to be seen in "NOW I'M A LADY."

A LEVER PRODUCT

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EYES RIGHT!

... But Are Your GLASSES?

"PROBABLY 50 per cent. of the persons who wear glasses are due for a change of their lenses."

This is the statement of a leading member of the Eyesight Preservation Council.

The natural focus of the eyes is always changing, he explained to The Australian Women's Weekly, so that glasses which are suitable to-day may no longer rectify errors of vision in a year's time. When one is suffering from, let us say, myopia, or short-sightedness, the muscles of the eye are strained in the effort to overcome the difficulties of vision. This strain is relieved by correctly refracted glasses, which do the work of the tired muscles. But if any variation from normal is allowed to persist the strain on the muscle is not only painful, but it aggravates the visual error and may produce disease. Therefore, do not wear your glasses too long.

Call on your optometrist every year. Most probably you will find that you do not require a change for many years, but if an error in vision is growing worse you will learn of it in good time.

Someone will ask how to tell whether the optometrist can be relied upon not to order fresh lenses when they are not necessary. The reply is that optometry is a profession, the members of which are registered, and, generally speaking, are men of principle. In any case you have only to try your new and old glasses one after the other to appreciate the extent of the assistance rendered.

WHY BACKACHE IS SERIOUS

Every man and woman should know how quickly a simple backache can become serious if neglected. If your kidneys are disordered, uric acid will gradually undermine your health; if the bladder is weak, your sufferings may become acute. Don't risk complications! You need something more than relief. The remedy you need—the most effective medicine you can take—is Harrison's Pills, a proven remedy of a London Doctor. Harrison's Pills are specially devised for the successful treatment of Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints. Stiff, aching and painful, these famous pills restore disordered and weakened kidneys, bladder and urinary organs to cool health, and they quickly rid your system of harmful uric poisons. Regain your early vigour, sprightliness and animation without delay. Go to your nearest chemist or storekeeper and ask for Harrison's Pills. Sold in three sizes: 18 pills, 2/-; 32 pills, 3/-; or 68 pills, 5/-. Genuine, worth a hundred times the cost! Beware of cheap imitations.

Keep Your Home Free from "UNWELCOME GUESTS"



A safe, sure way of ridding the place of any danger of infestation by those crawling, loathsome, biting creatures that one may unconsciously pick up in public and take home. One "unwelcome guest" will cause endless discomfort. Protect your home by this safe, easy method which is guaranteed to kill the vermin—and their eggs.

SPRAYZOL

Merely spray affected parts with "Sprayzol." Spray around the skirting boards and in the crevices and cracks where the creatures hide and lay their eggs. "Sprayzol" will instantly kill all eggs, as well as the bugs, with which it comes in contact. Never before have you been able to secure such a simple, safe and sure method of extermination.

If you want to learn full instructions of how to use before ordering, cut out the coupon below. We will send you post free printed matter with full instructions.

Household Size { Pints, 2/6

For Boarding Houses, Hotels,

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Atomisers, 2/-

HOUGHTON & BYRNE,

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Dept. WW
Houghton
& Byrne,
3 Bridge St.,
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Please send me particulars
of how to rid my home
completely from all
"unwelcome guests."

Name

Address

FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS A Peculiar Trouble Associated with Teething

By MARY TRUBY KING

The teething period is a very worrying one sometimes for both mother and babe, and for the young mother especially it is fraught with all sorts of unknown fears.

THE care and attention necessary for the average child during the teething period has been mentioned frequently in these pages. But there are individual cases that evince peculiar symptoms, and cause mothers a lot of anxiety. Such a case was brought to my notice this week.

A worried mother has written to me as follows regarding her small son:

"I have followed your articles in The Australian Women's Weekly, but can find no solution to my problem concerning baby, which is this: He is now 14 months old, and has not been well since 10 months. He was a fat baby, but healthy, and thrived well on humanised cow's milk. He was late in starting to teethe, and ever since he has been behaving most strangely. Every night when I put him to bed he begins to roll

his head, or, more truly, throw it from side to side, working himself into a frenzy and hitting both sides of his cot. This goes on for two hours or more—sometimes right through the night. I pick him up he screams and stiffens himself. He goes to sleep at last, but often wakes in the night for an hour or more, and on his bad nights it lasts practically all night with little spells between.

"He is not thriving, and is very pale. He sleeps outside in the fresh air, and never seems to have any real sickness. He can walk and talk a little, and seems to have a normal intelligence, but it is certainly weird to watch him by night. I hardly ever undress for bed now, walking him up and down trying to soothe him and rest his head a little. His gums are very red and swollen. He has all his top teeth, but only four in the bottom jaw. His motions are very loose.

"The terrible fear dragging at me all the time is that my baby may be going mental. I know his condition should not continue, but do not know what to do, and would be most grateful if you could advise me."

THE habit of head-bumping is not met with very frequently. It may arise from the pain of headache, from ear-ache, from teething, from general over-stimulation of the nervous system, from prolonged ill-health, from middle-ear disease, from rickets, or from no cause at all that one can find.

Medical advice should be sought immediately in all cases in which head-banging or head-bumping occurs.

Possible Causes

THE first thing to do is to pad the end of the crib, so that however much the child "bumps" his head will remain uninjured. This can be done quite simply by securing well-filled pillows round the head of the cot.

Such a child should be thoroughly examined to make sure he is not suffering from a mild degree of scurvy-rickets. It is possible that the diet since weaning from the breast has not been well-balanced, and has not contained sufficient of the very necessary vitamins C and A and D—the lack of Vitamin C (as found in orange juice) causing scurvy, and the lack of vitamins A and D being responsible for the development of rickets.

For this reason, among others, cow's milk, when diluted, requires the addition of a cod-liver-oil emulsion before it can be termed suitable for infant feeding. Late teething often accompanies rickets.

As the child in the letter given above is at present suffering from loose motions, he will not be able to tolerate his full allowance of emulsion in the meantime, but as soon as his motions return to normal, the emulsion should be gradually increased to the standard quantity for his age and weight. In fact, for ten days or so a slightly weaker milk-mixture than his normal one would be advisable, after which the amount of milk in the recipe should be increased again to full strength.

A child who is out of sorts should not be forced to drink more of his milk-mixture than he seems inclined to take of his own accord.

Regarding the fear that this mother has that her child is going mental, I do not think there is any cause for worry on this score.

Head-rolling and head-banging do not indicate any mental deficiency in the child, and disappear with appropriate treatment of the underlying cause.

Consult the Doctor

THE next question naturally is, what is the underlying cause in the above case? This can be found only by a thorough medical examination and a process of elimination of the chief causes—namely middle ear trouble, rickets, headache caused from indigestion, over-stimulation, and teething.

Meantime, to help the teeth come through the gums give baby a teething bone to bite on and hard crusts or fingers of twice-baked bread. Children who are teething find the biting of hard things a great help. Give also frequent sips of cold bottled water, which will soothe the gums.

The child's milk mixture should be boiled for five minutes and cooled rapidly.

Relief for Constipation

"What is the use of taking purgatives and so forth when what you really need is something that will give permanent relief for constipation?"

"If you take steps to ensure that your diet contains the necessary amount of roughage to stimulate the bowels naturally, you'll soon notice a wonderful difference. No more sick headaches! Sanitarium San-Bran is a most valuable source of roughage."

"It's expertly cooked and appetisingly flavoured; you'll like its taste. You don't need much of it—just two tablespoonsful added to the breakfast cereal every morning is usually enough to keep the bowels regular."

"Best of all, San-Bran has no harmful after effects. Yes, you can get San-Bran from any grocer."***



Clean Breath?

Now there is a sure way to have it instantly

MAY-BREATH is an effective mouth wash in tablet form . . . dainty little tablets that you carry with you always.

Not a candy — that won't do. Not merely a perfume. A single tablet will check bad breath instantly, whether from mouth, stomach, food or smoking. Now you can enjoy peace of mind throughout the entire evening.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash
in Tablet Form

MICKY MOUSE HEALTH BRIGADE

CHILDREN LIKE
USING MY NEW TOOTH
PASTE. OH! IT DOES
MAKE THEIR TEETH
SPARKLE!

YES, AND THEY CAN
THEN BE MEMBERS
OF YOUR B.C. HEALTH
BRIGADE. CAN'T THEY
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Don't Risk WRECKING YOUR HEALTH

When Headaches, Pain, Colds, Flu or numerous other minor ailments attack you, you need quick and speedy relief. Don't take chances. Play safe with medicine. Avoid any risk of dangerous after effects on your system by refusing to countenance medicaments containing powerful drugs, narcotics and potent nostrums. You can obtain quick and speedy relief with 'ASPRO.' It is pure medicine and conforms to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical Profession). Furthermore, 'ASPRO' neither harms the heart nor stomach. 'ASPRO' has proved its safe and speedy action by positive results for over 18 years.

'ASPRO'

Is SAFE BECAUSE IT IS PURE

'ASPRO' BETTER THAN POWDERS for HEADACHES

Scarborough Street,

Southport, Q'ld.,

6/11/34

Dear Sir,

I am writing to let you know of the excellent results I get from using 'ASPRO.' Quite often I suffer from severe HEADACHES, and at times I have tried various Headache powders and tablets, but I can definitely state that I get much better relief from 'ASPRO' than anything else, and now I always use 'ASPRO' and would not be without it.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) H. BROWN.

POWDERS AND ASPIRIN TRIED — BUT 'ASPRO' ON ITS OWN

Shafton Avenue, Kangaroo Pt.,

Brisbane, Q'land.

9/11/34.

Dear Sir,

In common with the rest of humanity, I get an occasional HEADACHE, and I should like to let you know that after having tried Aspirin and Powders, I am satisfied that 'ASPRO' is on its own. Your advertisements state that it does not harm the heart, and this I have proved to be correct. I am confirmed in this opinion, because I have been advised by a medical man to take 'ASPRO' for INFLUENZA, as a safe temperature reducer. Truth will stand, and I have no hesitation in recording this.

(Sgd.) W. B. TAPPER.



HOLBROOK'S
GUARANTEED PURE MALT
VINEGAR

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"My Pure Malt Vinegar is brewed from finest Australian barley.

I mature it, in the good old English way, until it is mellow and fragrant.

Ah, how it improves the salad!"

VIN. 6.

Why spoil good milk with inferior CUSTARD?

Why use inferior custard when Foster Clark's can be obtained everywhere . . . Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is so delicate in flavour . . . so pure and there are nearly 100 different delicious dishes that can be prepared for winter or summer.



Write for your copy of Elizabeth Craig's Cookery Book giving nearly one hundred different recipes. (Enclose 1d. stamp)
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You Must Enter OUR EXCITING RECIPE Competition

Good housewives usually have a store of recipes their families particularly favor. Enter your very best one into our weekly competition. Others would like to know them, use them, too, and there's worthwhile remuneration in it for you.

Weekly we award £5 worth of cash prizes. First prize is £2/10/-, second prize £1, and there are six consolation prizes at 5/- each. Write the recipe out, mark the envelope clearly, "Best Recipes," and leave the rest to us.

Here are this week's prize-winners:

GOLDEN APPLE PIE

Arrange alternate layers of sliced apples and breadcrumbs in a pie dish or casserole. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over each layer of apples, and little dabs of butter on top. Pour over it half-cup golden syrup, mixed with half-cup hot water. Cover with breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven. Can be served either hot or cold, with a little whipped or scalded cream.

First Prize of £2/10/- to E. M. Redpath, Box 16, Port Augusta, S.A.

CARAMEL SHAPE

Two dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup brown sugar, 3ozs. butter, 2 cups milk, 3 eggs, 1 cup chopped walnuts, cream to garnish.

Put butter and sugar in saucepan and place over gas for three minutes. Then add hot milk in which gelatine is already dissolved. Allow to cool. Then beat in the well-beaten yolks of eggs separately, afterwards the whites, and continue to beat all together from 15 to 20 minutes. Lastly, beat in walnuts, chopped very small. Place the whole in mould to set, and serve with whipped cream.

For a luncheon party individual moulds look attractive with the thick cream and an additional walnut placed on top.

Second Prize of £1 to Mrs. Marsh, Sheerness, Lower Village Rd., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

CORAL ISLES

Five tomatoes, eggs, lettuce, Worcestershire sauce. Cut the tomatoes into slices about 1/2 inch thick, and put a few drops of Worcestershire sauce on each. Pouch the eggs and trim edges. Place an egg on each slice of tomato, and put a ring of finely-cut lettuce around each slice. Top and seal to taste with Worcestershire sauce. One slice of tomato and egg for each person.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss C. Blackley, Campbelltown P.O., S.A.

ORIENTAL CAKE

Nine eggs, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. flour, 1/2lb. citron peel, 1/2lb. dried fruit, 1/2lb. preserved ginger, 1/2lb. dates, 1/2lb. blanched almonds, 1/2lb. treacled carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs one at a time. Sift spices and flour, and add alternately with the fruit, which has been cut in small pieces. When well mixed together add the carbonate of soda, dissolved in a tablespoon of boiling water. Bake two and a half hours in a deep cake tin.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss G. Faulkner, Ballendown, Marlborough, Qld.

PASTRY RISSOLES

Six ounces flour, 4oz. butter, mix with yolk of an egg, a little water, and a few drops of lemon juice.

Make into a stiff paste and roll about three times.

Filling: Chop or mince cold meat, season with pepper and salt, add parsley, a little catsup or sauce. Moisten whole with a little gravy. Make into small pasties, and fry in deep boiling fat.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to E. Higgins, Yelki, Adelaide, S.A.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

Cover bottom of heavy aluminium pan with light brown sugar. Dot generously with butter. Place on this mixture slices of pineapple that have been drained. Pour batter over the top, and bake.

Batter: Beat 3 eggs until very light, then add gradually 1 1/2 cups sugar. Add alternately 1/2 cup water with 1/2 cup pastry flour and 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, mixed and sifted together.

HOUSEWIFE'S NOTEBOOK

Parquet flooring needs to be well-brushed, dusted, and then cleaned occasionally with a good wax polish softened with turpentine, and then polished with a weighted polisher covered with a soft duster.

Tapentry may be revived by rubbing with heated bran.

Patty or whitewash will come off the window if ammonia is used.

Paint can be removed from a window-pane with the edge of a copper coin.

Varnish on a window can be removed with methylated spirits.

Use only linseed oil on unpainted plaster, dust and rub.

HOST HOLBROOK says: The Holbrook Queen Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp.



SHE may be engrossed in her book now (despite all rules of etiquette) but if delicious golden apple pie, our prize-winning recipe, were placed before her, she'd simply have to stop reading!

Boil 200g. of lost sugar with 8 gallons of water, and the well-whisked whites and crushed shells of four eggs. Remove scum as it rises, let the liquid cool, then add the juice of 30 oranges and mix thoroughly. Strain the liquid, ferment it with 1/2lb. yeast on a yeast, and let it stand for 24 hours. Put it into a tank and, when fermentation ceases—which will be when it gives up hissing—bring the rack up closely. The wine may be racked in three months and bottled in twelve.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to D. V. Russell, 71 Macleay St., Felix Point, N.S.W.

ORANGE WINE

Boil 200g. of lost sugar with 8 gallons of water, and the well-whisked whites and crushed shells of four eggs. Remove scum as it rises, let the liquid cool, then add the juice of 30 oranges and mix thoroughly. Strain the liquid, ferment it with 1/2lb. yeast on a yeast, and let it stand for 24 hours. Put it into a tank and, when fermentation ceases—which will be when it gives up hissing—bring the rack up closely. The wine may be racked in three months and bottled in twelve.

If it is desired to add the flavor of orange peel to the wine, though it will be more generally agreeable without, infuse the rind of 30 of the oranges in 2 gallons of the clarified sugar for four days, then strain the liquid and add it to the rest.

If it is considered necessary to have a little brandy in the wine, a quart may be put into the cask with the liquid and another quart added when the wine is racked. Time: Half an hour to boil the sugar.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Miss Gwen Fulton, 8 Silver Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

COFFEE CREAM

Two eggs, 1 pint milk, 4 to 6oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, 1/2 pint hot water, a bare ounce gelatine.

Beat the eggs and sugar together with a fork, warm the milk, beat it on to the eggs, and return the eggs and milk to saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until the mixture thickens, but does not boil, then pour it into a basin and stand aside to cool. Dissolve the coffee in the water and add the gelatine. Stir, if necessary, over gentle heat until the gelatine is dissolved, and then stir it into the cool custard. Pour into a wet mould and leave to set. A thin custard made with custard powder can be used instead of the eggs.

Consolation Prize of 5/- to Mrs. E. Beustead, Hardgrave Rd., West End, Brisbane.



Have you yet tried out the marvellous new types of lipstick, gorgeous new 'textures' in rouge, amazing new tones in powder, the thrilling light-reflecting eye-shadows, and so forth that have been devised to go with the revolutionarily improved fabric colours of this season? Make-up, while still subtle, is yet more intense, and lovelier than before, as exemplified in the thrilling new Kathleen Court Beauty Aids. 'Facial Youth' remains the perfect beautifying foundation cream, while the latest tones in 'Golden Youth' and 'Seventeen' Face Powder are capturing all who see them. Of course, the Kathleen Court Rouge and Lipsticks are also quite on their own!

—Kathleen Court

RHEUMATISM and KIDNEY TROUBLES

DEFINITELY OVERCOME BY "UREX" the new scientific remedy which relieves by removing the cause.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Pains in Back, Joints and Limbs, Kidney and Bladder Troubles and all kindred complaints will vanish like magic before this wonderful remedy.

Neglect is dangerous and will result in a premature decline of your powers, breakdown, and a shortening of life. No matter what other remedies you have tried, whether you are seven years of age or seventy, man or woman, "UREX" will relieve you. It gets right to the spot and stops that pain. Money back if no relief. Obtainable only from the manufacturer. Price, 1/6, postage free.

RICHARD'S RELIABLE REMEDIES, 17 Bond Street, Sydney.

ARE YOU FEELING TIRED AND EXHAUSTED?

This is the time of the year when the nerves are jaded, the system feels exhausted, appetite fickle, headaches prevalent, and vitality is at low ebb. Many men and women are mere shadows of their former selves, irritable, depressed, worn out, and entirely devoid of energy.

After an enervating summer the blood gets de-vitalised, which causes this exhaustion and run-down state of health. Recovery makes it imperative to build up and enrich the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The great tonic influence of these pills is the one thing needed to strengthen the weak nerves, banish the lassitude, headaches, and restore the appetite. The great success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of nervous disorders, anaemia, indigestion, and other ailments caused by an impoverished blood supply is due to the remarkable blood-making and blood-renewing properties these pills possess. If you are feeling exhausted get a 3/- bottle to-day. At chemists and stores. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.

ROSS for HEIGHT!

Check age 124, gain 1 lb. in 6 weeks. No Appetite. No Sleep. No Digestion. No Health. No Energy. No Strength. No Power. No Vigor. No Life. No Joy. No Happiness. No Success. No Love. No Friendship. No Respect. No Honor. No Wealth. No Fame. No Glory. No Power. No Influence. No Authority. No Control. No Dominion. No Mastery. No Supremacy. No Excellence. No Perfection. No Greatness. No Nobility. No Royalty. No Divinity. No Immortality. No Salvation. No Redemption. No Forgiveness. No Mercy. No Compassion. No Kindness. No Gentleness. No Meekness. No Patience. No Self-control. No Discipline. No Obedience. No Submission. No Surrender. No Yielding. No Conquest. No Victory. No Triumph. No Achievement. No Accomplishment. No Realization. No Fulfillment. No Completion. No Perfection. No Greatness. No Nobility. No Royalty. No Divinity. No Immortality. No Salvation. No Redemption. No Forgiveness. No Mercy. No Compassion. No Kindness. No Gentleness. No Meekness. No Patience. No Self-control. 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CAPTURED! Their Matchless FLAVOR

... also the Wonderful Nourishing and
Energy-Producing Qualities of
BANANAS
in These Attractive Dishes!



THERE ARE MORE WAYS than one with bananas! Cheap now in many areas, here is your opportunity to vary the menu easily and successfully.

Did you know that a banana contains all the main food constituents essential for the human body? It is in fact the chief article of diet for the natives in some tropical isles.

Now produced in large quantities in our country, and marvellously cheap to buy in some areas, there is no excuse to ignore the slogan: "Eat more bananas."

DURING a trip recently through some banana-growing country, I saw a novel way of using bananas as a vegetable.

In place of carrots, bananas were used when boiling corned beef. Simply boiled in their skin with the meat! In Norfolk Island they often use them as a substitute for potatoes, peeled and baked round the meat.

Some time ago, I tasted coffee made from bananas, and very nice it was too. Note: When using bananas, have them as firm as possible. Do not peel them until just before using. When slicing bananas, always use a silver knife to prevent discoloration.

Oh, by the way, in a recent article of mine, on tomato dishes, I stated that tomato juice could only be obtained in tins. I have since learned that this health-giving commodity is obtainable in 64 oz. bottles.

Now for some enjoyable recipes:

BANANA SHAPE

Three bananas, lemon jelly, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessert-spoon gelatine, mashed banana, chopped jelly.

Rinse out a thin, plain mould with water and completely line with a thin coating of jelly, holding it over ice till it sets.

FRIED bananas, coated with fine breadcrumbs and served hot with lemon are delicious. Do try them—they're so easy to make.

sets. Skin bananas, remove any string. Cut into rounds and strips. Decorate the bottom of the mould with bananas. Pour over a little jelly, and when quite set decorate the sides, holding the mould standing on ice till set. Place a jar or glass in the centre of the mould with weight in it to prevent moving. Fill the sides of glass carefully with jelly, and allow to set well. Mash some bananas, add to them sugar, milk, and dissolved gelatine, and allow almost to set. Remove the glass carefully from the jelly and pour in the banana mixture. Leave on ice till well set. Unmould in the usual way on to glass dish or stand. Garnish with chopped jelly and rounds of bananas or whipped cream.

BANANA CUSTARD

Bananas, boiled custard, white of egg, sugar, pink sugar, or pink jelly crystals.

Peel the bananas remove any strings, and cut into thin slices into a dish. Make the custard without white of egg, and while hot pour on to the bananas. Leave till cold, then chill in ice-chest. Beat white of egg over boiling water to remove any raw taste. Add sugar. Cover the top of the custard and sprinkle with pink sugar or jelly crystals. Serve at once.

BANANA TRIFLE

Bananas, sponge cake, 1 cup fruit juice, 1 pint custard, whipped cream. Arrange in a glass dish alternate layers of slices of bananas and cubes of

cake. Pour over the fruit juice, add vanilla to the custard, and when cold, pour over the cake, etc. Allow to stand 1 hour. Just before serving, decorate with whipped cream to which sugar and essence have been added, and trips of bananas, to form a star on the top. Serve very cold.

BANANA MERINGUE

Four bananas, raspberry jam, 1 cup cake crumbs, 1 cup milk, grated rind 1 lemon, yolks 2 eggs, meringue with 2 egg whites, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Mash the bananas well with the jam, and place in pyrex piedish. Boil the milk, pour on to the crumbs. Add sugar, egg yolks, and lemon rind. Pour over the bananas. Bake in slow oven till set. Cover with meringue. Return to a very slow oven and bake till crisp and pale brown. Decorate the meringue with rings of banana just before serving. Serve hot or cold.

BAKED BANANA PUDDING

Bananas, slices of bread and butter, apricot jam, 2 tablespoons milk, whites of 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Line a buttered pie-plate with strips of bread and butter and jam. Fill with layers of sliced banana. Sprinkle with sugar, pour over milk or sherry. Cover with slices of bread and butter or meringue, whichever liked. Bake in a moderate oven till a pale brown. Serve either hot or cold.

BANANA AND APPLE PIE

One and a half pounds apples, 8 bananas, sugar to taste, rind and juice 1 lemon, short crust, water.

Peel, quarter, and core the apples. Put into saucepan with sugar, rind and juice lemon, and very little water, and cook slowly till soft and clear. Peel the bananas. Remove any strings, and slice thinly. Put a layer of apple in a well-greased piedish, then layer of bananas, and continue till piedish is full. Cover with pastry in the usual way. Bake in a hot oven till pastry is pale brown. Serve hot or cold, with cream or custard.

BANANA MOULD

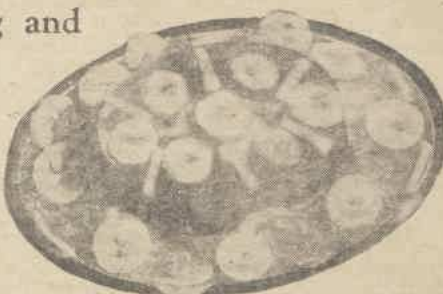
One pint custard, 1 oz. gelatine, essence vanilla, 4 firm bananas, cream or custard for serving.

Dissolve gelatine in a little milk, and before the custard is quite cold, add the gelatine to it, mixing in well. Peel the bananas, remove any strings, and cut into 4, 6, or 8, according to the size. Rinse out a plain mould with water, and line with the bananas. Pour in the cold custard. Leave on ice till set. Unmould

Conducted by

Ruth Furst

Cooking Exper. to
The Australian
Women's Weekly.



HERE YOU SEE a photograph of banana shape. It is a most delicious and tempting-looking confection, but requires a little patience in the making.

on to glass dish and serve with cream or custard.

BANANA DROPS

Four dessertspoons butter, 4 table-spoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 2 bananas.

Peel bananas and remove strings. Mash well, cream butter and sugar. Add egg, then bananas, lastly well-sifted flour, making into a stiff dough. Place in small spoonfuls on well-greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes, according to the size. Turn on to cake cooler. Store in airtight tin.

BANANA SCONES

One tablespoon butter, 1 table-spoon sugar, 1 egg, 2 ripe bananas, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk.

Peel the bananas, remove all string, and mash well. Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, then bananas, sifted flour, and lastly milk, making into firm dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead slightly. Roll out 1/2-inch thick. Cut into rounds or squares. Glaze with a little milk. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

BANANA FRITTERS

Bananas, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 tea-spoon custard powder, frying fat, lemon, sugar.

Peel bananas, remove any strings and cut into four. Make the batter by sifting the flour. Make a well in the centre and add gradually the milk, in which the custard powder has been blended, beating well till mixture is free from all lumps, and the milk is all used. Coat bananas with batter. Fry in boiling fat till pale brown. Drain. Serve very hot with lemon and sugar.

FRIED BANANAS

Bananas, egg glazing, fine bread-crumbs, frying fat, lemon, sugar.

Peel the bananas and remove any stringy pieces. Dip in egg glazing, then toss in the crumbs, firming them well on with the hands or a broad knife. Place in a frying basket, lower carefully into boiling fat, and fry till a golden brown. Drain well on paper. Serve piled high on a hot dish garnished with sugar and lemon.

You can feel it... you can see it...
and so can others

it's Film on Teeth!

Film must be removed from teeth... for beauty and for health.

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum diseases. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

Film sticks like glue. To remove it you must use a special film-removing agent. Pepsodent is known throughout the world to-day as the special film-removing tooth paste.

Due to scientific formula

Pepsodent's unique power to remove film from teeth is due to the formula. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. This material is far safer than any leading tooth powder—far safer than polishing materials used in any other leading tooth paste. Yet it removes film with striking effectiveness.

This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively—and in no other dentifrice whatever. That's why Pepsodent gives results not possible with other kinds.

Dentists use Pepsodent

That is why thousands of dentists have told us that they make Pepsodent their personal tooth paste.

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Rosella WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

will impart a distinctive appetising flavor to all meat dishes, grills, soups, and fish.

There are 7 more delicious Sauces and Chutneys. Try Tomato, French Mustard Sauces, and Apricot Chutney.



DELICIOUS ECONOMICAL!
ANCHOVETTE
FISH PASTE
FOR SCHOOL LUNCHES
LIGHT SUPPERS SAVOURIES

CHAPTER X

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from
Page 5

THE High Chief Seremy, lying one-elbowed, like a Roman Emperor, upon a pile of mats, lifted his cup to his mouth and set it down again.

"I say," he pronounced, "because this girl Eleanor is drowned, we shall make the lots all over again. The draw was not right, wherever. Is it right the Chief should not have a wife? I tell you, if you read your Bible—a murmur of assent—"you will see that David, who was a man after the Lord's own heart, had many wives, Michol, and Bathsheba, and— His memory falling him he went on rapidly: "Many wives, and many concubines—"

"You let me see you set yourself up to have concubines," the ancient Pastor suddenly broke out. "Just one concubine, and I put the curse on you will burn the hair off your head. Who you think you are—one of the holy Prophets?"

Seremy wilted. He was, at heart, exceedingly afraid of the Pastor. The Pastor was the oldest man on the island; he could almost remember the coming of the wrecked emigrants to Vainamu, seventy-odd years ago; in the course of time he had succeeded in persuading himself that he really did remember. His father had been the Nonconformist chaplain who accompanied the expedition; from the old man's leather-bound, much worn Bible, and from his teachings, traditionally handed down, had been born the curious religion that, under the Pastor's rod and staff, held Vainamu in thrall. There was a parallel to Vainamu in the longer-settled remote isle of Pitcairn; but the Vainamuans had never heard of the place, did not know that it existed in the same ocean as them-

selves. Like Pitcairn, and under similar conditions (but without the damning touch of color that kept the Pitcairners, and later, the Norfolk Islanders, down to the level of the Tahitian race that had mothered them), the people of Vainamu had worked out their own civilisation. They were brutal at times; they were suspicious at all times; they were superstitious, often. But the Pastor knew how to handle them through each and all of their weaknesses.

He was as anxious as anyone to see these strange women wedded to Vainamu men. The practical descent of Bully Hayes, the carrying off of a dozen or more young women, had badly upset the balance of an island already preponderantly male. The Pastor knew his people; there would be bloodshed among the married men's homes, ere long, if the single ones could not be mated.

IT was maddening, indeed, that one of the inestimable newcomers should have been lost through what the Pastor suspected to be either rough treatment or the grossest possible carelessness. He did not understand how the thing had happened. Azarias, some hours before, had found Eleanor's clothing on a dangerous part of the coast, where rocks and sand ran abruptly down to a wine-dark, unfathomable inlet. He had run immediately to the men's house, and displayed his find: the crushed, stained frock of emerald silk, the crinoline that stiffened it; the whalebone corsets, the

bodice, the many petticoats and the lace-trimmed drawers. Shoes there were too, flat-soled and fastened with ribbon, and white cotton stockings—

The sensation he created was in no way disappointing to him. Clucks of dismay, exclamations—"O Mighty! O lightning-thunder! O-to-to-to!" greeted his arrival. "Where you get it? What happen? She drowned?"

"Drowned-dead," proclaimed Azarias, almost enjoying himself. She had been a pretty girl, but she wasn't his; as for him he rather liked the pale dignified lady with the brown determined eyes who had fallen to his lot; he looked forward, stupid as he was, to taking down her dignity a little, by and by.

"You see her in the water?" Shem asked, scanning him closely.

"No! If I see her I pull out. I see her footsteps, right down to the sea" (Malachi, with Eleanor's shoes, had managed that) "and I know she's jumped in and drowned herself. He seemed to take some satisfaction in the phrase, repeating it as often as possible. Azarias didn't find life exciting as a rule, but this was pepper and salt.

"Malachi," Seremy demanded, "you know anything?" He fixed the younger man with a pair of angry eyes.

Malachi, tootling on his reed, left off long enough to say: "Nothing." He didn't seem to be interested. "You helped her through the window," Shem said, leaning his bald head on his bony hand and staring at Malachi as if he would rive the heart out of him.

"I did. But I didn't drown her. I'm

not a wasteful man, Shem." There had been a time in the early days of the settlement when crops were short; when "wasteful" was the worst accusation that could be hurled at anyone. Even now, it carried weight.

"I never called you waster," Shem, devoid of all sense of humor, replied. "I don't think you would go and waste one good woman." He stared at the youth with sharply knowing eyes. What he saw seemed to satisfy him, more or less. There was nothing triumphant about Malachi; no bridegroom airs.

Malachi, entirely unconcerned, picked up his reed and fluted gaily. Suspicion, it seemed, had passed away from him.

THE old Pastor, so much older and wiser than any of the rest, said to himself: "Yes, he looks innocent—but I don't think anyone could possibly be as innocent as Malachi looks." Nobody heard him; nobody knew—least of all himself—that he was letting loose, for the first time, a quip destined to be born again and again; to go roaring garlanded with chuckles, all down the nineteenth century and into the next; to hang about the dancing bells of every stage favorite, to survive even the storms and rains of the Great War, and come up again, ever fresh, on the undreamed-of "silver screen," in the unguessed-of "talkies."

Speaking out, the Pastor continued: "Who you think you are, Seremy? If you going to do everything that David did, you going to keep busy." He added, in a running stream, the principal events in the career of the Shepherd King. "When you can do all that," he finished, "you can go and dance before the reading-desk, same as David danced before the Ark, and you can have Michol, and Bathsheba, and Abigail, and Achinoam—but not before."

I thought it out
for myself....
THESE FOUR REASONS
WHY I SHOULD USE
Palmolive!



I like myself a lot better since my beauty specialist advised me to use Palmolive. My skin's so much nicer! I know that's why 20,000 beauty experts advise Palmolive to keep skin smooth and young. Why don't you try it?

They're not stingy with olive oil—those folks who make Palmolive! A lot of it goes into the making of every cake... scientifically blended with palm oil. That's why Palmolive is so kind and gentle to your complexion!



It's rather a personal matter—but, between you and me, I'm Schoolgirl Complexion all over! I'm sure you, too, will like Palmolive's velvety, deep-cleaning lather so much for your face, that you'll also use it for bath!



And reason No. 4 is...
Palmolive costs so little

AN EFFECTIVE DRY INHALATION for LUNG TROUBLE

Catarrh and Other Chest Complaints

It enters the blood stream as well as coming into direct contact with the infected parts. The relief from suffering is amazing. This is what patients report:—

The cough is less distressing.
Able to sleep right through
the night.
Mucus is easily dislodged.
Haemorrhages and night
sweats cease.

Appetite improves.
Strength and weight regained.
Able to walk and, later on,
work, play games without
distress, and live a compara-
tively normal life.

"I am progressing wonderfully. I have no sputum, and the cough is much better, thanks to your treatment, and I am also putting on weight. The doctor only gave me a few months to live, but that is all changed now. I am now able to sleep at night; my voice is stronger. I am straight instead of bent over; I have a great appetite, and am much happier and brighter—and the best of all, I HAVE A FEELING OF GETTING BETTER. Membrusos has done all that."

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

Would you appreciate a treatment that is not taken AFTER the attacks come, but by inhaling regularly you find the attacks getting less severe and less frequent—eventually stopping altogether, and without recurrence? This is what Membrusos will do.

"YESTERDAY I got up without coughing, the first time for fourteen years. Four months ago I took me on an average 25 minutes to walk from the station to my work, not a great distance either, and I was always knocked up and gasping for breath. Someone told me about Membrusos, AN INHALATION REMEDY. I tried it as I had tried a dozen other things for relief. Imagine my surprise and intense joy when, after a short period, I felt a definite relief. And when the other morning I got up without coughing for the first time in fourteen years, I began to look at life anew. Now I walk to my job comfortably in 10 minutes, puffing my pipe, and suffer no discomfort. Now there is no coughing, no tight bound-up feeling. I am able to lie down and sleep at night without the nightmare of an attack, and am able to enjoy meals without any ill effects."

For your own sake, if you are a sufferer from any of these horrible lung troubles, believe me when I tell you you are suffering needlessly. Do as I did—consult Membrusos.

CATARRH HAY FEVER ANTRUM Trouble

treatment WITHOUT OPERATION

"A few months ago I was a pitiable object. Practically no one would have anything to do with me. I was very badly affected by my asthma and sinus were badly affected, and I had Hay Fever very badly. I suffered greatly with bad breath, bad taste in my mouth, a permanently furred tongue, and was constantly hacking and spitting. I was always catching head colds, and had a permanently running nose and streaming eyes, and used some 12 to 15 handkerchiefs daily. Under advice I commenced using MEMBRUSOS INHALATION TREATMENT.

"And now, after a really short period, I wake up with a clear throat; no colds; no running nose. I sleep well and eat well, and am entirely free of all those horrible symptoms."

"MEMBRUSOS" (Regd.)

A Dry and Different Inhalation Treatment

Send a stamped addressed envelope with particulars of your complaint to Membrusos, G/o. Irvine Ltd., Chemists (Incl. 27 pence), 183 Victoria Rd., Drummoyne, N.S.W., for the interesting booklet regarding this different dry inhalation treatment.

Sole Distributors for Australia and New Zealand, IRVINE LIMITED.

CONTINUING... Knitting Directions for Exclusive WOOLLIES

The "Elizabeth" Frock and Beret

To Fit the 4 or 5-Year-old Lass

DELICATE nile green with the daintiest trimming of pale pink angora is the color scheme for this important-looking frock for the wee girl of four or five years. Make it in pale pink with French blue trimming, or buttercup yellow and blue, either combination will look adorable.

Materials—8 skeins 4-ply wool in nile green. A little pink angora wool (fine spun). Pair No. 9 and pair No. 11 bone needles.

Measurements—Length from shoulder, 19 inches; under arms, 24 inches; sleeve seams (suff turned up), 10 inches.

Abbreviations—K, knit; p, purl; w.o.n., wool over needle; tog., together; m, 1, make a stitch by knitting into front and back of previous stitch; st., stitch.

FRONT

With No. 9 needles and green wool cast on 129 sts., knit 1 row into back of every stitch.

Next Row: Purl. Now commence pattern.

1st Row: K. 2, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: Same as 1st row.

10th Row: Knit.

Repeat 10 pattern rows 7 times.

Next Row: * k. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: P. 11, * p. 2 tog., p. 8, repeat from * to end of row, finishing with purl 3 (78 sts.).

Next Row: K. 1, * w.o.n., k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last st., k. 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Knit 2 rows plain.

9 rows stocking-stitch (1 row plain, 1 row purl).

Next Row: Knit. Now start pattern in yoke.

1st Row: K. 4, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to end of row, finishing with k. 5.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

9th Row: Same as 1st row.

10th Row: Knit.

9 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. 2, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to last 5 sts., w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. 1, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to last 4 sts., w.o.n., k. 2, k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., w.o.n., k. 1, k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 2, k. 2 tog., * w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 10 sts., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 1, continue in pattern to last 9 sts., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 2, w.o.n., k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit.

20 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K. 25, cast off 18, k. 25.

Next Row: Purl 25.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. to end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. 4 rows stocking-stitch. Cast off. Join wool at neck and work other shoulder to correspond.

BACK

Same as front.

SLEEVES (BOTH ALIKE)

With angora wool and No. 11 needles cast on 50 sts., join on green wool and knit 1 row into back of every stitch.

Knit 30 rows ribbing (1 plain, 1 purl).

Change to No. 9 needles.

Nine rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 1, m. 1, k. 4, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 2, m. 1, k. 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Beginning with knit 6, repeat last 2 rows 3 times without increasing.

Next Row: Work in pattern.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 1, m. 1, knit to last 2 sts., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1. 8 rows stocking-stitch beginning with a purl row.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 1, m. 1, k. 6, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to last 5 sts., k. 4, m. 1, k. 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Beginning with knit 8, repeat last 2 rows 3 times without increasing.

Next Row: Work in pattern.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 1, m. 1, knit to last 2 sts., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1.

Nine rows stocking-stitch.

Increase 1 stitch at each end of every 10th row until you have 64 sts. on needle.

Five rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows 4 times. Cast off.

COLLAR (2 PIECES—BOTH ALIKE)

With angora wool and No. 9 needles cast on 73 sts., join green wool and knit 1 row into back of every 2nd stitch.

Next Row: Purl.

Now start pattern.

1st Row: K. 2, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to end of row, finishing with k. 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows once.

5th Row: Same as 1st row.

6th Row: Knit.

Repeat last 6 rows once.

Knit 1 row, p. 1 row.

Change to No. 11 needles and work 6 rows of ribbing (1 plain, 1 purl).

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under a damp cloth, stitch side and sleeve seams, stitch right shoulder and half-way across left one. Stitch sleeves into armholes (seam to seam). Stitch 2 pieces of collar together on one side, and stitch to frock.

With double wool crochet a cord of chain and thread through holes at waist. With one thread of wool crochet a chain and thread through ribbing of collar. Wind wool twice round top of one finger, crochet 1 row of double crochet into this. Make three more rings the same way one at each end of both cords; sew fasteners on shoulder. Give a final press under a damp cloth, first on wrong and then on right side. Work 1 row double crochet in angora wool round the rings for waist.

BERET

Materials: 11 skeins 4-ply wool, a little pink angora wool, pair No. 9 bone needles.

With angora wool cast on 90 sts., join

HELPFUL HINTS FOR KNITTERS

On the Pressing and Making up of Garments

PRESSING and making up are very important points in knitting. The most carefully-knitted garment will be utterly ruined if carelessly pressed or made up, so these points may be of use to you:

Pin the work on to the ironing-board exactly to measurements. If it is a little short of the measurement in one place stretch it and pin it securely. Soak a cloth in warm water, wring it out lightly, and spread over the work. Press carefully with a hot iron; do not rub the iron up and down as you would in ironing material—this will immediately stretch it out of shape—press until the cloth is dry, then remove it, but do not unpin the work until it is quite dry.

When the pressing is finished, pin the seams together, then neatly top-sew the edges together. When the garment is finished, press all the seams.

on green wool and knit 1 row into back of every st., 3 rows plain.

Next Row: * k. 2, m. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: * k. 4, m. 1, repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 3, m. 1.

Next Row: P. 1, m. 1, purl to last 2 sts., p. 1 m. 1, p. 1 (171 sts.). Knit 2 rows plain.

Now start pattern.

1st Row: K. 2, * w.o.n., k. 3, k. 2 tog., w.o.n., k. 3 tog., w.o.n., k. 2 tog., k. 3, w.o.n., k. 1, repeat from * to end of row, finishing with k. 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: Same as 1st row.

8th Row: Knit.

Seven rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: Knit.

Work 8 pattern rows once, then 2 rows stocking-stitch.

Next Row: * k. 3, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last stitch, k. 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: * k. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Next Row: P. 2 tog., purl to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. (90 sts.).

Next Row: * k. 8, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: * k. 7, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

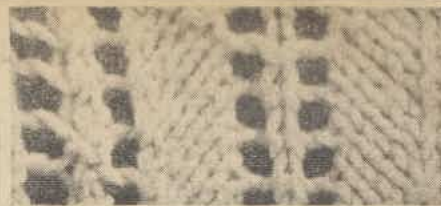
Next Row: Purl.

Continue decreasing till you knit 2 together to end of row.

Break off wool about 18 inches from work. Thread a darning needle with this slip stitches from knitting needle. Gather top and stitch seam. Press under a damp cloth on a small plate. Crochet a cord in double wool, make into bow and stitch to top of beret, finish ends with rings same as for frock.

Work 1 row double crochet in angora wool round each ring.

Featured
on
Page 13



A CLOSE UP of the lace-stitch used for the "Elizabeth" frock and beret. Four-ply wool is used with angora trim.

"Baby Beautiful" Two-Piece Set

In a Charming Lace Stitch

MATINEE jacket and booties for the six months to 12 months babe. Made in a silk and wool mixture, the little booties have pink shoes knitted on to them, and are truly delightful.

JACKET

Materials: 21 skeins pink silk and wool mixture, 3 yards narrow pink ribbon, a little blue and green silk (to work rosebuds), pair No. 9 bone needles, crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 10 1/2 inches; underarms, 21 inches; sleeve from neck to wrist, 8 1/2 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; m, 1, make a stitch by putting wool over needle; s, slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; st., stitch.

BACK: Cast on 73 sts., knit 1 row plain into back of every stitch.

Knit 7 rows plain. Now start pattern.

1st Row: K. 1, m. 1, * k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K. 2, * m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts., m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 2.

4th Row: Purl. This completes the pattern once.

Repeat pattern 14 times.

Next Row: Cast on 30 sts. (for sleeve), knit into back of cast on sts., work 1st row of pattern to end of row, cast on 30 sts. for 2nd sleeve.

Next Row: Purl into back of cast on sts., purl to end of row (133 sts.).

Next Row: 3rd row of pattern.

Next Row: Purl.

Work pattern 7 times.

Next Row: Pattern on 55 sts., cast off 23, pattern on 55 sts.

Work pattern 6 times for shoulder.

Next Row: Cast on 17 sts. for front, knit into back of cast on sts., pattern to end of row.

Work pattern 7 times, keeping 5 sts. in plain knitting on front edge.

Next Row: K. 5, 1st pattern row to end.

Next Row: Cast off 30 sts., purl to last 5 sts., k. 5.

Work 3rd and 4th rows of pattern. Work pattern 14 times. Eight rows plain knitting. Cast off.

Join wool at neck and work to correspond with other side of jacket.

To Make Up: Press under a damp cloth, stitch side seams. Crochet the following edge evenly round neck and sleeves:

* 6 chain, 1 double crochet into 2nd chain, 2 chain, 1 treble into jacket, repeat from *.

Thread 1 yard ribbon at neck, and 1 yard ribbon in each sleeve. Work blue rosebuds with green leaves round border of jacket.

BOOTIES

Materials: A little white and a little pink of the silk and wool mixture, 1 yard narrow pink ribbon, pair No. 9 bone needles.

With pink wool cast on 37 sts., knit 1 row plain into back of every stitch.

Knit 5 rows plain.

Change to white wool and work the 4 pattern rows same as in jacket 6 times.

Change to pink wool and knit 2 rows plain.

Next Row: K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 12, change to white wool and work the 4 pattern rows 3 times on the next 13 sts.

Change to pink wool and knit 11 rows plain.

Pick up 12 sts. on side of flap, knit to end of row.

Next Row: K. 37, pick up 12 sts. on side of flap, knit to end of row.

Knit 8 rows plain.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. 20, k. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 3 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 20, k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K. 2 tog., k. 18, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 3 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 18, k. 2 tog.

Next Row: Knit.

Cast off.

Make another bootie the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press under a damp cloth. Stitch seam, gathering a little under the toes. Thread 3 yard ribbon through holes at ankle in each bootie. Work a blue rosebud with green leaves on front of each bootie.



Like every man he enjoys having a good shave. And like most men he enjoys using a good shoe polish . . .

A Kiwi shine for him!

KIWI POLISHES . . . PROTECTS and PRESERVES the LEATHER

KIWI

BLACK POLISH The Quality Boot Polish TAN POLISH



WHITE CLEANER

SHOE CREAM

WHEN IN LONDON STAY NEAR KENSINGTON GARDENS AT THE 189 Queens Gate, GORE HOTEL Telephone: S.W.7 Kensington 5496/7. Quiet and Comfortable. French Cuisine. Exquisite Cocktail Bar. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Fully Licensed. Terms from 3½ Guineas Weekly.

Forget your Liver!

You shouldn't know you have a liver . . . or kidneys either. Their job of removing impurities from the blood stream should be carried out

quietly and efficiently . . . without ever reaching consciousness. When they begin sending unpleasant messages to the brain . . . through backaches or sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism or sciatica . . . then you know a corrective is needed. Some such well proven remedy as Warner's Safe Cure.

Here is a letter from a grateful user of Warner's Safe Cure. It is one of hundreds of similar letters on our files.

"Some years ago I suffered from a complication of ailments arising from disordered liver and kidneys. I had frequent headaches, severe pains in my back and side, great nervousness, constipation and depression of spirits. My appetite seemed completely gone and I lacked energy. After trying various medicines I was induced to try Warner's Safe Cure with the result that I was soon thoroughly cured. I can now sleep and eat well, and am in the best of health."—Mr. H. Gillen, 31 Datchet Street, Richmond, Vic.

Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/9.

A TRUE STORY

By an Australian Mother

who has found the secret of continued good health.

HERE'S a story that tells the secret of how two people have maintained their precious good health through many years. In telling us of her experience with Nujol, Mrs. Burns, of Hamilton, N.S.W., writes as follows:—



"You will be interested to know that my husband and I have for many years been constant users of Nujol."

"It was my husband who first heard of its particular merits as a laxative from several of his workmates, and a short trial convinced that here was the ideal safe-guard against constipation."

"Now the both of us feel that our continued good health for years past can be largely attributed to Nujol, which is so simple to take. A bottle is always to be found in our kitchen cupboard."

We have published Mrs. Burns' letter in the hope that it will help other families to keep well. Doctors recommend Nujol. You should try it yourself. See what Nujol will do for you. Particularly if there are children in the family will you find that there's nothing so helpful in bringing them up with regular habits and ensuring perfectly clean and healthy systems.

You can get Nujol at any chemist in either the well-known plain form or the new Cream of Nujol, which is flavoured and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stanceo (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2479, G.P.O., Sydney.

BURNS

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"I burnt my leg very badly and could hardly walk. I tried everything but could get no relief, until my sister recommended Rexona Ointment. I can honestly say that one hour after putting on the Ointment the pain disappeared, and within a week my leg was healed."

—Mrs. H. KEANE, Penrith

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Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, chapped hands, itching muscles, heat spots, itching and all skin complaints.

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ANOTHER SPECIAL Three-in-One Pattern FREE!



Gives Fullest Directions for Making Each of Three Splendid Dresses

The second of our series of special three-in-one free patterns is as beautifully obedient to fashion's decrees as the first. It surprises by its smartness, its chic, its uniqueness... and because from one pattern the three styles are easily, simply cut — even by the veriest amateur.

FROM this splendid service every home dressmaker will learn a valuable lesson—the lesson of clever ingenuity, of put and take away. Every frock, of course, is mathematically made from the same ground plan, but in this pattern we actually see, in a most fascinating way, the subtle differences that can be introduced so that from one pattern several may be cut, each cleverly, but simply different. This pattern is an education.

The first, a sporty, tunic frock, will be warmly applauded, especially by the girl who wants a frock simply tailored for business.

With its light jumper and contrasting darker skirt, it will give the coveted slender-hip effect. The jumper fastens right down the front—you may introduce some of those intriguing new buttons as a very high fashion note—with a girlish Peter Pan collar, and soft under-bow of contrast. As exquisite finish there are four square, buttoned pockets, gamutted cuffs, and a trim, efficient belt. The skirt is left plain.

The second model, a straight-down frock, is demure and plain. Concentration is on the lower skirt—inverted side pleats topped with buttons. And who would guess that the third frock, so dashing, can be made from the same pattern. Stolen from the Russian steppes, it's a modern frock created to give woman grace, line, and chic. For the slim woman will look slimmer, and the not-so-slim will be amazed at her renewed grace.

HORT Hobbins says: For the Bridge Party let us suggest some Hobbins' Queen Ointment. They are always popular.***

Tunic, short, but not too short, has the fashionable side slit; belt of contrast is laced, à la Russe, and the bell-like Bishop sleeves are brought full to the wrist with a tight wristband.

And do not hesitate to use your own ingenuity in a different combination. Not only three frocks for your winter wardrobe may be created, but quite half a dozen, if you set to work, adding here, and taking away.

This three-in-one pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust.

MATERIAL REQUIRED

Jumper Suit.—Jumper: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Skirt: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Frock.—Frock: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Collar: 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Tunic Frock.—Tunic: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Skirt: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.

You may call at our office, or send for this amazing pattern. When sending through the post, please include 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage.

FREE THREE-IN-ONE COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

To obtain above free pattern, fill in this coupon, and take to our office. If sending through the post, please enclose a stamped (1d stamp) addressed envelope. For address, see below.

(Three-in-one coupon, 30/3/35.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE: Shell House, 391 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 229 Collins Street, Melbourne C1.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 10418, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State. Unavailable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.



Soothes ROUGH SKIN to BEAUTY

The busiest hands can be made young and smooth and lovely if they are cared for by Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hands REDDENED by cold wind, ROUGHENED by housework grow beautiful again under Hinds gentle care, because this fragrant creamy-liquid sinks right down into the pores of the skin.

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HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Buy the 2/6 economy size, which contains 4 times the quantity.

SKIN DISEASES and THEIR ORIGIN

(Extract from a lecture given by Mr. J. J. Mellish, M.P.S., Ph.C., the well-known Skin and Scalp Specialist.)

Many people who ignore Dandruff seldom realize that many skin infections are caused by this complaint. Scborrhea of the scalp, face, and body. Inflamed Eyes (Conjunctivitis), Rosacea, Pimples and Itch on the face, chest, and back, in the majority of cases find their source in Dandruff. Many scalp infections are due to too infrequent washing of scalp, use of wrong soap, etc.

During the past 13 years Mr. Mellish has been remarkably successful in treating an amazing number of cases hitherto considered hopeless. His secret formula and special diagnosis treatment have made him famous in all parts of the world for the successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Various Yells, Various Ulcers, Tinea, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, Rosacea, Scborrhea, Infanile Eczema, and other distressing complaints, when all other treatments have failed. Free Advice is available to readers of the "Women's Weekly" by writing to or calling on

Mr. J. J. MELLISH, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist and Skin Specialist, First Floor, 121 W. Liverpool St., (Opp. Show's), Sydney. Phone: 214502.

HOURS: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Saturday, 10 a.m. to 12 noon.***

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Then keeps others away . . .

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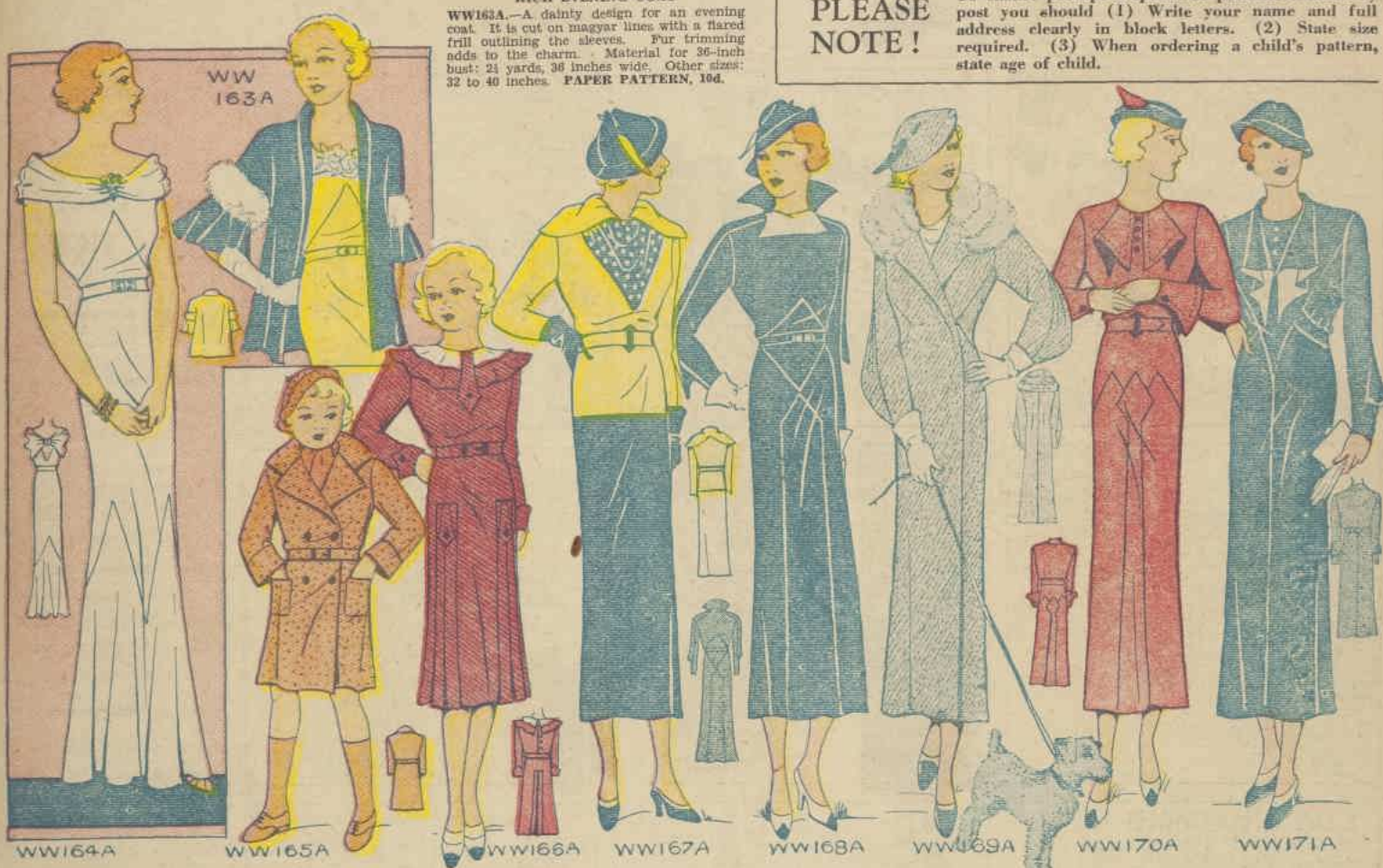
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KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN



STRIKING MODEL

WW164A.—A striking model for an evening frock. The low flare and neck trimming are cut on the cross. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR WINTER COSINESS

WW165A.—A cosy design for a winter coat for the schoolgirl. It is slightly double-breasted with wide revers and two-piece sleeves. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SUCH A PRETTY SKIRT

WW166A.—An ideal design for special occasions. The self-contrast collars give a soft appearance to the face. Pleated panels are inserted in the skirt. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 25 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

"SPORTS GIRL" STYLE

WW167A.—This youthful style will appeal to the sporty girl. Note the new collar worn with a spotted scarf! Plain two-piece skirt is fitted with a dart at the back. Material for 36-inch bust: Jumper: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Skirt: 1½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for use month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 418X, G.P.O., Sydney.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on previous page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 30.2.35.

RICH EVENING COAT

WW163A.—A dainty design for an evening coat. It is cut on magyar lines with a flared frill outlining the sleeves. Fur trimming adds to the charm. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

WITH MEDICI COLLAR

WW168A.—An attractive frock giving a youthful line. A striking effect is given with the sleeve trimming and Medici collar. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 30 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

A COAT FOR WINTER

WW169A.—A smart coat for winter with a novel sleeve trimming. The shaped pieces in the side front bring the coat into the figure. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MAKE IT IN TWEED

WW170A.—Make this frock in one of the new winter tweeds. Neck trimming and cuffs are lined with contrast. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 28 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FLATTERING STYLE

WW171A.—A becoming design for a matron. Skirt features a seam back and front. The favored jabot is lined with contrast. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes: 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



Special Three-in-One Gift Pattern

For special three-in-one gift pattern, see opposite page.

OUR FREE PATTERN

THE design we have chosen for this week's free pattern is an advanced winter model introducing some of the special features of the season.

The cross-over fastening portrays a tailored effect, or, outlining it with pleated frilling, you may have a softer silhouette.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust.

Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.

How you can make dingy teeth shades whiter By Removing "Bacteria-Plaque"



KOLYNOS METHOD OF CLEANSING REMOVES STAIN—Makes Teeth Whiter Than You Believed Possible.

Now all of you who have dull, stained, dingy-looking teeth can make them sparkling white and healthy by following this quick, simple, easy practice.

It is the scientific way to give your teeth new clearness, new lustre, new attractive whiteness impossible to obtain by ordinary methods.

To many of you the results will be surprising—especially to those who wrongly think that dull, stained, off-colour teeth are natural.

To-morrow morning brush your teeth with just a half-inch of Kolynos on a DRY brush. Use no water on your tooth brush. Then look in your mirror. See for yourself what it does. In a few brushings stain disappears and in just three days your teeth look whiter—shades whiter.

You will find Kolynos is different from

any tooth paste or powder you have ever used. It contains the finest cleansing and whitening properties plus another ingredient which Dental Authorities agree should be added to remove the "bacteria-plaque" which makes teeth so dingy and yellow looking.

In this way Kolynos removes ugly stain and whitens and brightens teeth—without the use of harsh or gritty abrasives.

If you want to get rid of stain and dullness, and want sparkling white teeth, give up ordinary ways of brushing and start using Kolynos. Try it for just three days and see what a remarkable improvement is made in the appearance of your teeth. You'll say it's wonderful!

Sold by all Chemists and stores. Kolynos lasts twice the usual time—because you use half as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

by HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

It was Friday morning, and a very agitated man visited Wunderlust.

His name was Mr. Sims, and he explained to Wunderlust that, try as he would, he could never get a tenant to stay in his big cottage by the river longer than a week. Every person who had rented the place up to date had said that the house was haunted.

Wunderlust told him he would do everything possible for him; in fact, he would go so far as to stay in the house the next week-end and find out for sure if there were any truth in the rumors. He soon jotted down the address, and saw Mr. Sims safely off the premises.

This done, he went in search of Fred and told him about his visitor and what he intended doing over the week-end.

Fred immediately said he would go too, and so the two anxiously waited for the next day to dawn.

Saturday morning soon came round, and they set off for the haunted house. It was soon reached, and certainly, in the

GOOD WORK

PRIZE OF 5/- for best letter goes to BETTY FLUMMER, Wilgara, Smithtown, Mackay River, N.S.W.

For the best coloring of the sketch that appeared in March 9 issue, NEVILLE ANDERSON (14), 21 Murray St., Denile N.S.W., wins the prize of 5/-.

daytime, Fred thought it looked anything but ghostly.

But, by twelve o'clock that night, Fred had changed his mind—what was that noise in the hall?

He turned over in his bed to ask Wunderlust and imagine his surprise when he found Wunderlust was gone.

The noise still continued, and then there was a heavy crash. Immediately Wunderlust burst into the bedroom.

"DON'T get nervous, Fred," he said breathlessly, "we have certainly got ourselves into something I never dreamt of. We've hit upon a band of smugglers."

"What? Smugglers?" said Fred incredulously.

"Yes, smugglers all right, and they're certainly pretty clever. I met one in the hall dressed up like a ghost. Anyway, I don't think he'll bother us for an hour or so. I've also phoned the police, so I'd better keep a watch out for them."

Wunderlust then went off, and soon about a dozen burly policemen were searching the house. They found several smugglers, all dressed in white robes.

Also, there was an underground cellar and a passage which led right to the river bank.

Needless to say, after Wunderlust's discovery, Mr. Sims was able to let his house quite easily.

Gill's Letter

MY Dear Jacks and Jills—

This week I want every one of you to promise me something, and that is that when you find yourself in a crowd, you won't push. Glancing through a newspaper is one thing, but one day, I came across the following paragraph on "pushing":

Many interesting things have been learned of late about the mechanics of great crowds. To look down upon a mass of people, or to struggle through it, the group seems to be governed by no rules whatever. It has been found that the mass force of a crowd, even when each man is it is unconscious of pushing just a trifle, develops a force which will tear down the heaviest timbers. The police who attempt to stop it are swept aside. People are crushed to death in its human tide.

Now, there is also another kind of push. I mean the sort that helps people get on. Unless you have this push you won't go very far. To make your mark in the world you must forge ahead on your own, and not wait for a push from someone else. Many chances are lost by waiting. Seize every opportunity to improve yourselves. Good-bye until next week.

Cheerily Yours, JILL.

A HAPPY NIGHT

By CLAUDIA HOWES.

THE fairies held their yearly ball. One lovely night in June. They sweetly sang and gaily danced in the silken light of the moon.

There were wee sprites and goblins, A tiny elf or two, Who drank from golden buttercups A cocktail mixed with dew.

And thus the ball continued, 'Till the fairy of the Morn, Across the starry heavens, Drew her curtain of the Dawn.

Prize of 5/- to CLAUDIA HOWES (15), 14 Livingstone St., Murrumbidgee, Newcastle, N.S.W.

MOONRISE

By MERIEL MATHESON.

ONE evening last week I was sitting on our verandah. A nice cool breeze was blowing. I noticed the moon rising over Fraser Island. The great ball of gold shied peeped over the horizon, as though frightened to continue her journey, while a clear shaft of light shined over the shimmering sea, making it look like a fairy trail. The rim of gold rose higher and higher, and presently there stood the queen of the night, looking down upon the calm, peaceful world. The soft light sparkled on the rippling water like diamonds, and the whole picture was one of wondrous beauty. The cool breeze that reached me was scented with the fragrance of our flower garden, and as I sat there I threw back my head to breathe in the sweetness.

Prize of 5/- to MERIEL MATHESON (16), Glen Oak, Murrumbidgee, via Maryborough, Qld.

A JOLEY GAME

A game which calls for concentration, but which is very fascinating, is the "What is There?" game. About two dozen articles are placed on a tray and players are allowed to see them for a minute or two. The tray is then removed, and the players try to write a complete list of the objects. This game is very simple, but you must have your thinking cap on to think of the things you saw.

Prize Card to JEAN HAZEL, Coghlin St., Kapunda, S.A.

But: What's the handiest ant in the house, Jack?

Jack: I don't know.

But: Servant (servant), of course!

Prize Card to IRENE GILL, Cecil Park, via Liverpool, N.S.W.

About Ourselves

JEAN DICKIN, of Brookville (N.S.W.), likes painting and sketching; PATRICIA KEITH, of Glenbury (Qld.), is very fond of playing tennis; EDGAR HILSON, of Penrith (N.S.W.), writes good verse; LAURA ELDER, of Towamba (Qld.), likes swimming and camping; COLIN HOOKS, of Wallaroo (S.A.), writes an interesting letter; L. COOKLEY, of East Malvern (Vic.), reads our page every week; MAIRIE AMOS, of South Grafton (N.S.W.), has a new bicycle; BETTY BINTO, of St. Kilda (Vic.), enjoys reading the stories and verse published in our paper; JESSIE WASON, of Goomeri (Qld.), rides four miles to school; PHYLLIS CHERLEY, of Barrowby (Vic.), writes an interesting letter; SHIRLEY HEMAHON, of Camden (N.S.W.), lives on a farm 45 miles from Sydney; TRABEL CROWNS, of Bundaberg (Qld.), writes a good letter; MARGARET LOCK, of Melbourne, reads a great number of books; MAIRIE MCKINNON, of Richmond River (N.S.W.), is fond of writing letters; JACK MACKAY, of Townsville (Qld.), has three dogs for his pets; ALICE DUNN, of Bendigo (Vic.), will be nine this August; FRANK MUNRO, of Fort Pitt (S.A.), has a new bicycle; BOB CRAWFORD, of Timbalah (Nth. Qld.), goes to the rural school and learns carpentering; PEARL KATHAM, of Melbourne, enjoys reading the stories and jokes on our page; PHYLLIS PASCOE, of Richmond (Qld.), buys our paper every week, and enjoys the drawing and painting competitions.

JEAN FROST, of Grafton (N.S.W.), always reads about Terry and Teddy; MERIEL GOWAN, of Denning West (Vic.), is a good letter writer; JACK GUMMING, of Auckland (N.Z.), is coming to Sydney in June and will visit his aunt at Llandudno; MARY ELLIS, of Cairns (Qld.), has four canaries for her pets; DON THROUPE, of Mildura (Vic.), will be fifteen in May; CECILY REED, of North Sydney (N.S.W.), is fond of hiking, swimming, running and playing tennis; JACK MASON, of Brisbane (Qld.), likes riding his black dog; MARY EVERARD, of Dandenong (N.S.W.), has twenty-five muskies; ROWAN MANN, of Ipswich (Qld.), likes swimming and diving.



Above is MONICA EARLE, of Kensington.

FOR FUN & FANCY

Willy was smiling and his mother said, "Are you quite sure, Willy, that you can cut your own meat?"

"Oh, yes," replied Willy, "we often have as much as this at home."

Prize Card to RONNIE RULE, Eyre, Prairies, N. Qld.

Doctor: How did you get to this hospital?

Patient: Flu.

Prize Card to L. WANNAN, 65 Balfour St., Prospect, N.S.W.

Jonas: Does Brown borrow many implements from you?

Smith: Borrow? Why, I feel more at home on his farm than on my own.

Prize Card to HELEN STEPHARD, Baxley, Tenterfield, N.S.W.

Teacher: Words ending in "us" mean "full of" as "stupor," full of joy, and "vigorous," full of vigor. Now Jack, give me an example of such a word.

Jack: Plena, sir?

Prize Card to JACK WRIGHT, 111 Railway Rd., St. Peters, N.S.W.

This week I've newly gone to school. I did have some suspension.

I thought that "eye" must be a boy. But I find it's exactly.

Prize Card to CATHERINE GILL, John St., Rosewood, Qld.

Teacher: A fathom is 6ft. Can anyone give me a sentence using the word?

Pupil: Yes, sir. Fins are able to walk on the ceiling because they have fathoms.

Prize Card to MARGARET WHITEMAN, Box 21, Clare, S.A.

JUST TERRY. Prize of 5/- to Jean Hagar, Denison St., Maitland, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white. Color in nicely with paints and chalks and send entry to Jill, Box 15111, G.P.O., Sydney, no later than April 10. Prize of 5/- will be given for the prettiest entry.

Author: This is the plot of my new story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily towards the house. They climb a wall and force open a window and enter the room. The clock strikes one.

Bored thief: Which one?

Prize Card to JACK SIMON, 9 Martin St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.





SMOOTHNESS AND SPEED! The MONKEY BRAND Motto

It doesn't take a minute to rub up the paintwork or the soap-panels with Monkey Brand. Use it for all your housework—it leaves smooth scratchless surfaces. And the kiddies can collect the animal pictures—they'll love them!

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED



SLEEP'S DEEPEST FRIEND

O.B. Leader

SHEETING
Guaranteed for 5 Years and it's a Casarino Production

VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 40

"I ASKING you, am I Lord Chief or am I not?" Sereny demanded. "You lectured me, you threw the beams in the pot, and they been counted and my name on mis'. Thass not one year ago. Lord Chief, he holds always for one year. Now I say, we have 'nother lottery, because one woman gone, and me. I have two chances, same as before. Thass what I say."

A babel of voices answered him. The married men thought that things might as well remain as they were. The men whose wives had been carried away were keen for another chance. The three lucky ones shouted their disapproval. And above all, piercing through, rose the shrill voice of the old Pastor, cursing like the Book of Hosea.

Nobody minded him for once. The men were on their feet, fists clenched; some of them looking round for fire-stones and heavy bowls, to take the place of the weapons that were always left outside. Sereny, scarlet-faced, shot forth order after order, without effect. "Police!" he yelled. "Micah, Jonathan, Moses! Stop fighting, go an' put your badges on!" The three young men who constituted the police force of Vainamu—an innovation due to Sereny's rule—heard him not. Micah, the sergeant, was too busy wrenching firestones out of the ground to pay attention to anyone but himself; Constable Moses, with a wooden plate, was hatching Constable Jonathan over the head because the latter, in a moment of expansion, had told him that his wife would probably be glad to sell him for a bunch of rotten bananas. If there were any takers, and that he, Jonathan, happened to have more bananas in his garden than he knew what to do with.

The noise was like the racket of a dog show. Sereny, shouting at his loudest, could effect nothing; the Pastor had already done enough cursing to blast the entire company, with luck, and was still going on, unheeded; Malachi the only one of the crowd who had kept his head, was leaning against the main pillar of the house, watching the fight with a cynical grin. Micah, getting hold of a stable stone at last, uttered a yell of rage, and struck out at Azarias, who had just been telling him, with a sneer, that he, Azarias, had got the best one of the lot, and he'd see Micah, and twenty of his sort, spilt like kippered flying-fish, before he'd let them walk on the same side of the road as Lady Galland. Azarias dodged, caught the constable by one ankle and overset him, and he fell into the midst of a group of five squabbling bachelors, and tumbled them all down.

SUDDENLY the tumult died. Like a boiling pot quelled by cold water, the men's house became quiet. People were petrified where they stood; remained motionless with rocks, pots, plates ready in their hands. It was like the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, at the moment when the witch's spell came into action, and struck the whole place into stone.

No spell, however, had fallen upon the men's house of Vainamu, unless one might have reckoned, under that designation, the oldest, simplest spell of all. Rispah, sprung from no one knew where, stood between the pillars of the house. Rispah, decked in her pearls, her earrings, her armlets of glittering shell; Rispah in a tunic embroidered with scarlet seeds that shone like drops of blood, with chains of drunken-sweet frangipanni flowers about her neck, with a fillet of red hibiscus holding back the live mass of her red-gold hair; Rispah in all her beauty, in all the unlovely charm that had made her sovereign lady over the hearts of the men of Vainamu.

She stood for a moment half in and half out of the house: it was forbidden for any woman to approach that place, doubly forbidden to enter—but Rispah knew no law; she had, years ago, tossed her cap over the windmill, and stood to abide by the result. It seemed that she was favoring with pleasure, the effect of her appearance.

When quiet had fallen she lifted a splendid arm, tinkling with island jewellery, and said:

"You men, you listen me. I got something to say."

Like leaves turning sunward, their faces turned towards Rispah. Only two in all that crowd seemed indifferent to the charm that radiated from the magnificent figure standing between the pillars of the house. The Pastor looked at her with a frown. He had preached against Rispah, directly and indirectly, he had refused to allow her to enter the island church, and had been obliged to rescind his decision on the grounds, put before him by the Council, that no one should be deprived of his or her chance to "find salvation." It was suggested that Rispah was wont to find a good deal more than salvation at the

Sunday services; but the Pastor, who had learned his lesson, made a point of not seeing her whenever she graced the church with her disturbing presence.

Of late she had kept out of his way; almost allowing him to forget her existence; so, when he saw her actually daring to intrude into the men's house in open daylight, he experienced all the annoyance that a common man might have suffered under the return of some handsomely furred, bright-eyed, hated cat that he had caused to be driven away. He fixed her with a glare that should have burned the embroidery from her dress and withered the frangipanni chain upon her neck.

Rispah only smiled in return. She could do very well with any emotion, friendly or hostile. Indifference alone stung her.

Malachi, catching her eye, met it coolly looked away, and began to cut new holes in his pipe.

He wanted to show her . . .

He showed her rather more than he thought. She had satisfied himself that Malachi had nothing to do with Eleanor's disappearance. The Pastor had gone no further than a sort of general suspicion. But Rispah, in one moment of flashing intuition, guessed that Malachi had carried her off.

How else could he—dared he—have become indifferent to herself?

Nothing of this did she allow to appear. She dropped her eye-lashes long and thick as rushes in a pool, and looked slyly at the men. Yes, she held them; she had them in the cushiony pink hollow of her hand.

"We want," she said, "me, Judith, Sila, Damaris, Sarah, Asenath—we want to cast lots."

The Pastor got going then.

"Cast lots! There's been enough casting lots by this accursed generation of vipers, who do nothing but eat and fight, and sleep in church, and neglect their Pastor's dues of corn and oil; thass bananas and coconuts, I mean. . . . Cast lots! I like to see you cast them any more. Thass women—these stranger-women—"

Rispah coolly interrupted.

"No stranger-women. Men."

"What do you men, you daughter of Satan? Men? What—"

Rispah repeated: "Me, Judith, Sila, Damaris, Asenath, Sarah want to cast lots for marrying these strange men."

THERE was a dismayed silence. The men of Vainamu knew well enough that local custom permitted the re-marriage of a widow— which Rispah was, officially—and of wives whose husbands were decrepit, old, or crippled. Judith and Fricella were married to men much older than themselves. The husband of Damaris was crippled by a fall. Asenath and Sarah were mated to two brothers of weak intellect and feeble physique, whom they had accepted perforce, because they themselves were unattractive and plain—almost the only plain women in all Vainamu.

And now Rispah, as spokeswoman for these others, was demanding women's rights, a thing never heard of in Vainamu, and scarcely even whispered as yet—if they had known—in the world outside. She wanted to see women put on an equality with men. She wanted, she and her friends (none of whom bore the best of reputations) to cast lots among the attractive strangers, even as the men had done. There was no way of preventing her, under the ordinary laws of the island, which had never contemplated such emergencies. But she was greeted, in reply, with a shout of "No!" that fairly shook the roof. The men, precedent or no precedent, were not going to give in.

Rispah had expected that; she knew very well that no man liked to give a woman what she asked for straight-away; it was a bad principle; you didn't know what she mightn't be wanting next. . . . Yes, she knew all about that; she could laugh at it.

But she could not laugh at what she saw in the men's faces. This blank dismay—this stony annoyance. What had she struck? Plainly, her request had crossed the line of some desire, some plan, about which she knew nothing. So they were having secrets, were they? She would teach them.

She looked at them and laughed a little; it was not a pleasant laugh. "All right," she said, turned with a splendid sweep and was gone.

The men, left alone, stared at each other "with a wild surmise"; no one, for a minute or two, venturing to speak. Then Sereny took the lead.

"This woman," he gasped. "This woman—" He seemed about to choke.

Shem chuckled uncomfortably. "All the women," he elaborated. "All the same. Never know where you having them. Put your hand down—pup! They jump like a frog, you haven't got them. No knowing where they gone.

Please turn to Page 46



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Descriptive of West Australia
IN Hobart, at the Government Tourist Bureau, one may spend an intriguing half-hour glancing through the "Remarks" column in the visitors' book. When over recently, I turned up one entry in which the visitor gave his address as West Australia, and opposite were four words only, "A change from Hades!"—C.

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VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 45

"BUT something you can know," he continued, pausing for the rhetorical question that should have followed. It did not follow. The men were not paying much attention, each being occupied with his own private problem—what was going to become of his comfort, if the women went about demanding to be treated the same as himself? Blasphemy!

Shem answered his own question, as many a disappointed orator has been obliged to do. "You can always know she's up to mischief, wherever she's gone to," he declared.

Nobody answered. The spirit had gone out of the meeting. Seremy, collecting himself, put once more the question of a new drawing. "I am the Lord Chief," he protested. "It's not right I have nothing. I ought to choose first. I wanted that girl called Herti. Malachi, he let her go like a fool, and she kill herself. We'll have another draw, and Malachi he give me his chance; thass make three chances for me."

Shem looked at him from under frosty brows. He had drawn the little beauty Adeline, and had no desire to see anything changed. But he realised that the power of Seremy was by no means gone. With Seremy, so long as he was Lord Chief, remained the dread privilege of the death sentence. Several times in the history of the island that sentence had been carried out.

Well, there were ways—and Shem, older and more experienced than the others, cunning by nature, thought he knew of one or two. In the meantime there could be no harm in agreeing to this idea of a new deal. He'd see it didn't go too far.

The discussion began again; but long before anything had been decided the Pastor came down on them with a warning that had been slowly incubating in his mind during the last quarter of an hour.

"Listen, you froward people. There's no use talking 'bout a new drawing. Rixpah—he described her in a few red-hot words, culled from the choicest denunciations in the Old Testament—'Rixpah is like the harlot Rahab, who let down a red string and saved the holy prophet Elijah from his enemies; because Jehovah the Lord He choose to work with dirty digging-stick sometimes, same as you work in your gardens. Rixpah she's the dirty stick that the Lord He's using to save you from your sins. If she and them women get their accursed heads together, I tell you, you can't commit that big sin you planned to do. And you may thank Rixpah and the Lord Jehovah for that; you wouldn't listen to me.'"

IT seemed that the men understood him; they looked conscious, like children caught planning a raid upon the jam cupboard. But no one opened his mouth. The "big sin," it seemed, would not bear talking about. Only Seremy looked discontented, and seemed about to say something.

"I know what you going to say," the old man declared. "He was on his feet,

looking—in his long, white robes, with his silver beard twisted into ropes that hung far down his hollowed chest—for all the world like Michelangelo's terrible statue of Moses. No one there had ever heard of Michelangelo, but they recognised the old Pastor's dignity and power. "You going to say that you're Lord Chief, and life and death is in yo' hands. You got to remember that there's a bigger Lord than you, and He can send down fire and lightning from heaven to burn you up, like a grasshopp' when they set light to the grass, and you go off pop, if the Lord wills. First yo' wicked plans go pop, and now by-n-by, you. Thass enough. This meeting finish."

They straggled out into the wind and the sun; into the long morning that on Vainamu seemed to stretch over two-thirds of the day. A very picture of human life was then the day of Vainamu; is the day, to-day, of the islands, wherever they remain untouched by civilisation. Dawn, crystalline and pure; early day, long and sweet, like childhood; forenoon, lasting (so it seems) forever, with time, time for everything, no hurry at all; are not afternoon, evening, night, a world away? High noon at last, and time, still without limit. Time to lie in the shade of the fruited mangoes and sing island songs, to swing the canoe paddle, and glide among the shoals of jewel-colored fish.

Afternoon... Yellow-gold, till now the sun turns white-gold at last. There's a cold blue shade on the sea, like the color of soilla blossoms grown in snowtime. There's a homeless look about the long beaches, where shadows dance, where people seldom go. "There's a whisper down the field..."

Quicker, far quicker than it scaled the sky (or so it seems to you) the sun drops down. Birds chatter, settling for the dark; frogs croak and cicadas sing a loud, short requiem, swiftly ended; who troubles about the death of to-day? There are days and days; there'll be another to-morrow.

Night, and the stars...

It has passed before you knew, that which seemed so long was short after all. Something has played a jest on you, a macabre sort of jest—but, after all, you have enjoyed it, and you know that you will sleep well.

The parable of the island day... Rixpah, running fast, in her short dress, made her way from the men's house to the spot, sheltered by breadfruit trees, whence there rose from time to time a steady rattling noise. There, she knew, the women were busy over their task of making cloth for universal wear; tappa cloth, manufactured from the white pith of the paper mulberry, which they soaked in water and then beat with mallets against the keel of a canoe, until it felt itself into sheets of silky material fit for the shoulders of a queen.

All over the island world the tappa party (like the civilised sewing circle) provides a local news exchange; there gossip originates, characters are discussed, experience of love and marriage generally passed on. What the sewing circle, or the tappa party, does not say, is not worth saying; what it does not know is certainly not knowledge.

Rixpah burst into the midst of the rank of women who were squatting over the upturned canoes, beating and beating at the tappa cloth with little mallets that moved not more rapidly than the beaters' tongues. She took her place at the end of the rank, seized a mallet, and tapping away, began:

"Listen, all of you! Her voice rose above the ceaseless rattle of the mallets; above the current of gossip that accompanied it. 'Listen. Do you wish for your men to have secrets from you?'

One by one, the mallets were silenced. This was serious. This was revolt... "No," two or three of the beaters answered. "They can't," objected a fourth.

"Well, they having secrets. Big secrets," Rixpah she told of her claim; of her demand, and the demand of the others, to be allowed to draw lots for the hands of the stranger men. "They very wild with me," she went on, "but I don't mind that; they're all liking Rixpah all the same."

A certain hardness in the universal gaze fixed upon her warned her to change her subject, if not her note.

"Well, When I ask for us to have

lottery, all the same as them, they don't make fun, they don't put off—that way men do—you know."

Heads were nodded. The women did know. "But they all look at one another, like they saying: 'She don't understand.' And they say all together—like the frog when he says 'Gaw, gaw,' twenty of him all the same down in the mares—they say 'No!'" She put on a manly air, and mimicked the men, speaking in chorus.

"I know they have a secret, they going to do something we not to hear. Thass what I knowing, days an' days. They say—I listened, I heard—that they going to go to the women, the strange women, day after to-morrow, and tell them something; and then the men, their own men, will make them marry the Vainamu men. Pastor he says: 'No wantonness on this island.' She broke off long enough to send a scornful laugh ringing through the arcade of breadfruit trees. "He says: 'This women must marry, I marry them, or Pastor Robinson marry them, but married proper.' As if," the beauty said, bristling after a fashion forgotten for generations in the world unknown to Vainamu, "as if that mattered!"

THE women had taken up their mallets again; they tapped rhythmically, hammering out the little tune that from time immemorial had been the accompaniment of the work of tappa beating. Some of them sang as they worked. It was clear that Rixpah's information moved them; moved them; equally clear that they did not care for the source from which it came.

Judith was the first to speak. She was a handsome, heavy creature, with the common-stock blue eyes and fair hair. An expression of chronic discontent seemed to mark her out from the ordinary type. Most Vainamu women looked happy.

Laying down her mallet, she said: "I want to send my man Mahershal-habaz to the Old Men's house. It's the cemetery he should be in, but he won't go."

"Me, too," Priscilla agreed. "I like Joachim to go to the Old Men. I like to marry again. I like," she went on, "to marry that Charlie, him with the eyebrows on his mouth, who laughs sometimes, very nice, then he remembered he can't laugh, he make sad face again. I make him happy face, if I have him."

"Charlie," proclaimed Judith, gripping her mallet, "is mine. Nobody going to make his face happy but me."

"You can have Gerald," Priscilla said, beginning to tap again.

"If anyone take Gerald but me," Rixpah announced, in a dangerously quiet voice, "I cut the insides out of her and from them to the fishes for bait. You understand that. Now, you listen to me; you all silly fools, but I going to help you, and for my pay I have the strong man, Gerald. Now it's this. Our men saying they're going to do something will make the women marry them. What's that?"

"Hit them on the head with a club," suggested a fairy-like little blonde. "No, fool! That's a very good way, but the Pastor—"

Judith made a mooring noise with her mouth.

"Yes, thass what I think, but we can't help it. No clubs. Well, they going to make the strange men make the women marry them, they say."

None of the listening women seemed to be puzzled over this hash of pronouns. Some of them nodded heads. Others demanded loudly: "How?"

Rixpah leant forward. "This was her moment. The cleverest, as well as the handsomest, of the Vainamu women, driven as she had been by the monotony of island life to spice her days by flaming-love affairs, she had resented, always, the scorn, the national ostracism forced on her as the price for her fun. Now, it seemed she was coming into her own. It rested with her to unravel the secret that the men had dared to keep from their woman-kind. The whole thing had come to her in a flash as she left the men's house; and like a flash she had run to the tappa-manufacturing ground to share her news.

To be continued



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AUSTRALIAN Women's Rowing TITLE!

Four Crews will Fight for Supremacy in Adelaide

Oarswomen in Australia are looking forward to the annual interstate contest that is to take place at Port Adelaide on April 27.

Four crews will compete and it is expected that the result will be closer than was the case last year when New South Wales won, with Queensland, South Australia, and Victoria following in that order.

HEREWITH are some particulars of the crews furnished by our correspondents in the different States.

"Lucky Adelaide" is a title which could well be applied to the Adelaide Ladies' Rowing Club crew.

From being merely a social club, Adelaide ladies found themselves S.A. champions after only three weeks' training, and will therefore represent their State in the interstate races in April.

They had another stroke of luck in their coach, Leo Forrestall, who was able to borrow for their use a fine clinker racing boat—the property of Prince Alfred College, for which he is also a coach.

Adelaide Stroke

ONLY one member of the S.A. championship crew has ever taken part in an interstate race before. She is Rose Dorman (stroke), who has had plenty of interstate experience, as this will be her sixth interstate race, although it will be her first race as stroke of any crew. She has rowed in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Hobart, and in an emergency interstate race in Perth when a crew of South Australian girls were visiting West Australia. Formerly, Rose rowed for the Riverside Ladies' Club—the club that her crew beat for the S.A. championship.

Although this will be her first interstate rowing race, Miss T. Smyth has had rowing experience in Victoria and

in New South Wales, in which States she lived before coming to Adelaide. In Victoria, particularly, she did a lot of rowing, and in 1928 won the pair-oar State championship there. Altogether, she has been rowing for six or seven years, but this is not her only sporting interest. She is one of the few girls who have ridden a racing bicycle (but not in a race) from Melbourne to Adelaide and, on another occasion, from Adelaide to Melbourne.

Miss Smyth belonged to a crew in Victoria which contested the championships in that State several times, and which on three separate occasions were runners-up for the title.

The "baby" of the Adelaide crew is Eileen Sayers, who has been rowing for only nine months, all told. She joined the Association at the end of last season, and took her place in the boat on Saturday afternoons. Within a few weeks she found herself the winner of a little silver cup presented by Mrs. J. Thomas (whose family is well known in Adelaide's rowing circles) for the most improved oarswoman of the season. Eileen is also a member of St. Francis Xavier's tennis team.

Gwen Reid joined the Adelaide Women's Club this season. She has done very little in the way of rowing races, although she has done two years' actual rowing, and has been interested in the sport since 1931. She was a member of the crew which recently won a maiden race (four-oar) at Murray Bridge, and she also competed with the Riverside crew at Berri. She captains the Railway basketball team.

The average age of the South Aus-

tralian interstate crew is 23 years, and the average weight is about 10st. 7lb.

The fact that the South Australian interstate crew was only formed three weeks before the S.A. championships were contested has raised great interest in Adelaide rowing circles. None of the girls smokes, and their only diet is doing without potatoes and pastry. They have been training for about an hour every evening, and on Sunday mornings, but for the next few weeks will train only about three times a week, and resume more energetic training immediately before the interstate race at Port Adelaide on April 27.

Melbourne Crew

WINNERS of the Victorian championships three times in succession, Essendon Ladies' Rowing Club crew will represent Victoria in the interstate championships in Adelaide in April.

Miss Millie Anderson, who will stroke this year's crew, has rowed in every interstate championship. She has been rowing for eight years. Jessie Doolan, another member of this year's crew, rowed in last year's interstate event. The other two, Misses M. Mudford and V. Kean, are newcomers.

THE ADELAIDE CREW, which defeated Riverside crew at Port Adelaide recently, and thus won the right to represent South Australia at the interstate races at Port Adelaide on April 27. The crew is as follows: Miss T. Smyth (1), Miss Eileen Sayers (2), Miss Gwen Reid (3), and Miss Rose Dorman (stroke), and Mr. Leo Forrestall (coach).

Mrs. Gideon, who has been associated with the Essendon Club for ten years and was secretary for seven years, will go to Adelaide as manageress, and her daughter, Rose, is coach and captain of the crew, which began training last week.

The Bundaberg crew, which has won the Queensland championship for two years in succession, will represent Queensland. They will leave for Adelaide by train on April 16, with Mrs. A. E. Lewis as their manageress. This same crew came second in the Australian championship in Sydney last year. They are all Bundaberg girls, and Miss A. Hammon, who stroked the crew and is a dressmaker by trade, is an expert swimmer. Though she doesn't enter for anything now, she was a champion a few years ago, and weighs over 12 stone. Miss

F. Crossett, who rows 3, is the most experienced member of the crew, as she has been in it for four or five years.

The other members of the crew are Miss P. Briggenshaw (2), Miss R. Grossman (bow), and Miss C. Morehead (cox).

New South Wales

THE New South Wales crew will be the same as represented this State last year. Angela Mann, again strokes the crew which comprises May Harvey, Van Williams and Eileen Riley. The emergency is Nea Walcott.

This crew has been practising assiduously over the last few weeks.

Training plays a big part in the life of a rower, and these girls diet and train strictly to the dictates of their coach.



EASTER Camps for SPORTSWOMEN

By RUTH PREDDY

With the approach of Easter, many plans are now in hand for the organising of a camp for sportswomen.

These camps are of invaluable help to the sportswoman, and the benefit derived from coming in contact with girls from other clubs helps greatly with the social aspect of the game.



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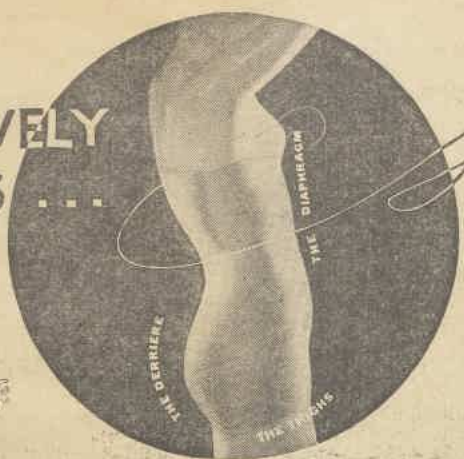
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MOON MINSTREL



By Marie
Bjelke
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"Jewelled Nights"
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etc., etc.



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MOON MINSTREL

By MARIE BJELKE PETERSEN

BOOK 1 CHAPTER 1



FULL moon peered cautiously over the ink rim of trees into the open jaws of Ghost Gully.

The moon was brave, but it had to exercise caution now, for this gorge was a dangerous spot; even the most courageous miner in the district would not descend the great timber-lined abyss after sunset. Bleached human bones had been found down there under the dense tangle of shrubs and trees. And there always proceeded from the huge well-like deep, that eerie sound of tumbling water—water which could not be seen, but merely proclaimed its presence by a weird muffled roar. Also a man who had once ventured down the terrible slope in the dusk had seen strange ghostly shapes moving in and out among the trees. He had fled in panic, but when he reached the mining-camp an hour later, his dark hair had faded to white.

And Ghost Gully was bottomless, at least no one had ever reached the base of the deep, for where the bottom should have been, it fell away into two rows of terrible cliffs between which a swift dark river—the Black Serpent, roared its treacherous way. The moon shuddered a little as it glanced into the fearful vacancy which melted into a blur of black timber two thousand feet below.

Then the huge luminous disc rose a little higher, and losing interest in the gaping chasm, fixed its attention on the mountains that walled the northern side of the deep. They were huge fantastically shaped blocks of stone, heavily timbered to the waist, exposing the upper portion of their naked squared bodies boldly to the investigating glances of the moon.

The pallid rays explored crags and tumbled about among crevices and great conglomerate boulders; they lit up stunted trees and bushes clinging frantically to the precipitous slopes and turned towering peaks into fairy castles of silver.

Presently they picked out an old decrepit shanty that had somehow found foothold among the rocks, a little above the forest-line.

The moon all at once halted as if it had discovered something of peculiar interest. In the open doorway of the hut sat a girl, her white-clad figure outlined clearly against the background of the unit room behind her.

She was sitting very still, looking across the black basin-like deep gazing beneath her, at the enormous moon staring at her from above the opposite mountains.

She had evidently been playing, for her hands clasped a stretched-out melodeon which for the moment rested inertly on her knees.

Presently, however, while still keeping her gaze on the big white disc floating over the opposite ridge, she began to play once more.

But the music that came stealing out from her instrument held no ordinary tunes, it was rather strains of little broken moonbeams which had strayed into the melodeon and now found their way back into the luminous night.

As she played, the girl had her face tilted towards the sky and did not notice that a dark-haired youth had come round the corner of the shanty and stood sideways leaning against the hut, watching her.

The moon had now climbed higher into

the sky and was quite oblivious of the deep and the huge rugged mountains. It was soaring into space, like a great white bird, pouring out its heart in an ecstasy of all-verged song.

The man remained motionless, his coarse-featured profile sharply shadowed on the rough boards of the hut.

Presently he spoke: "I say, Myrta, whatever are you playing to-night—I can't make sense of it."

Her hands ceased their alternate pressing and drawing out the instrument, and she turned her head for a moment in his direction. "I didn't know you were there, Dan." Then once more fixing her gaze into the radiant spaces, she replied to his question: "The moonlight is full of little white tunes and my melodeon is trying to pick them up. But they are like the little restless moths—hard to catch."

He was silent and her strong young hands began to draw music from her instrument again.

AFTER a pause he suddenly exclaimed, "Myrta, you do play something beautiful! You're just letting out lots of them fluttering bits of moths you were talking about and they are flying all over the place."

She laughed and the note was both clear yet elusive as the moonlight. "I've got all sorts of things inside my melodeon." Her tone grew slightly confidential. "Sometimes it is full of flowers, red, white, pink and blue, and they all come tumbling out as I play; on other days it's got little birds inside, fire-tails, bright green parrots and black and white cockatoos that all chatter loudly as they fly away."

After a pause she went on: "A melodeon is a queer instrument: it holds all the wild bush things. And—other things, too. Do you know," once more her voice became confiding, "sometimes it seems as if something from in here," she laid her hand over her heart, "goes right into the melodeon, and when I play it comes out and I can never get it back."

The man came a little nearer and stood fidgeting with his big hands. It was evident he wanted to say something, but could find no other mode of expression than the awkward movement of his large fingers.

Myrta's mood became reflective. "I wonder what happens to all the pretty things that come out of my instrument—the flowers, the birds and all the rest," she said meditatively, "they must go somewhere."

"Of course." Dan was able to formulate a reply to this remark. "Why, the flowers fall down the hillside and come up in spring. The birds hop out on to the branches, and—"

"Yes?" she demanded. "What about the things that come out from here?" Once more she laid her hand over her heart.

The young man shifted his position a little. "Well, I reckon, that sort is picked up by—people. Often when I go to and from the mine, something sort comes and kind of gently startles me and makes me quite sudden-like think of you. That must be the little run-things coming from your wind-jammer, that's met me."

She had been sitting with her face lifted towards the sky, now she turned and looked at her foster-brother and in her eyes lurked the luminous magic filling the great brilliant spaces. However, she did not speak and presently she moved her gaze to the mountains across the deep.

The moonlight fell soft and radiant on her face and fair hair. It showed up the outline of her splendid young form, the firm roundness of her long shapely limbs and turned her zoned white dress into a garment of glistening whiteness.

Suddenly Myrta's glances lowered to the chasm below and her thought-current changed.

"Dan, do you really believe this gully is haunted?"

"Of course it is—everybody knows that." "Then I should like to go down and see the spooks for myself, wouldn't you?"

Young Blegg moved uneasily. "You know the Gov. won't let us go down there after dark."

"We might just go once," she coaxed. "That wouldn't hurt. What about going to-night—then we might see the ghosts for ourselves." She turned and looked at him again and there was something dark and mystic in her eyes which was not unlike the shadows lurking in the ravine.

He shifted his weight from one foot to another. "I can't do that. We must get the Gov's commission first."

In spite of his roughness and uncouth manner, young Blegg was fond of using long words, only he did not always manage to put them in the right places.

Myrta lifted her head and was about to make some scornful reply; however, before she had time to utter the words, a door opened within the hut; a broad band of dim yellow light shot into the room behind her, and there was the sound of heavy footsteps on the creaking floor.

The next moment a tall, bony woman with tousled hair stood silhouetted in the lamplight.

"Who are you talking to out there?" Mrs. Blegg demanded, leaning over the girl and thrusting her dark head through the doorway.

Then seeing her son she withdrew, as she added in her shrill yet hollow voice: "Come into the kitchen, Myrta—Dad wants yer to skin some 'roos."

The girl cast one more glance at the moon, then picking up the melodeon and tucking it under her arm, she rose and followed her foster-mother into the hut.

CHAPTER 2

THE road wound its white bare arms about the mountains and looked in terror into Ghost Gully.

People in the district had named this pass the Milky Way, because of its glistening whiteness and because it hung over the terrible vacancy.

The road had not been made very long. It used to be a mere track running from Redlands, a small township fifteen miles away, to the mine and to Badger's Creek, a scattered little settlement sixteen miles beyond.

The mine was called the Ruby Lode owing to the red hue of its tin. However, this was merely its official name, in the locality it was known as Spring-heeled Jack, for at irregular intervals a great quantity of ore mysteriously vanished. It was of course a theft, at least the directors, manager, and the police thought so, but many of the miners explained the disappearance of the tin quite another way. They thought it of an occult nature and connected it with the ghostly shapes which had been seen at night in the gully. In any case, no one had been able to find any trace of the thieves. The ore had not been taken to Badger's Creek, nor had it passed through the Ruby Lode mining-camp.

There were never any fresh wheelmarks on the road in either direction after the theft. Besides, if a dray or lorry had attempted to pass through the camp with the heavy tin, the rumbling of wheels would certainly have been heard by the alert men, for the miners were all eager to catch the robbers, as a big reward had been promised to anyone who could give information which would lead to their discovery.

The mountain-sides had been carefully searched after each theft and so had the gully. But no trace of either metal or thieves had been discovered. The disappearance of the ore was a complete mystery which no one so far had been able to solve.

The previous manager had worried himself into a nervous breakdown over the affair and had been compelled to resign his position. The new manager had arrived nine months ago and during that time there had not been any robbery.

Sassie, the old mailman, came driving along the road to the mine now in his creaky, dilapidated old buggy.

As usual he sat slightly bent forward, looking straight ahead, the loose reins in his left hand, while the right automatically flicked his thin, jogging horse with a worn-out whip.

Sassie had taken off his sloppy hat, for it was a warm day in early autumn, and his hair was fully exposed to view. It very much resembled a patch of trodden-down withered grass which lay flat and disorderly in all directions. His beard only grew on his chin and fell in a long tuft well below his throat. His eyes were pale with faded dreams and his expression was blank as he rattled along carelessly on the narrow mountain pass, unheeding of the close proximity of his wheels to the precipice.

Presently the old buggy turned a sharp corner and the Blegg's shanty, situated a little above the road, came into view.

Mrs. Blegg, known in the district as Black Jay, stood in the open doorway, brushing her hair, while she waited for the mailman.

HER hair was dark, very electric and capable of standing at almost any angle: on a windy day it was not unlike a black cat's tail.

Her face somehow suggested a piece of parched, sun-scoured land abounding in big cracks and furrows. Her eyes were a bleached black which still burned and flickered, but with dying fires.

"Goodness gracious, and what's took you?" she called in her shrill, hollow voice. "You're that late! I thought you must have dropped overboard!"

The horse, that looked ready to make its will, pulled up of its own accord.

Mrs. Blegg did not ask if there were any mail for them. They did not take any papers as none of them could read and letters rarely came their way.

Black Jay had come down the roughly hewn steps leading to the road, in a few long strides. Now she stood by the buggy fiercely brushing her unruly hair.

"We've got visitors coming," she explained the hair-brushing, "the boss's sister said she'd be in to see me this afternoon."

"Where is Myrta?" asked Sassie, moistening his dry lips.

"She's out riding. She never does anything but ride and play that confounded wind-lammer! She ought to be at home to-day and see Miss Carlton, but not she! She don't cotton to any swellin'. As long as she's got her trees and bits of tunes, she don't want nothing more. But mercy-take-me!" She broke off, throwing up her arms, "if that ain't the Carltons now!"

A car had just come in sight and a moment later it drew up below the shanty.

Mrs. Blegg hastened to greet her visitor. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed bolster-

ously. "So you've really come out to this knock-me-dizzy gully!" Her left hand pointed to the deep while she held out her right one to the smartly-dressed woman getting out of the motor.

Her brother, the manager of the Ruby Lode, who was on his way to the mine, situated a quarter of a mile farther on, raised his cap to Mrs. Blegg and after making a few pleasant remarks, set the engine going once more.

Black Jay led the way up the rocky steps and preceded her visitor into the small front room of the shanty then offering Miss Carlton the only wooden chair which still possessed a back, she went into the adjoining room to get her hair-pins.

The manager's sister was slim and of medium height. She had tan-colored eyes and hair and usually dressed in hues of that shade. Her face was pretty, but thickly powdered with freckles, and at a distance she somehow suggested a flower growing by the roadside which had been smothered with tan-colored dust.

While her hostess was absent she looked about the small dirty room, furnished with a rough table, a bench and some misnamed, wooden chairs. The fireplace was a cavernous affair built of rough irregular-shaped stones, and the high narrow mantel-shelf was ornamented with a couple of mugs and some empty talcum-powder tins.

The walls were lined with newspaper and on them hung a couple of cheap oleographs and some unframed photos tied to rusty nails with pieces of thick string.

The boards of the floor had shrunk badly and through the wide cracks there came a draught which was almost a wind.

Black Jay had now returned, her mouth full of hair-pins. She stood before her visitor and after making a tight twist of her hair, she screwed it into a small knob at the back of her head and proceeded to put in the pins. When the last one had been taken from between her strong white teeth, she apologised for not having been quite ready to receive her guest.

"You see," she explained, "we haven't got a clock in the house, and in any case we don't bother about time. Why should we? I never did believe in clocks and all them new-fangled notions. My dad never had a watch and I've never had one either. People that goes by clocks and watches, you'll notice, are always in a hurry. They keep looking at them blooming ticking things and the more they look the more they rush and tear round the place. I wouldn't have a clock in my house; it 'ud send me crazy!"

"But how do you manage about meal-times—that must be very awkward?" Miss Carlton remarked, crossing and recrossing her tan-shod feet.

"Not at all. The sun always tells you when to eat and in the wet weather when you can't see it, you just know by being hungry."

"That seems a nice easy way," observed her companion placidly.

There followed a short pause, then Mrs. Blegg suddenly pointed to one of the oleographs on the wall—a picture of a rustic cottage, lying by a country roadside, where cows were tranquilly feeding and fowls strutting about on the highly-colored grass.

"That's Melbourne," she asserted with pride.

The other woman scrutinised the picture in slight perplexity.

Black Jay misinterpreted her expression. "Haven't you heard of Melbourne? It's a bigish place over the water, where there's lots of farms and all that."

MISS CARLTON'S well-moulded lips began to twitch at the corners, but she made no comment and her hostess went on.

"There's another wopper of a place over there, I think they call it Sydney—haven't you heard of that either?"

Her companion was looking out of the

open doorway and it was some moments before she replied, "Yes, I have heard of it."

"A sort of connection of my sister's—she married a big swell, a baker on 'out coast here—went to Sydney, and while she was over there she took that combustion of the lungs, and would you believe it, snuffed out in four days! She hadn't been dumped into her grave a week, before her husband picked up that jiggling dance and now that he's come back he can't hold any of his hands straight."

"I hear you have a very beautiful daughter," Miss Carlton remarked, endeavoring to draw away the conversation from the unpleasant turn it had taken.

"Yes, Myrta's a fine strapping girl, but she's not my real daughter. We found her down the road under a big myrtle-tree," she indicated the spot through the open doorway, "when she was a tiny baby seventeen years ago. I took her and we've kept her ever since. We called her Myrta because of the tree she was found under."

"What a pretty name! But did you never find out how she came to be there—some-one must have left her of course."

"Yes, but we didn't find out who did it. The only thing we know is, that a lady, a stranger as come to Redlands at the time, had a young baby and she only stayed at the township a few days, then disappeared. No one knew where she went or what happened to her and the kid. Maybe she came out here and left the baby. But you can't be sure, for no one saw her about. If she did come, she must have been good at legging it, as she would have to foot it for sixteen miles in very rough country, for there wasn't a road in them days, only a terrible steep track right across the mountains. Anyway, if she did get here, she never returned, for she wasn't seen in Redlands again."

"How strange—couldn't the police have helped you?"

"Now what could the police do? When a body has disappeared, it's disappeared and the police can't fetch it out of nowhere as you might say. But I tell you what I think," Mrs. Blegg leaned forward and her voice lowered, "I reckon she slipped into that gorge. You see, she came at night, for the baby was here first thing in the morning, and when it was dark it would be as easy as winking to step off the truck into nothin'. They found some bones at the bottom of the gully just below here and they were smooth and sort of women-like, also there were some rags near them and a handful of hair something like Myrta's."

MISS CARLTON looked genuinely interested. "Well, that really looks as if your theory was right. Poor Myrta, she had an unhappy beginning! Has she a sad nature?"

"Not a bit. She's generally lively, but at times she gets a quiet spell on and she dotes on that gully, she is always sitting near it, when she's not out riding."

"She plays a lot, doesn't she?"

"You bet! She plays for all the dances out at the Crik and is a great dancer herself. She makes up tunes and dances out of her head and moves about to the music as if she was a sort of flower blown about by the wind. And she has that many blokes, she don't know which to choose! But my!" She broke off at all once, "here I've been gassing all the time and never offered you a bite of anything!"

On finishing speaking, she flew out into the kitchen and some moments later returned with a large bottle under her arm and a tumbler in her hand.

"This is some parsnip wine," she explained while she tried to open the bottle. Then as her fingers were not equal to the task, she put her strong teeth into the cork and pulled it out that way.

After pouring the thick amber-tinted fluid into the glass, she emptied it herself, before refilling it for her guest.

"You drink that," she invited. "It's good

stuff; I made it from some parsnips I got out at the Creek."

Miss Carlton took the glass and held it with some embarrassment between her well-gloved fingers.

Unwillingly her brother came to her rescue. He had left the mine early that afternoon, and was now tooting his horn on the road below.

Mrs. Blegg ran down the stone steps, the bottle still under her arm, to ask him in and tell him he could not take his sister away so soon.

While her hostess was absent from the room, Miss Carlton poured the heady wine quickly through one of the wide cracks in the floor, so that when Black Jay returned a little later with the mine manager, she found to her delight that her visitor's glass was empty.

CHAPTER 3

THE brilliant afternoon sunlight accentuated the gaunt cruel beauty of the mountains circling Obow Gully. It was a high fierce-looking range, abounding in precipitous slopes and great headlands with gnome-like faces, which responded with savage snarls to the dazzling smiles of the sun.

A quarter of a mile beyond the Ruby Lode, Myrta Lost came down a steep pinch of the Badger's Creek road, a wallaby slung carelessly over her left shoulder.

She had been up on the forest-covered slopes of Tin Spur, to attend to her foster-father's traps and had brought a dead animal back with her.

As a rule the game did not die in the snares, but this wallaby had been badly hurt and apparently bled to death, and there were big red stains on the girl's white dress. This, however, did not distress her; the frock was already so begrimed and torn that a little more damage could hardly be of any importance. Clothes were not Myrta's strong point. Her white stockings were dirty and full of holes. The jaunty cream woollen cap on her fair hair with the large tassels falling over one ear was also soiled, and her strap-shoes in and need of repair.

But even the ill-made, begrimed clothes could not dim the splendor of her tall young form, and she wore her rags with the grace and dignity which a woman of fashion wearing costly gowns might envy. And as she descended the rocky track, amid the vast surroundings of mountains and reeling deeps, it seemed as if the grandeur and beauty had taken human shape and tall and radiant came walking down the white sunlit road.

She was looking straight ahead with eyes that were mountain-blue and shadowy, yet strangely luminous. Now, as she skirted a huge perpendicular prominence, two tents which suddenly came into view, attracted her attention.

They had not been there when she passed the place earlier that afternoon, and must have been erected during her absence.

The girl looked at them with slight curiosity. Prospectors were frequent in the locality, but she knew at a glance that this camp did not belong to ordinary miners. It was not more luxurious than the tents usually seen in the neighborhood, only there was a fresh neatness about it which she immediately detected.

Myrta knew that the Government Geologist and his assistants were expected and that they were coming to survey the district for tin. This must be their camp. The men had apparently erected the tents and then gone out to get wood for the fire. As she halted a moment, there came to her the sound of strong, determined axe-strokes from the timbered parts lower down the mountain.

Myrta walked on again.

A little farther down the road she came upon a man standing listlessly looking over the gully, his back to the track.

At the sound of footsteps he turned his

dark head quickly, as if irritated at the possibility of interruption. But his expression changed as the sight of the approaching girl, and he turned fully round to obtain a better view of her.

Myrta returned his glances with fearless interest. She liked the look of the tall, spare stranger with the clear grey eyes that though serious, looked as if they would readily break into smiles.

She had come up to him now and he was raising his cap in greeting. "Good afternoon, Miss Blegg."

The girl stopped. "I am not Miss Blegg." "I beg your pardon. I heard there was only one girl in this district, so naturally when I saw you—"

"Yes," she responded as he halted, "I am the only girl about here, but my name is Myrta Lost."

The stranger's dark eyebrows went up. "Lost—what a curious name!"

"No, it fits me exactly. You see," she explained, moving the burden on her shoulders slightly, "I began my little stunt as a baby by being lost. Mrs. Blegg found me under a myrtle tree; she took me in and called me, Myrta Lost."

She related the incident without the least self-consciousness or any diminishing of her fine young dignity.

HER companion's eyes had not left her since he first turned at her approach. It was apparent that her charms were impressing him in spite of their incongruous setting. Perhaps the cruel contrast between herself and her clothes rather enhanced her beauty. The griminess of the dress showed up the gleaming whiteness of her skin; the soiled cap the golden lustre of her hair, and the big holes in her stockings seemed merely there to draw attention to the firm white flesh of her long shapely limbs.

When the girl ceased speaking, he observed, "What a fine ancestry, a myrtle-tree!"

"You're Mr. Lade, aren't you?" she asked, ignoring his remark. "And you are here looking for tin?"

"Yes." She swept the mountain-side with her blue shadowy glances. "You won't find any just here." She asserted with the finality of an expert.

"Why not?"

"Because there isn't any about here, that's why."

"Are you a miner?"

She hesitated for a second. "I am."

"Are you after tin, too?"

"No."

"Then for what metal are you prospecting?"

There was the merest hint of a sparkle in the depths of her eyes. "I am not going to tell—only I don't use a common pick and shovel."

"Perhaps you don't use a shovel at all," he suggested, putting his hands into his coat pockets.

"Yes, I do." The smile played about her red lips now. "But it's much nicer than the ordinary kind. It's not nearly so big, in fact, it's quite small, only as large as this," she indicated the size of the mallet used with her hands. "And when I use it, it grows as long as that." Again she used her hands to demonstrate the length of her instrument when it was extended.

Her companion looked mystified and his perplexity deepened the smile lurking about her mouth and she tried to perplex him still further. "And when I dig, I don't get common tin—"

"Perhaps you will tell me what your metal looks like?"

"It doesn't look like anything, for—you can't see it."

The sun was sinking lower in the west and shadows were shaking their long dark hair into the gully.

Myrta suddenly noticed that it was get-

ting late. "I must be going, I promised to be back early," she said, turning to go.

"Now, it's not fair to rouse my curiosity to fever-heat, and then run away without giving me any satisfaction," Lade protested. "Tell me just a little more about your metal?"

She shook her head. "I can't do that."

"You are afraid that I might come and prospect, too?" He challenged.

"You are welcome to prospect where you like."

Once more she moved as if to proceed, but he detained her with another question. "I say, where's your claim, you might at least let me know that?"

She took some steps along the road, then called over her shoulder. "My claim is wherever there is sunlight and moonlight and wherever there are trees and mountains."

Then, with a nod that held the suggestion of a smile, she walked away and soon disappeared behind one of the big white conglomerate boulders.

CHAPTER 4

OWING to the precipitous nature of the mountains, the men working at the Ruby Lode could not live near the mine. There were one or two isolated huts such as the Bleggs' erected on scanty footholds closer to the tunnel, but the majority of the camps were situated in a gap between the northern and western ranges three miles away.

The manager's house was also built in this gap and close to the road which connected Badger's Creek and the mine with Redlands.

The Carlton's house was not large, but neatly designed and surrounded by shrubs and tall timber.

It was now evening, and Ralph Carlton and his sister were seated in comfortable armchairs reading the papers which had arrived that afternoon.

Their sitting-room was decidedly pretty. The couch and deep easy-chairs were covered with daring blue chintz splashed with crimson roses and the rugs and curtains were of similar coloring and design.

It was a mild night. The door leading to the verandah was left open and through it came drifting the strong aroma from the forest and the many little voices of the dark. Occasionally laughter, proceeding from the surrounding camps, could be heard and now and then the weird call of a minkpoke ruffed the stillness.

The manager was a young, thickly-set man with straight brown hair and hazel-tinted eyes, in which good-nature and quick temper seemed to meet.

He had been reading for some time in silence, when all at once he lowered his paper and remarked, "It's a pity Lade can't stay with us. Still, it's great to have him among us again—quite like old times when we were all kids together."

His sister did not put down the printed sheet she was holding. "Yes, it is reminiscent of old days," she observed in her smooth, rather cool voice. "Brett has been in New Zealand the last few years, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he only came back to Tasmania three months ago, when he got the position of Government Geologist here. This is his first trip to the district."

"How long will he be staying?" Miss Carlton was still holding the paper in front of her and spoke without apparent curiosity.

"Some weeks at least. It will take time to do this job; brutal country. Fights you every inch of the way!"

There was a short pause. Carlton had picked up his paper once more. It was his sister who broke the silence this time. "Isn't Brett—married yet?" Again she spoke without lowering the large printed sheet before her face.

"No, by gum! I don't know how he has escaped—dashed attractive chap! I think

the girls are a little afraid of him; he sort of heads them off."

Another silence followed. A fire from one of the camps flicked the shrubs outside the verandah with gold. Carlton watched the bushes for some moments, then he suddenly spoke. "I say, Bea, old dear, I wish you would take a little interest in that unfortunate girl living with the Bleggs."

His companion did not answer immediately.

"Why unfortunate—she seems quite happy?" A slight hostility had come into the even voice.

Her brother ignored the remark. "She's never had a day's schooling, and think of the tragedy of always having lived with that woman and in that awful shanty!"

Miss Carlton raised her paper as if she had just discovered a paragraph of absorbing interest.

"You could easily do something for her," the manager urged in her silence.

"What could I do, she's such a hopeless young savage! This afternoon when I went round to Mrs. Blegg's with that jam I promised them, she was all dressed up to go to a dance at Badger's creek. Her hair was frizzled out like a nigger's and absolutely smothered in ribbons! I tried to make her brush it back like a civilized being, but she wouldn't hear of such a thing and told me it was the fashion out here, and she spoke with as much confidence as if she had assured me it was the fashion in Paris."

"But that is merely because Badger's Creek is the only Paris she knows. She rarely goes to Redlands and is not even familiar with its little countryified ways. She has had no advantages whatever, so what can you expect?"

"Still, what on earth can I do?" Miss Carlton had put down the paper with a movement of irritation.

"Ask her here, teach her to read and write and to dress and all that sort of thing. She is very quick and will soon learn. The girl has fine qualities, she is worth a little trouble. Now, this is one of the things she did lately. We had some awful gales a couple of weeks ago just before you came, and many trees blew down and one fell across the road on a poor old prospector just as he was going up to his hut on Tin Spur. The trunk didn't touch him or it would have killed him, of course, but a big branch pinned him down under it. Fortunately, Myrta came along shortly afterwards—she had been for a ride. When she saw the poor chap under the tree, she rushed up to his camp, got his axe and chopped away the big limb that imprisoned him. Then somehow or other, for the injured man was a heavy weight, she got him on her horse and bled on to him and brought him right on to the mine for me to do first aid. After that, she rode back and chopped the trunk of the tree through, so that old Sausie, who was coming through with mails that afternoon, could pass. I didn't know she was going back, or I should have stopped her, for it was most dangerous going up there in that gale with all those trees falling."

The manager suddenly stopped, for he had caught sight of Lade standing in the open doorway, leading to the verandah.

"Hullo, old man!" Carlton exclaimed in a different tone. "I didn't know you were there."

"I just came along as you were beginning to tell Beatrice about Myrta's gallant rescue and I didn't like to interrupt."

He had entered the room now and was shaking hands with Miss Carlton, who smiled up at him as she said: "Rolph has just been asking me to try and civilise the girl."

The grey, serious eyes all at once broke into smiles. "That is very blundering of him."

"You mean it would be an impossible task?" A little pleasurable ring had come into the cool, clear voice.

"I mean it would be a pity."

"You like her in her savage state?" The ring of pleasure had died out of her tone. "A myrtle-tree in the jungle, clipped and trimmed, isn't that rather incongruous?"

"I might have known it—you were always fond of wild things!"

"Now, look here, old man," Carlton turned to the geologist. "don't you butt in and encourage Beatrice in laziness. She doesn't want to help the girl and she should. Now, what about a look at the papers?" he asked in another voice. "Some news here that will interest you. Have you seen what that shale-oil company is asking the Government to do?"

Lade, who had sunk into one of the gaily-lined chairs and taken the paper the other man had passed him, began to read the article indicated with quick interest.

CHAPTER 5

THERE was great excitement in Redlands, for Myrta Lost had arrived at the township. Her visits always caused commotion, and all the youths in the district wanted to leave off work and celebrate the occasion.

Myrta did most remarkable things. When she came to the small town she would seat herself on a bench outside the hotel directly after breakfast and play all day and talk to the crowds who gathered round her—for she invariably drew big audiences, and she had the peculiar gift that though she did not become excited herself she stirred in others a wild enthusiasm, and while she was in the neighborhood all the young people gave themselves up to enjoying the novel entertainment she provided.

The girl had arrived the previous evening and, as was her custom, she was seated on the wooden bench, playing her melodeon, outside the town's cheapest and noisiest hotel, where the Blegg family usually stayed.

Myrta was decked in all her finery, and the badly fitting pink print dress and the bright green blazer she wore strove valiantly but unsuccessfully to mar the grace and symmetry of her form. The bright pink stockings, smudged on the insides, and the loud tan shoes, failed equally to detract from the beauty of ankles and high-arched feet. Her hair was frizzled and tied with ribbons over her ears, still, even this barbaric coiffure had no power to diminish the loveliness of its starry gold.

She was in her happiest mood and sat very still, one foot well advanced, the other drawn back under the bench, her luminous glances flitting about the crowd which had gathered round her, while her strong shapely hands drew jaunty tunes from the instrument resting on her knees.

It was Saturday morning, and though the young men of the township were not supposed to leave off work till mid-day, a great crowd had somehow managed to gather about her and were wildly cheering and shouting their appreciation of her music.

It was only eleven o'clock, but Myrta had already been playing for two hours. However, she did not seem in the least tired; her hands pressed together and drew out the melodeon to its full, quivering length, with the same graceful ease she had displayed when first commencing to play. She seemed incapable of weariness. No one had ever seen Myrta tired or her buoyant steps flag.

She played on now, her instrument bubbling over with happy little melodies, till the loud, harsh gong inside the hotel announced that a very unappealing dinner was being served. Then Myrta only laid her melodeon aside long enough to satisfy a very healthy appetite, after which she returned to the bench once more.

Mrs. Blegg, who always accompanied her foster-daughter on her visits to Redlands, sat at the end of the verandah, enjoying the girl's triumphs, while she talked to an old friend who lived in the township.

"How's old Hopson at the Crik taking Jack's marriage now—any better?" inquired

the little woman with the pale blue eyes and a drooping mouth.

Mrs. Blegg shook her black head. "Not much, they still have a slash on her and you can't wonder, she isn't much to look at to begin with—"

"What is she like?" Her companion interrupted, her voice bristling with curiosity.

"Just a big fat piece, but when she goes out and is well harnessed, she don't look too bad."

"Is her face pretty?"

"It's a large flat chunk of dough with holes for eyes and a slit for a mouth."

"And how is old Hopson himself, he was sick a while back, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he had an ulcer on his neck and they had to bring him in here to Redlands to cut it out and when they were knitting him, they didn't give him glossoline but cocoa."

"That's queer, but they have such funny ways these times. It's the same with pulling out teeth. In my young days, they just dragged them out and had done with it. Now they go sticking needles into you first and squartin' in stuff that turns your gums into a bit of road metal, before they lug them out. It seems they make all the felderoys they can. But it's the same with everything these times. Everything must be made as difficult as ever it can, even washing. When I was young, you just washed your face and hands; but nowadays people must have great long tubs and go right into the water. It must be very unhealthy as well as a great waste of time. Now, can you tell me what's the use of washing your whole body when it's only your face and hands that show?"

"Stupid notion. I never bother even with my face unless we're expecting company or we come into town."

There was a short pause in which both women sat looking at Myrta as she played and cast radiant smiles to the crowd of admirers thronging her.

"Golly, your girl is roping them in all right!" exclaimed little Mrs. Smith presently.

"Yes, Myrta can play holes into the hearts of blokes sure enough," chuckled Black Jay grinning. "I suppose as it's such a fine evening the young 'uns will have a kick-up in one of the paddocks the way they allow do when Myrta's about," she added, sending a dark glance towards the soft blue autumn sky.

"I daresay," Mrs. Smith rose as she spoke. "But I must go and get a cup of tea, I'm feeling a bit heady."

Mrs. Blegg looked up at her solemnly. "Now look here, Jane, you're swallowing far too much tea and if you don't look out, you'll be having one of them knife and fork operations, nothing surer."

Mrs. Smith's thin lips took a lower droop. "I guess if it's got ter be it will be, and one cup of tea more or less won't make no difference."

T

HE night was bright-eyed and very still. It seemed to have some secret little joy that it hugged softly to its breast, afraid of allowing the least wind to come near in case it might wrest the treasure from its arms.

But Redlands did not look happy; in fact, it had quite a melancholy and deserted air. It somehow suggested a girl watching for the lover who did not come. Its one wide street was singularly empty. There were no noisy groups of men outside the hotel and the lamp-posts looked oddly forsaken without their accustomed support of leaning figures.

The small township, finding itself abandoned by the people who usually helped to pass the long dull evenings, gave itself up now to desolate solitude. Human beings were most fickle things, it complained in its lonely little heart. They stayed with you while it suited them and when there were other attractions, they just left you. That was all. The town had seen this truth demonstrated many times. So often, when

a family had just been tucked nicely into one of its weather-worn cottages and it thought them happy and comfortable, they all at once flew round, threw all their belongings on to a dray and rushed off somewhere else. That was man for you! Man's ways always were queer.

But where had all its companions gone that evening?

Suddenly, as it listened, there reached it from the distance the sounds of uproarious laughter and merry voices. Yes, and there was another sound—the soft gay notes of a melodeon. The music did not blend with the talking and laughter, it kept curiously distinct from them, as if it were a little tuneful path, winding its way through the harsh loud noises, happily intent on its own errand.

In a paddock a short distance from Redlands, the young people were having a dance. The men had lit a huge bonfire, which patterned the dancers and many on-lookers with vivid splashes of gold.

It was a weird scene. A great void of blackness from which merged gaily dressed girls and sombrely attired men. The colorful and sombre figures mingled in fantastic confusion. They came into the zone of the firelight, twirled and twisted about for a few seconds, then melted into half-tones before fading into blackness, only a little later to reappear. But the thing that gave the scene its most extraordinary aspect was the fact that the huge yellow blaze only illuminated one side of the dancers, and the other side was consequently lost in the shadows. This made them appear as if they were only half-figures clutching each other and reeling madly about in the darkness. It seemed as if a new extraordinary species of humanity had sprung to life; beings half made, deficient in body and limbs, who hopped about in wild confusion, having to uphold each other to keep on their deficient feet, yet romping together in a corroboree of delight.

AMONG the many on-lookers, standing well back in the semi-darkness, was Brett Lade. He had come to Redlands to spend a week-end with an old friend who managed one of the banks in the township.

The Geologist had been watching the dancers for a while, now his gaze was riveted on Myrta, who sat a short distance from the fire, her profile and finely moulded shoulders silhouetted against the great blaze of gold. He could not see her expression, but her face was slightly upturned and the poise of her shapely head one of intense delight.

She kept very still while she played, and he glimpsed the rhythmic movements of her rounded arms as she pulled out or crushed together the melodeon.

Presently he strolled over towards her and when the dance was finished, he stepped into the firelight beside her.

"I've discovered the metal you are digging for," he began, looking steadily down into her upturned face.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. You can't see it, but you can hear it. You are working a big claim to-night, and the shovel you are using is lying on your knees."

She nodded. "I like mining for tunes. You don't just get one metal; you get all sorts."

"I see you've struck gold to-night."

The luminous smile in her eyes deepened. "How smart of you to guess!"

"No, that's not very smart. But tell me," he went on in another tone, "aren't you tired, I hear you have been playing since nine o'clock this morning?"

"I have also been breathing since nine o'clock this morning." A laugh lurked in the blue eyes lifted to his.

"And playing doesn't tire you more than that?"

"Why should it. It's just my melodeon that breathes, and it does it much prettier than I. Every time it draws a breath it

makes a little tune. Like this." She moved the instrument, and from it came a long, happy sigh.

SHE was about to speak again, but seeing the youths had mistaken the note from the melodeon as a signal to start another dance, and were hastily seeking partners, she gave Lade a bright little nod and commenced playing "Pasadena."

But the Geologist did not move away, he remained beside her till the foxtrot was ended, then he remarked, "You seem to like playing to people, and I heard you only cared to give your music to trees and flowers."

She sat looking at the happy, laughing throng for some moments before replying:

"People are a kind of trees. They don't wave their branches, but they move their roots, and I like to see them do it. And the girls," again her glances wandered round the gay crowd, "when I see them dressed up like this it reminds me of our mountains in spring, when the flowers are out and they sway about in the wind. It's a pretty sight!" The radiance in her gaze deepened reminiscently. "But this is pretty, too, and these alive kind of flowers can talk and laugh. That's very clever, isn't it?" After a slight hesitation she added more reflectively, "I've often wondered what the flowers out on the mountains would say if they could speak. It would be something awfully pretty, wouldn't it?"

He waited a second or two. "I know how they would talk."

She glanced up at him quickly. "You can't really, though; only how do you think they would talk?"

Again he paused before saying, "Just like you."

She laughed suddenly, and the note held genuine amusement. "I didn't know you were joking, I thought you were really going to tell."

"I am not joking. You are just a big, bright flower from the wild mountains, and that is why you talk like the other would." He spoke in a low voice, and an odd seriousness had crept into the words. "Now what about giving me a dance?" He asked in another tone. "There must be someone else who can play, and while we dance I'll explain further."

She shook her head. "I never dance here. The Redland people don't do the right steps."

"Not the right steps?" he inquired in surprise. "I thought they foxtrotted quite nicely just now."

"No," she persisted. "They don't dance right—not like we do out at the Creek."

"How do you do it out there?"

"Why, we have lancers and proper polkas and waltzes, not a bit like these."

"Does that mean you won't dance with me?"

"Not here. But if you come out to Badger's Creek—"

The youths who had wanted to talk to Myrta during the interval and who had stood waiting in the background while she talked to the Geologist had grown restive and edged nearer and nearer to the girl, till they had come so close that they could overhear any further remark, so Lade decided to withdraw in their favor.

However, before leaving he bent over Myrta and said in a low voice, "All right then, I'll come to the very next dance at Badger's Creek. But remember, I shall wait ever so many dances to make up for having to wait so long."

Then, raising his cap, he walked away and disappeared into the darkness.

CHAPTER 6.

MISS CARLTON, for some reason of her own, had decided to accede to her brother's request after all, and try to civilise Myrta Lade, and as soon as she had made this decision she sent word to the girl and asked her to come and spend the following afternoon with her.

Myrta arrived at the Manager's house soon after lunch. She came arrayed in a large hat smothered with roses and wearing the pink frock she had worn at Redlands. The dress had not been washed or ironed since her week-end at the township, and it was very much crushed and in need of soap and water. Her tan shoes had not been cleaned, and the smudges on her pink stockings were more pronounced.

However, the girl was oblivious to any defects in her toilette, and she returned her hostess's slightly formal greeting without embarrassment.

Miss Carlton had expected her visitor to feel awkward and ill at ease when she found herself amid surroundings vastly superior to her usual environment. But, to her surprise, Myrta entered the pretty room and took a seat in one of the bright blue chairs without the least show of awe or confusion. She seemed as much at ease as if she had been sitting on one of the backless wooden chairs in the front room of the Blegg's shanty.

Her hostess had prepared for a scene with a shy, awkward girl who, though not exactly willing to learn what she ought to be taught, would at least not exhibit this baffling self-possession. Myrta was not silent either, but she neither talked too much nor too little. She sat looking about her with serene, happy glances, and spoke of the mine, the trapping, and the things she was acquainted with and what she said, somehow, seemed interesting.

It was Miss Carlton who presently, to her annoyance, began to feel ill at ease, for time was passing and she had not been able to approach the task she had set herself.

HOWEVER, when tea was over, she determined not to wait any longer, but make a straight plunge for her goal. So, going over to a small table and picking up a copy of "The Arabian Nights," which she had put there for the purpose, she said:

"Here is a book which will interest you—but it is so well known that perhaps you have read it?"

Miss Carlton had expected Myrta to confess her inability to read, and this would have given her the opportunity of offering to teach her. Instead, Myrta took the volume handed her and, turning it over a few times, replied without embarrassment:

"No, I haven't read it."

"Perhaps you would like me to lend it to you?"

Miss Carlton felt she was drawing the net a little closer round her visitor. However, once more the girl eluded the snare.

"Thank you, that is very kind of you." The words held courteous appreciation. "But I don't read those sort of books."

Her companion looked mystified. "Not this kind?"

"No, those ordinary books are very dull." The civil tone took any apparent ingratitude from the reply.

"Dull! Why this one is positively exciting."

Her guest shook her head. "It couldn't be, none of them are. Now look here," she opened the book at random and pointed to a closely printed page. "Just tell me, does that look exciting? Why it's only a bit of white paper with a lot of black marks on it. I never can understand anyone bothering with them."

Miss Carlton looked decidedly taken aback, and made no immediate reply.

Myrta continued, "Now I like the outside books that are full of mountains and trees and flowers, and not just dirty little scraps." She picked up "The Arabian Nights" and opened it at another page. "Look at this one, it's exactly like the last. That's the worst of these books, the pages are all alike, while in my books every page is different."

The Manager's sister was beginning to understand. "Still, you must admit that in these scenery-books you are talking about

you can only read about one place, while in this kind," she pointed to the bookcase where rows of volumes were thickly packed together, "you read about all sorts of places and people."

"I have lots of books, too," observed her visitor airily. "There is my mountain book and the forest one. Then there is my flower book, the summer book, the ghost book, and the Black Serpent. And there is my sky book—that one is most beautiful. It holds lots of stars, the moon, and such different colored clouds!"

MISS CARLTON realised that she was not making any headway in this direction, so decided to try another subject, and going over again to the small table standing between the open windows, she picked up a copy of "Vogue."

"Look at this!" she said, opening the journal at a page she had previously marked. "Isn't this frock pretty. It would just suit you!" She was pointing to a plain but smartly-cut frock tinted a pastel blue. "I should like to see you in one like that."

The girl looked at the model silently for a moment, then said, "The people out at Badger's Creek would laugh at me if I wore that."

Her hostess's eyes opened a little wider. "Laugh—why?"

"Because it isn't the fashion," Myrta replied promptly.

"But this is the very latest number of 'Vogue'—it only came yesterday." Miss Carlton's tone was getting rather prickly.

Still, the piece of information apparently conveyed nothing to her guest who was stooping over the page, examining each design carefully. "They are not the fashion," she declared presently with emphasis. "Besides, I don't like skimpy dresses. If you can't afford to buy enough stuff at the time, it's better to wait till you can. But I suppose this paper is for very poor people who can never afford to get enough. Mum always buys me plenty, and she makes my dresses herself."

Miss Carlton thought she saw a possible opening to reach her goal now.

"You should make your own clothes by this time. If you like, I'll show you how."

"Thank you, but I'm no good with the needle, I never was."

"But you can learn—I will teach you."

"No, thank you, I wouldn't bother you. Besides, Mum likes doing them. She's a fine dressmaker." Myrta replied, glancing down with pride at her crushed, badly-made gown.

"Still, you should know how to sew yourself, you may not always have Mrs. Blegg to do your sewing for you."

"But she'll be able to do it for years and years yet. When she can't—it's time enough to learn."

Miss Carlton's temper and ingenuity were wearing threadbare. However, she hated failure, so made one more attempt to gain her ends.

"Do you like writing?" she asked, trying to keep the rage out of her voice. She knew quite well Myrta could not write, but she wanted to make her confess the deficiency.

The girl smiled. "Which kind do you mean—with a pen?"

"Of course," came the rather curt reply, "which other kind did you think I meant?"

"Why the new sort on a machine. I've seen them write that way in the office at the big store in Redlands, when I go in to get Dad's money for the skins. The girl that writes there just hits away at little round buttons, and they click and click and click—not at all a pretty sound. I used to wish to be able to write with a pencil, so that I could put down anything I thought about. But now I don't care to be able to write that way. I like my machine best."

"So you have a machine; I didn't know you had a typewriter."

"It isn't that kind, it's my melodeon. I can say all I want to on that, and it doesn't

make horrid, clicking noises, but real pretty tunes."

Miss Carlton looked suddenly fagged, and sank back in her chair.

It was Myrta who wholly carried on the conversation during the rest of her visit, and when Ralph Carlson returned to his house that evening he found his sister in a most unamiable frame of mind.

CHAPTER 7.

THE afternoon Myrta went to visit Miss Carlton, Dan Blegg stood watching her frowningly till she had disappeared round the bend of the road that took her out of sight.

Dan was very much like his mother in build and features. His hair was black, but not electric like Mrs. Blegg's; it fell about his face in thick sullen gloom. It looked especially morose now as he strode into the shanty. He was on the second shift that week, so did not have to be at the mine till four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Look here," he began in an irate voice, as he entered the untidy kitchen and addressed his mother, who was kneading bread. "I don't like Myrta hobnobbing with the boss and his sister—no good will come of it."

Mrs. Blegg glanced up at him. "I don't see any harm in her going to visit Miss Carlton when she's asked."

"Miss Carlton!" he flung at her in angry scorn. "It's the brother that's at the back of that invite. He's sweet on Myrta. I've seen that for some time. He is always stopping her when she passes the mine and talking to her. And now I suppose he wants to try and make a lady of her. But," he banged his huge fist on the rickety table so that the tin plates and mugs on it rattled, "I won't have him messing round with her. Myrta is all right as she is, they shan't make a lady of her—like his blasted cheek to try!"

"Oh, Stiffles, he's not trying to do anything of the sort. Miss Carlton is just kind of lonely out there among all them blokes, and she wants to have a yarn with a girl, her message said so."

"Bosh, she won't want to yarn with a girl like Myrta. We ain't her breed. You take it from me, she's just trying to get around Myrta to let her polish her up like. But Myrta ain't going to have no polish, if I know it! And," he added, a vindictive gleam coming into his black eyes, "they'll be darned sorry for themselves if they try!"

"Don't be a he-monkey. Why shouldn't they try if they have a mind to, it'll amuse them and do us no harm."

Her son glared at her in white rage. "Now you're just standing up for them because Miss Carlton comes here smooching round you; then you shut your eyes to their tricks! But I'm not blind. I see what they're up to, and I tell you straight," he came closer to the table, "that I won't have them interfering with Myrta. She ain't a lady, and she ain't going to be one either. Myrta belongs to us, and I won't have them coming here trying their edgerotation stunts on her! Edgerotation is all humbug. We haven't had any, and she ain't going to have any either!"

Then, after having delivered himself of this tirade speech, he strode angrily into his room, a small lean-to opening off the kitchen, and banged the door.

His mother looked after him in surprise. Whatever could have struck Dan?

But her attention was just then diverted by her husband appearing in the doorway carrying two large kangaroos.

Mr. Blegg was a big powerful man. He had a thick grey beard that hung half way down his chest. His eyes were large, light brown, and had the expression of eyes which had looked much into great spaces. He was a patriarch of the wild, a patriarch without the softening knowledge of God.

"What's all this to-do of Dan's?" he

asked, coming into the small ill-kept kitchen.

His wife took her long, claw-like fingers out of the dough. "Nothing to worry over; he's only shirty because he thinks Myrta shouldn't go to the Carlton's. He reckons the boss is sweet on her, and that they're wanting to edgerotate her."

The trapper chuckled. "You tell Dan to keep his hair on. They've about as much chance of edgerotating Myrta as them things there." He pointed to the dead kangaroos.

He laughed again, a hearty, fresh note of the wild, then sat down on a wooden bench and proceeded to take off his big, hob-nailed boots before lying down for an afternoon dose.

CHAPTER 8.

BRETT LADE had finished his day's work, tea was over and he was now on his way to the Carlton's; they were old friends and when he was not working, he spent his evenings with them.

But all the time he was walking along in the soft darkness, he was thinking of Myrta.

He had never met a girl like her before, unique in grace and beauty and her mental trend of thought. She was a product of the wilds, of the loveliness and the primitive grandeur around her. And he had been struck with the difference between her and the people she lived with. Her manners were different, she talked more grammatically than they and her whole outlook on life and mentality was on a higher plane. This must be due to a parentage of culture and refinement. She had been left a heritage of love for all things beautiful. Her environment had not given her any chances of education, so her love of beauty had developed along primitive lines without the check of tuition. She was like a wild beautiful creeper which had been allowed untamed luscious growth. Education had not clipped and restrained, conventionality had not retarded its vigorous young development.

Suddenly Lade halted. He had skirted a huge boulder and reached the place where the road made a long hair-pin curve into the fold of the mountains where the Ruby Lode lay safely tucked away just beyond reach of the arm Ghost Gully had flung up towards it. It looked as if the gully had pursued the mine and that in panic it had fled to this secluded fold in the ranges for refuge, but that even there its enemy had stretched out an ominous arm to catch it and had only just failed in the attempt.

The Geologist had halted because he heard music coming from across the narrow abyss.

He stood for some moments listening—Myrta was evidently out there in the darkness, playing somewhere near the hut.

Presently he walked on again.

When he neared the mine he lost the music for a while; however, it came to him once more when he was on the opposite side of the arm-like chasm.

But the girl was not near the shanty. However, the melodeon guided him farther on to the highest point of the road where it hung over the body of the deep. There on the very edge of the white quartz track, with a sheer drop of a couple of thousand feet below, she sat, her feet hanging over the precipice, playing her instrument.

"Good evening," said Lade coming up to her. "Couldn't you find a more dangerous spot to play in?"

She laughed up at him. "Why, this isn't dangerous at all."

"Where would you be if the edge of the road gave way?"

"It won't though. It's all solid rock under it—this road had to be blasted out of the mountain every inch of the way."

"I know, still rocks split and decay, and after all the floods you have here in the winter, a piece of rock may easily become

dislodged." He halted a moment, then added, "Now what about choosing a safer seat?"

"No, I like being here best."

"All right, I'll sit down beside you; then if you go down, you will at least have company."

Lade had apparently forgotten his visit to the Carltons.

They sat for some moments in silence, looking into the night.

The great dusky mountains that pierced the star-filled sky fell abruptly into the deep which lay like an enormous octopus stretching inky tendrils in all directions among the timbered roots of the stony minsters.

Presently the Geologist spoke:

"What was the thing you were playing as I came along just now—it was very pretty?"

"Just something I made up."

"My word, you're a great little tumbler! By the way, how did you learn?"

"I began on a mouth-organ and then I went on to the melodeon—I've worn out three in two years." She spoke with a touch of pride.

Her companion laughed. "I don't wonder if you go at it many days the way you did up at Redlands last week-end! But by the powers, you're clever to pick it up without a teacher!"

"But I have had teachers—ever so many!"

"You have! The question held surprise. "Who taught you?"

"The wind taught me lots; he's a fine player! And he doesn't need a real instrument to play on like I do. He can make music on anything, even a bit of loose bark hanging from a branch. But he is best when he's in the forest and is sort of upset, and is playing on all the trees at the same time. You get tunes then—hundreds and hundreds of them and 'll hurred at you at once!"

EVEN in the dimness he could see that her eyes had grown very luminous, and the light seemed reflected in her voice.

The Geologist watched her without speaking and she continued. "But I've had many other teachers, and very different from the wind. Some of them play so soft that you can't hear their tunes, they're sort of silent and you can only feel them. The dark is like that. It plays wonderful—all black velvet kind of music. You can just sit and listen to it for hours!"

Lade still did not speak and she went on:

"And there's the moon—that is just a big white melodeon! It comes up behind the mountains over there," she pointed to the opposite ranges. "It hangs just above the ridges a few seconds to get its breath after the climb and then it begins to play the softest little silver tunes—so soft you can't hear them but you can see the way they trickle down the mountain-sides; some tumble right into the gully," she made a gesture towards the deep, "and they get lost among the shadows—it's real pretty!"

Her companion was watching the starlight dimly falling on her hair and on her white arms. In his silence she spoke again:

"The sky plays, too," she glanced up towards it. "Look at the stars, they are just like little golden notes flickering and twinkling and all mixed together, making such lovely music!"

Her voice was low and full of warm joy. The starlight was on her face too, making her shadowy eyes glimmer like black opals.

"But doesn't the sun play also?" Lade asked when she ceased speaking.

"Oh yes, he is a big brass band that plays such jolly tunes—tunes which make everything want to dance. I always want to

move about when I hear a brass band. It kind of gets into your feet and arms and every part of you and you just can't keep still! The sun plays like that. It makes the whole world laugh and feel jolly! I think of that when I'm at dances and I try to play like it."

"What about playing something to me now?"

"All right. What would you like—music? But no," she broke off, answering her own question, "that wouldn't sound very well out here in the dark. I'll play something night-like."

She sat for some seconds looking over at the opposite ranges. Then very gently she clasped her instrument and began to play.

The melodeon sighed. It had been asleep. But at Myrta's touch it opened drowsy eyes and looked up for a moment, then closing languorous lids, went on dreaming again. It dreamt of moonlight, great shadow-filled chasms, of mountains sloping silvered melodies, of a glimmering white road stirring terrible precipices and looking for something it had lost. The melodeon sighed with soft content, but its sighs also held a note which suggested that it too, like the road, was seeking something—not anything lost, but something it had never possessed but wished to have.

WHEN the last dreamy little note had been breathed into the darkness, Lade remained still for a moment or two, then said:

"Myrta," he used her Christian name now, "what were you thinking about when you played?"

"The moon, the mountains and the gully."

"Nothing else?" He had turned and bent slightly over her.

"Well, yes, the road." One hand slipped away from the instrument and rested on the white track. "I often think about it. This road always seems to be looking for something, I don't know what. Look at the way it goes round bends and peeps behind rocks; it goes high up among the mountains and right down towards the gullies. It's always hunting for something; but it never finds it. When I am playing, I often feel as if I was hunting for something too—"

"Do you know what you are—looking for?"

"No. But I think it's something that is high up among the mountains and not down in the gullies."

Their talk was suddenly interrupted by a loud call coming from the direction of the hut.

The girl moved. "That's Dad calling. It must be nine o'clock—He never lets me sit out here later than that."

"I am glad he looks after you so well."

She laughed softly. "Dad's only particular about two things. We are never to go down there after dark." She pointed to the gully, "and I am not to be out without Mum or Dad after nine o'clock."

"But how does he know the time, Miss Carlton told me you hadn't a watch or clock in the place?"

Myrta laughed. "Not a clock or watch in the place! Why we have the biggest, the most beautiful clock in the world. It's all gold and never goes wrong or needs winding up and we've lots and lots of watches, so many that you can't count them and they never go wrong either." She glanced up at the stars. "And ours are much prettier than those little bits of things the girls at Redlands wear on their wrists."

"My word, you're well off out here!"

But his companion was not listening. With a quick little movement, she had lifted her feet from over the precipice on to the road and had risen before Lade could assist her.

The Geologist walked with her as far as the shanty and when she had run up the rocky steps and disappeared into the little dark front room, he did not turn in the

direction of the Carltons' house, but made his way slowly back to his own camp.

CHAPTER 9

THE following morning there was great consternation at the Ruby Lode, for during the night another raid had been made on the mine and a large consignment of tin had been stolen and as on previous occasions there was not the faintest trace of the thieves. The metal could not have been taken out of the district without a large vehicle of some kind and there were no fresh wheel-marks either going toward Redlands or in the direction of Badger's Creek. There had been no rumblings of heavy wheels heard during the night, yet the tin had disappeared. The affair as usual was shrouded in mystery.

Redlands had been rung up as soon as the loss was discovered and two policemen had come out on a motor-cycle and gone through the regulation formula of asking questions, taking notes and examining various men, as they had done on other occasions. Search had been made in the mine and around it, not only by the officers of the law, but by the manager and a band of miners. Camps were searched, mountain-sides scoured and the road to Redlands and Badger's Creek closely examined. But nowhere could be found the least clue to the discovery of the metal or the perpetrators of the crime. The affair proved to be as baffling as it had been on earlier dates.

The manager was, of course, greatly agitated. It was the first theft since his arrival and he had begun to think that owing to his special precautions the best chain of robberies was ended. However, now to his dismay another raid had been successfully carried out, and again there was no trace of the thieves.

Carlton had been roused early that day to be told the horrible news and since then he had spent a most harassing morning, making investigations with the police, sending wires to the directors, and arranging for a more extensive search to be made.

The police had now returned to Redlands to report to headquarters, and the manager was seated in his office at the mine, his elbows on the desk, his face in his hands, doing some hard thinking.

He had not been alone very long, however, when there were quick, decisive steps on the verandah and the next moment Lade entered the office.

"I say, this is a rotten affair!" the Geologist began, coming up to the desk. "I was out behind Tin Spur and only just heard the news. I'm awfully sorry, old chap." As he spoke, he laid his hand in a friendly touch on the other man's shoulder.

Carlton did not stir. "Yes, it's beastly luck their getting away with all the tin like this, and the worst of it is, we haven't the faintest idea how they did it."

Lade sat down on a corner of the desk. "It's a bit early at present, but you'll dig it out yet, old sport."

"I thought I'd made it impossible for them to steal any more tin, but they've beaten me and taken it in the most barefaced manner and there isn't a trace of their tracks anywhere—it's just as if the metal had vanished into the air."

"The robbers are evidently experts at the game."

"Goodness only knows they have been practising it long enough!"

"What about the gully?" asked the Geologist, after a slight pause.

"Six men are searching that."

The two friends sat thinking for some moments, then Lade spoke again. "Of course you know what the men think of the affair?"

"Yes, they are a superstitious lot."

"Perhaps, still, there may be something in the notion."

For the first time Carlton glanced up.

His companion answered the glance. "Of course, I don't mean about the spook part;

all the same, it's worth considering if the metal shouldn't have vanished down there somewhere."

"On other occasions they have searched the gully right down to the cliffs, and there has never been a trace either of the thieves or the tin."

"It wouldn't be very difficult to miss a jerrylod of tin there. The bush is so thick it's pretty hard to see where you are going and a load of metal could easily be hidden under the shrubs."

The manager shook his head. "Can't have been done. They couldn't drive it down at that slope and they couldn't have carried all those bags down there in the time, even if they had been at it from midnight till the shift came on this morning."

Lade gave a grunt. "No theory is feasible in this business, it seems; all the same, feasible or not, I have a notion that the metal is down there somewhere, and I am going to have a look round myself."

"That's decent of you, old fellow. Still, I'm afraid you will be wasting your time."

The Geologist came to his feet. "All right, we'll see." He walked to the door, then turned. "In the meanwhile, let me give you a tip: don't let this confounded business burrow into you as your predecessor did, and claw the grit out of you—it's not worth it. In any case we'll find the tin, never fear."

Carlton straightened. "No, I'll try, and keep my pecker up, though I must say, it's sort of knocked me all of a heap at present—darned snag to have run up against!"

"It's a big snag all right. Still, don't let it knock a hole in your skull. So long."

Lade opened and shut the door, then walked swiftly along the narrow path leading from the office to the road.

CHAPTER 10

THE day was brimming with lofty beauty. The sky was a vast blue lake in which the white shiny clouds floated like huge fantastically shaped water-lilies and the great stony monsters below reached up rocky eager faces to kiss the flowers.

The road climbing from the Ruby Lode up towards the summits of the mountains was a gleaming white ribbon flung round the precipitous slopes as if in honor of some festive occasion.

At Tin Spur, the highest point of the pass, the track halted a little, before taking the terrible swoop into Black Gully.

Along the gleaming road came Myrta, trotting briskly on her white horse.

She wore no riding suit, but her soiled white dress harmonised oddly with her ungroomed horse.

She rode with her head well thrown back and in her eyes shimmered lofty blue melodies.

When she reached Tin Spur, a huge wooded prominence jutting out from the mountain range, she drew rein for a moment, before making the long cumbersome descent.

Presently she reached the timber-line and now the road changed from white to a bright cinnamon hue.

The deep had been called Black Gully; it was not black, however, but a great abyss of vivid green loveliness. It had received its name because many hundred feet below, the Black Serpent had crept in between its steep jungle-clad slopes and lay eating farther and farther into its heart.

Great trees, ferns and undergrowth walled the road on either side and formed a dome shutting out the sky. Myrta was riding through a tunnel of flashing emerald. The forest was happy and from its myriad throats there issued green joyous songs.

Bright red and green parrots dashed about among the branches, uttering shrill hilarious notes and occasionally there was the sweep of shiny wings as some white cockatoo flew from tree to tree.

Here and there the thick emerald hedge was broken and the girl had glimpses of

the river flowing dark and angry far down below.

After the many miles descent through the gorge, the road shot on to a level stretch of country and from this it presently emerged into a wide open valley, where a number of small, primitive-looking farms lay scattered between thousands of tall ringbarked trees.

But Myrta did not put up at any of the farms, she passed the settlement and rode a mile farther on, where the track terminated in a long bridge crossing the Black Serpent.

Here the last marks of civilisation ended and beyond the wooden structure, a steep hill rose and now the jungle in its dense primeval state took up its savage rule.

However, the girl did not halt where civilisation had halted. She crossed the bridge and began winding her way in and out among the trees. Her horse was apparently dumbless like herself and forced his way fearlessly through thick undergrowth, stepping over logs, dodging pitfalls, and all the while climbing the steep slope confronting them.

At last a small clearing was reached, and there a rough hut covered with drying skins had been erected.

At the sound of the tearing aside of shrubs, two huge kangaroo dogs came barking furiously towards the visitor. But as soon as they recognised Myrta they changed their mien and began to wag their thread-like tails and jump up towards her in glee.

The trapper had come out and stood in the door of the hut, looking hostilely towards the intruder.

He was a big broad man with a thick trailing moustache. He wore a dark grey shirt, his trousers were badly stained with blood and from the right side of his wide leather belt hung a long knife. His face was evidently a stranger to water and so apparently were his clothes. The men in the district called him "Rose" because of the strong odor which emanated from his dirty garments.

At the sight of Myrta his surly expression somewhat relaxed. "So it's you, me girl, they're making all this hullabaloo about; I thought it 'ad at least been the trooper by the noise of 'em."

THE girl laughed as she swung lightly out of her torn old saddle. "No, the trooper isn't about to-day, he's too busy out at the mine and will be for a while I guess."

"Yes, I 'eard yesterday at the Crik, that they'd been pinchin' some more tin."

"Yes, lots—£400 this time."

"Crikey, somebody's gettin' rich quick! Wouldn't mind if 'e'd come out 'ere an' go me 'arves."

The trapper now led the way into the hut and Myrta took a seat on a blood-stained kangaroo case.

"Found any trucks of the pincher yet?"

Rose had taken his stand on the rough hearth. His tone held no inquiry, the question came as if he were already sure of the answer.

His companion gave him a level glance. "Of course not—that sort of thief doesn't leave any footprints behind."

The trapper laughed loudly. "Anyways it 'ull keep the trooper from pokin' about out 'ere."

"I wonder he wastes his time," remarked the girl reflectively, "for even if they tracked the thief, what's the use—you can't put a ghost in jail."

Rose thrust his hands deep into his trouser-pockets and laughed again. "Now don't yer be a goather, ghosts don't want no tin. It's a flash-and-blood thief that's after metal."

"Then how does he get away with the stuff? There's been no carts or lorries passing on the road either way and no one could carry all those heavy bags far."

"No, all this same it's 'umans that's doin'

it and some blokes that's livin' not fur from the mine; they allus knows when the tin is bagged and ready to be took away."

"But no one lives about but ourselves and the miners three miles away," objected the girl.

"I allus reckoned it was some of the guys workin' in th' mine what did it."

"It can't be one of them, for they were all at work yesterday as usual—not one of them missing. If it had been some of them, they would have been absent yesterday taking the stuff away."

"Then it must be yerself!" He teased. "Yer might tell us wer yer've put it, an' we'll go 'arves."

Myrta laughed, showing her fresh white teeth, but she did not speak and her companion took a sweet scented flower that was dangling in his shirt buttonhole and passed it to her as he said, "Don't she stink pretty? You take it and stick it inter yer dress, it'll keep yer company on the way 'ome."

The girl took the flower and while pinning it into her frock, she thanked him and added, "Dad sent me out to ask if you could let him have ten dozen good wallaby skins, he's short and he wants them very particular for a good customer at Redlands."

The trapper pursed his lips. "The season ain't open yet."

"No," the girl agreed, "but there's always a few skins knocking about."

Rose clicked his tongue in his cheek. "That's true, still, the perlice reckons there oughten to be any."

He paused a moment before adding, "Now look 'ere, if yer dad pays me the same price as 'e gits and if 'e'll keep me out of it, if there 'appens to be a row, I'll let 'im 'ave the skins."

"Thanks."

The barking of dogs and sound of scudding hoofs all at once caught Myrta's attention. She went to the door followed by the trapper and they both stood silently gazing at a big chestnut foal which careered round the clearing, his head held high, his tail out, while the dogs barked and snapped at his heels.

"Ain't 'e a dandy?" his owner remarked with undisguised pride. "I wouldn't take fifty quid for 'im."

"Broken in yet?" questioned the girl, eyeing the foal with interest.

"Not yet, but I'm startin' on 'im soon."

At the sound of voices the dogs left off their rough play with the foal and came over to their master. The young horse followed, and as he came within reach of the doorway, Myrta suddenly stretched out her hand, caught the long mane and with a swift movement jumped on to his back.

THE foal, who had never been mounted, was at first so surprised that he stood shivering with sheer amazement and terror. But his surprise and fear soon took another form and rising high on his hind legs, he tried to throw the burden from his back. Finding this method of no avail, he changed his tactics and lowering his head between his front legs, bucked furiously. However, as even this means failed in its object, he began the wild cowering round the clearing once more, from left to right and from right to left; making many swift turnings, all the while tossing his angry young head and at frequent intervals kicking high into the air. But the girl kept her seat and even his wildest and most desperate attempts could not throw her. Finally feeling rather tired of the vigorous exercise with the unwanted burden he was carrying, the foal began to back down the slope, through shrubs and ferns, lower and lower he went, the dogs barking hilariously under his nose and encouraging him to complete this new procedure to rid himself of the intruder on his back.

The trapper, too, was following, and con-

vulsed with coarse laughter, applauded both the rider and the horse.

Presently the foal reached the bank of the river; however, he did not even halt there, but went down the abrupt slope to the brink of the stream.

Rose, seeing that the young animal was about to back into the deep black water, suddenly called out in alarm:

"Get off 'im quick, 'e's goin' in—you'll both be drowned!"

Myrta, who had been enjoying the adventure, stayed on the animal's back till he had reached the very edge of the river, then with a laugh she leapt from her seat on to the steeply sloping shore and the foal feeling himself free from his burden, gave a loud snort and dashed towards the jungle.

"By crickey, you're a darlin' one!" The trapper exclaimed admiringly, when the girl slightly out of breath, joined him on the top of the bank. "E nearly cooked the pair o' yer thought! If 'e'd took one more step, you'd both 'ave been done for—the river is forty feet deep jest there."

The girl only laughed and whistled for Clematis who was grazing up on the clearing.

In response to her call, there was the sound of crashing shrubs and snapping branches and presently the white horse emerged from the lower slopes of the forest.

Myrta caught the rein she had fastened round his neck, swung herself into the saddle and waved her companion a smiling farewell.

On her way through the settlement, as she passed one of the paddocks, a youth hoeing potatoes close to the road, called out to her:

"I say Myrta are you coming to the show next Saturday?"

The girl pulled up her horse. "What show?"

"Haven't you heard we are going to have a kick-up then? You oughta come. Spikay will be there with his mouth-organ, so you won't have to play all the time."

"I'm not sure that I can get here. Dan is on late shift this week and Dad won't let me ride out here by myself."

"Then I'll come and fetch you, and Mum in the cart and bring yer back, too, that ought to suit the Gov."

"Thanks, that 'ill do."

The youth had come up to the fence and was leaning his elbows on the top rail. He stood watching the girl a moment or two in silence, then began to hum in his rough, half-formed tenor:

"My heart is like a pumpkin-swellin' big with love."

Myrta glanced into his smiling half-serious eyes, then giving him a gentle tap with her whip, she laughed. "Pumpkins are hollow things, they only hold nasty black pips!" And before he had time to reply, she was cantering quickly away.

WHEN Myrta reached Black Gully, the sun had withdrawn from the chasm. The forest was not singing now; the happy songs on the millions of green lips had been silenced. There were no red-and-green parrots flitting about among the trees; cockatoos had disappeared; the birds' hilarious notes had ceased.

The forest-growth hemming in the track was no longer a brilliant emerald, but had become a solemn meditative green. It seemed as if all the trees had been smitten by sombre shadowy thoughts.

Clematis was in a hurry and trotted vigorously along the cinnamon-colored road. Sometimes through a gap between the undergrowth, the girl could see the Black Serpent lying angry and restless down below. It seemed as if it hated open spaces and wished to hide and whenever it had showed itself for a little space, it slid quickly back under the overhanging trees.

The shadows of the pensive forest were reflected in Myrta's eyes, only the shadows there held no sadness or fear.

As she heaved the mountain regions again, the bush thinned and she caught glimpses of crags and great stony peaks between the timber.

Presently she emerged from the tunnel of green into the great open spaces of the heights.

Clematis had slackened his speed as he climbed the steep ascent to Tin Spur.

After riding another mile, the girl found herself on a narrow ledge suspended high over a fearful green chasm, while above her towered a huge barren crag that seemed ready to drop-crushingly upon her.

But Myrta was not afraid; the great stony shapes held no terror for her.

She had barely skirted the enormous pile of rock, when she suddenly came upon Lade walking towards her.

"Hallo, Maid of the Mountains," he called cheerily, "have you been communing with other mountain spirits or have you been merely looking for the thieves?"

"I wouldn't be riding after ghosts."

"You don't mean to say you believe in spooks?"

"Of course I do. Everybody turns to ghosts some day; all things do, even the trees."

"The trees?" He questioned.

"Yes, they turn to big white ghosts when they die. You should see them out at the Creek—there are thousands and thousands of them! And you should hear them in a storm. They moan and groan and squeak—they hate the wind so. And even the flowers turn to bare little stalks that move about so restlessly and look so unhappy."

The horse did not like standing still, so Myrta allowed him to walk in the direction of home.

Lade walked beside them.

"I hear you went to see Miss Carlton the other day," he remarked presently. "How did you get on?"

"Fine. Miss Carlton was very kind; but she doesn't know much."

"Not know much!" Her companion queried in surprise. "Why, I thought Miss Carlton was a very smart woman."

Myrta shook her head. "No, she doesn't know much." She persisted seriously. "She couldn't—you see, she has been to school."

Her companion suppressed a laugh. "That is a queer reason for ignorance, isn't it? Schools are supposed to teach you things."

"But they don't, they only teach you all the wrong things and then you can't learn the right ones afterwards. It's like breaking in a horse wrong, then you can't break him in right later. Dad says schools never teach you anything you ought to know."

"What things ought you to know?"

Lade had come closer and was walking with one hand on Clematis's white mane. His touch seemed to soothe the restless young animal and make him walk more quietly.

"Why, to be able to find your way anywhere— She suddenly broke off and laughed. "My, you should see some of the townies when they come out here, they can't find their way anywhere and must have a guide or they would lose themselves every five minutes!" She laughed again contemptuously. "Townies are always scared though. They're scared to death of the mountains and scared of the gullies, I guess they're scared even of their own company."

"Are you never afraid of anything?" The Geologist was looking up at her, as he asked the question.

She threw back her head. "Of course not. That's one of the things you learn out here—there's never anything to be frightened about. Did you ever see a mountain afraid?"

"No, but you are only a—little girl." Again he was looking up at her with his grey eyes which had been given great powers of expression.

"What's that got to do with it? It's not size that makes you brave. It's something you've got inside. It's not the big rocks that make the mountains unafraid,

it's something quite different—you can see it in the way they look at you." As she spoke she glanced about at the many bold-eyed crags surrounding them.

The sun had sunk lower in the west and was now poised upon one of the peaky summits, like a great luminous bomb.

"Look," exclaimed Lade pointing to it, "isn't he a big brass band to-night, playing jolly yellow music!"

"Yes, and see how the clouds are getting worked up with his tunes, they are all turning yellow with excitement and seem just ready to dance. By the way," she broke off, "I nearly forgot to tell you, they are having a dance out at the creek next Saturday. Will you come?"

"If you will promise to give me those dances."

"One."

"No—more."

"Two then. I can't give you more than that or there won't be enough to go round."

"That sort of going round is of no importance—it's only going round with me that matters."

The Geologist had dropped his hand from Clematis' mane. Now the horse had become restless and was dancing about on the road.

"I shall have to be off. Clematis won't wait," said Myrta as she gave the impatient animal his head.

"How many dances will you give me—tell me that first?"

"Three then," she called over her shoulder, as the white horse bore her quickly away.

CHAPTER 11.

THE small State school at Badger's Creek was profusely decorated with ferns, branches and autumn flowers, and the air was heavy with forest fragrance and the smell of kerosene—the latter odor emanating from three not too neatly trimmed oil lamps, hanging from the ceiling.

The room was already well filled with young people, while the older ones had assembled in the lean-to at the back of the school, laying out the supper on tables manufactured of apple cases and long rough boards, and looking after a big log fire, over which hung a kerosene tin filled with milk for the coffee and a large boiler full of water for the tea.

The dancing had not yet commenced and the girls sat in small tittering groups, looking expectantly towards the youths who stood at the other end of the room, laughing boisterously at each other's jokes, affecting a noisy merriment which somehow held a strained note, as if they were half afraid of their own loud voices.

Presently Tom arrived with Mrs. Blegg and Myrta.

Black Jay went straight out to the lean-to and, after depositing her share towards the supper on one of the rickety tables she removed her ancient shawl and sat down among the other women who had gathered round the fire.

Myrta wore her only party frock, the pink print dress. It had been ironed over that morning but the long drive with three people crowded together in a seat only made for two, had sadly creased it again, and it was apparent that someone with newly polished black boots had brushed against one of her bright pink stockings and had badly stained it just above the ankle. It was also very evident that her richly colored yellow hair had been in curling pins many hours that day, for its large natural waves had been chopped into a chaotic frizziness which was slightly restrained by a number of pink ribbons.

However, she came into the room, tall and erect, splendid, radiating something that immediately changed the whole atmosphere in the little hall. The nervous tension died out of the merriment, the boys forgot to be afraid of their own voices, and the

forced twittering among the girls changed to hearty laughter.

Myrta had the power of making everyone feel at ease. She was so utterly lacking in self-consciousness that she made everyone else feel natural also.

The girl, carrying her melodeon wrapped in a red handkerchief, had not advanced many steps into the room before she was surrounded by youths clamouring for dances. They had lost all shyness now, and bright-eyed and eager-voiced were pleading for her favor.

But Myrta did not want to dance immediately; she was going to play for a while first, she announced, sending out smiling greetings in all directions. Then, taking a seat under a large treefern, she proceeded to unwrap her instrument.

Myrta always chose a picturesque position whenever possible. She did not make this choice deliberately, but was rather guided by some inherent artistic instinct, the same sense which made her invariably fall into graceful poses whether sitting or standing.

Now when the red handkerchief had been removed she placed the melodeon on her knee and began to draw from its heart little tunes which matched her own smiles in radiance.

The boys stood talking to her for a while, then as she became more absorbed by the music and her answers grew short and few, they dropped away and sought partners.

The folks at Badger's Creek were not only long behind fashions in clothes, and in the queer way they did their hair, but also regarding dances. No jaxing had been attempted in that out-of-the-way corner of the world. Very few of the young people had heard of fox-trots, and those who had been to Redlands for dances had not been interested in the new steps, but considered their own mode of dancing vastly superior. It was a similar attitude of mind which had made the girls despise bobbing and shingling, and had made them keep to the old curling pins and display of ribbons.

BADGER'S CREEK was a law unto itself. It saw no reason why it should keep pace with the times. The old familiar things were more to its taste, so why discard them? And it was really safer to keep to things which had been tried. New people and new-fangled notions might prove dangerous, they were like a new horse or a new cow—uncertain. Better hold to what was known and understood. It had of course never put this philosophy into words. It was not given to expressing its thoughts. It just acted.

So the young people danced the old-fashioned polkas, the ancient waltzes, and felt sure the good old way was the best.

It was towards the middle of the evening when Lade arrived.

He entered the room while Myrta was giving one of her nature dances, which was not strictly speaking a dance, but rather a series of graceful movements and beautiful poses which she performed while accompanying herself on the melodeon.

The scene depicted just then she called "The Mountain Dance," and it consisted of a slow gliding from one statuesque pose to another, the graceful attitudes accentuating the extraordinary beauty of her splendid young form.

The music from her melodeon was in close harmony with her action. It seemed as if the tones were a replica of her movements. They glided with her, swayed with her and posed when she posed. They smiled with the mountains, laughed with them, frowned with them.

Myrta was a mountain spirit, radiating strength and beauty, a spirit moved only by the lofty moods of the great monsters in stone. And the melodeon was part of her, entering into every majestic impulse and translating each emotion into sound.

The Geologist stood by the door, his eyes fixed on the moving figure, endowed with that extraordinary dryad-like grace which was somehow reflected in the music and in the strange serene radiance of her face.

When the item was finished there was an uproar of applause, and the youths crowded round the girl shouting their approbation of her performance.

Lade stayed where he was till the excitement had somewhat subsided then he made his way towards her and coming up to the tree-fern under which she stood, he said:

"Myrta, I have come for my dance."

She put down the instrument which she was still holding, and nodding over to Spikey—a small monkey-like man—to play for the next waltz, she allowed Lade to lead her to a clear space in the upper end of the room.

Spikey struck some breathy chords. The boys hastily claimed partners, and the dancing commenced.

Lade's eyes were on the girl's face as they walked down the not too even floor. He did not speak till they were half-way round the room, then he said:

"Myrta, do you know I am going to call you Tune. You not only play tunes, but your every little movement is a haunting bit of music and you yourself are a big glorious tune!"

She laughed joyously. "I wonder who plays me?"

"I think the mountains, the forest and stars each have a hand in it." He was looking into her eyes now.

Myrta had never danced with a man of the Geologist's stamp before. She had only known a few men of his class but had never danced with any of them. She enjoyed the novel experience now. Lade guided her so skillfully, guarding her from contact with other couples in a manner wholly new to her. And she liked the things he said. They were so different from the conversation of the boys in the district. Then she liked the way he looked at her. His eyes said things as well as his lips, and she had to keep looking up at him in order not to miss anything they were saying. And the strange part about it was that she had all at once become conscious that her own eyes were talking too—something in her wanted to speak that way. She never remembered having wanted to talk to anyone in that manner before, but now she had suddenly discovered a great pleasure in doing so. Their eye-talk was delightful!

But then the whole dance with Lade was such an extraordinary pleasure. Her feet enjoyed his step, which seemed to fall so readily into rhythm with her own. And she liked the way he held her. His arm was so decisive and strong. There was no hesitancy about it whatever. His hand, too, was cool and firm and clasped her fingers in such a nice close way.

She was sorry when the dance came to an end. It almost seemed like a wrench when his arm released her and she took away her hand from his—such a funny little sensation of emptiness crept over her then.

The following two dances were given to youths living at the creek. And now Myrta went through another curious experience. It seemed suddenly unfamiliar to be dancing with these boys whom she had known all her life. Their steps did not glide, they bumped her into other couples and they seemed to jump about all over the floor. The girl felt all these deficiencies without being able to put them into words.

But when Lade's next turn came the sense of being at home returned to her once more. His arm, his hand, his step all gave her that cozy feeling of being at ease and fitting in. It was delightful also to listen to what he had to say, and there was that wonderful eye-talk that grew more beautiful every moment. She gave Lade five dances that evening

to the disgust of the Badger's Creek boys who only got one each.

But Myrta did not notice their displeasure; she was too fully occupied at the moment with her own new-found happiness.

On the way home she was rather quiet and so was Tom Giles, though for an entirely different reason.

However, Black Jay made up for the silence of the two young people. She had partaken freely of some strong parsnip wine at supper and it made her talk incessantly all the way home.

CHAPTER 12

ROLPH CARLTON sat in his office smoking dully. It was a week since the theft, and though special detectives had been employed, the problem of the identity of the thieves and where they had taken their booty was no nearer solution. The metal had not been conveyed to Redlands or Badger's Creek, and it had not reached any of the coastal ports.

The directors had been at the mine constantly during the week, and made all kinds of suggestions to the police as to how the robbery could have been effected, but on investigation it was proved that none of their theories were correct. The directors had left the district the previous day, gloomy and dissatisfied, while the detectives had only taken their departure that morning, their bags bulging with foolscap closely filled with notes. The police had not been hopeless about discovering the robbers, but had explained that now they had all the information obtainable, it was not necessary for them to remain in the neighborhood.

The manager was left alone now to battle with the mysterious affair. His brain had been constantly at work on the problem during the past seven days and even at night he worked at it in fevered dreams. But now, after the excitement and strain, his brain had all at once grown apathetic. It refused to work any more, and his mind at the moment was not unlike a dried river-bed, deserted by all the waters of thought.

As he sat smoking automatically now, Lade entered the office—he often ran in to see how things were going and to speak a word of encouragement to his friend. The Geologist sent a quick, comprehending glance at the man by the desk, as he closed the door behind him.

"So you've lost the whole pack of them; that's a good thing. Now you and I will have a bit of elbow room to get busy."

Carlton shrugged. "What the dickens is there to get busy about?" he inquired pettishly.

"The mystery, of course."

"Drat that. I'm not going to put my brain through the mangle any more for the sake of a bit of tin."

"Buck up, old son."

"I'm not a detective, never posed as one—nor you, either, as far as I know."

Lade ignored the ill-humor of the tone and pulled a chair up to the desk. "I say, do you know that lime stone spur, jutting out a little above the mine and dropping into the gully?"

"What about it?" The manager spoke curtly, he had taken out a cigar and put it unlit between his teeth.

"Limestone often carries—caves."

"No caves have ever been discovered in this district," Carlton grunted. "That's only because it's nearly all conglomerate, granite and slate country. But that huge chunk of limestone pushed in there—no reason why it shouldn't hold caves; there are plenty of them only twenty miles away."

"Of course, it may just be possible," the other man assented, his voice holding no interest.

"I've been surveying round that spur the last few days, and in several places when

"I tapped the rocks, they sounded mighty hollow."

"That may be."

"You don't seem interested."

"Why should I? Limestone does not carry metal."

"It certainly carries no metal, but caves may hold tin." He put an odd emphasis on the last four words.

The manager sent him a glance of dull surprise. "Gosh, Brett, are you going mental or am I—?" He suddenly threw away his cigar. "Great Nebuchadnezzar, if something don't happen quick, I believe I shall go nutty!"

"Now, that's just what I'm trying to drive into your hard coconut, something is going to happen and pretty soon, too."

His companion gazed at him stupidly. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Just what I am trying to tell you. If that spur holds caves, I think you will find all your lost tin in there."

Carlton all at once sat up, then leant back with a heavy thud. "Golly, how could the tin get in there even if there are caves in the spur?"

He had heard so many theories advanced and found to be incorrect during the last week that he had become suspicious regarding all new suggestions relating to the theft.

"Man, get your pepper up; can't you see that—why, it's as plain as the markings on the map there!" He pointed to the plan of the mine hanging on the opposite wall. "If there are caves in that hill and the thief has found a way into them, why, he has only to carry the metal in and leave it there till an opportunity comes to get it away. Maybe all the tin you have lost is still reposing in that hollow hill."

The manager sighed. "That sounds too much like a fairy-tale; those sort of things don't happen in real life."

"All right then; if you are such a confounded sceptic, just stew in your own juice a while till I have investigated things a little more fully. Now, I really told you because I thought you might have helped me a bit to clear things up; but never mind, I can do without you. In your present frame of mind, you would only be a nuisance. Now I'm off. I'll report to you when I find something definite to go on. A fine day to you, my woolly-head."

With a brisk wave of the hand, he was gone.

WHEN Lade left the office, he took the upward track that led towards his camp.

On the lower level by the tunnel, stood two men talking heatedly.

As the Geologist climbed the small foot-path that made a short cut from Carlton's office to the Badger's Creek road, one of the men saw him and exclaimed, "There he is, the oily skunk! I'd like to track him up and give him one to go on with, for butting in at our show. He had no invite anyways. And then to go and monopolise Myrta all the evening and with not as much as by your leave! But we'll learn him manners yet!" He finished, a vindictive gleam coming into his young wrathful eyes.

Dan Blegg made no reply, but something in his expression was more menacing than his companion's fiery words. Presently he spoke:

"How many times did he dance with Myrta, did you say?"

"I didn't count, but it must have been round about half a dozen."

Dan's black eyes narrowed. "And he hadn't been invited?"

"Not he."

"Then I hope you'll make him pay for his darned cheek."

"We will for sure."

The youth waited a moment, then he turned and went towards his horse which was tied up to a tree across the bridge—he was on his way to Redlands.

Blegg was on first shift that week and he had just come out of the mine.

When the boy from Badger's Creek had jumped on to his horse and trotted swiftly away, Blegg walked quickly up the road towards the shanty.

He must face the girl with the truth at once and see what she had to say for herself.

As he walked along the white track, his black eyes shot fire and his heavy fist clenched.

But when he neared the hut, his steps slackened a little and his thick brows drew perplexedly together.

Perhaps it would not be wise to speak his mind too freely: it might be better to exercise a little caution with a girl like Myrta. If he said too much, it might only make her all the nicer to the geologist bloke afterwards. Young Blegg kicked at a rock savagely in passing, then he proceeded up the big stone steps leading to the shanty.

He found Myrta in the lean-to at the back of the hut, skinning wallabies; a dozen animals had been brought to the house that afternoon and she was just beginning the last one.

"Jim Carr has just ridden in to Redlands," Dan remarked by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes." The tone held no interest.

"He told me they are all shirty out at the Creek." Young Blegg spoke warily, keeping himself well in hand. There was no answer, and in the silence the only sound heard was the swishing of the skin as it was being pulled off the wallaby.

"It's all because of that survey bloke as came out without an invite."

Myrta stopped the skinning, and glanced up at her companion. "He didn't come without being invited."

"Who asked him?"

"I did," she replied, straightening and looking Dan level in the eye.

"You did—and how did you come to pick up with that guy?" His tone was still oddly restrained.

"Just saw him on the road and talked to him; and then I met him at Redlands." "I see." Her foster-brother was making a colossal effort to keep his voice even. "They are also flying off the hook 'cause you danced such a lot with him; they say you gave him six dances."

"That's my business, isn't it?" She was looking him full in the face again. "Surely I can dance with anyone I like, and as often as I please."

Young Blegg had found out some of the things he wanted to know, but there was still the most important question unanswered: Why had she danced so often with the Geologist, was it because she had become sweet on him and there was already an understanding between them? He must curb his temper till he knew that.

"And why should you want to dance so often with a bloke you've only seen the last couple of weeks, a bloke as don't belong here?" Dan inquired, still keeping on a wary note.

"Why—ain't that my business, too?" She was regarding him with blue, fearless eyes.

"No, it's mine. While you live here you belong to us, and I am not going to allow any dirty city dog to come smooching around you!" Her reluctance to confide in him had lessened his restraint.

"I reckon you couldn't prevent it if I wanted him. But he hasn't been 'smooching round' me as you call it, he's just danced with me."

"They why did you dance so many times with him?" he persisted, in spite of his better judgment.

"Because I liked to. That's all there is to it." And she turned and went on with her work.

Dan stood for a moment or two eyeing her with black suspicion. Once he opened his mouth to let out the stream of hot words that burned on his tongue. But his knowledge of Myrta made him check his

pent-up wrath, and presently without saying any more he slunk into the hut.

CHAPTER 13.

WHEN Myrta had finished her work she washed her hands and went down the front steps. Going to the very edge of the road, she paused a moment or two before lowering herself over the precipice.

The slope was not as steep just there as higher up the pass, and by using her hands to hold on to the white rocks and small bushes growing between them, she was able to get down the terrible descent.

When she reached the timber-line, she sat down under a tall gum tree. The slope was still very steep, but one thick protruding root formed a seat where she could rest securely without slipping into the forest-lined abyss.

It was a warm afternoon, and the girl leant leisurely against the big grey bole of the tree, while her eyes strayed to the wild ranges on the opposite side of the huge chasm.

Dan's outburst of temper had not distressed her. He was always jealous where she was concerned, and she had become accustomed to his suspicion of other men, and had almost forgotten his wrath by this time.

She was very happy. A new strange joy had come into her life, and she sat looking towards the sky-line with radiant joyous glances.

She had placed one hand over her heart. It felt so wonderful inside; just like spring when thousands of flowers were bursting into bloom and numberless feathered throats were throbbing out jubilant songs!

And what had made her so happy?

She suddenly smiled and thought of those five dances with Lade—they had been in her mind a great deal during the last few days. They had been the most enjoyable dances she had ever experienced, and had not only given her pleasure at the moment but every time she thought of them since. She was thinking of them now. She could see Lade so clearly before her, feel his arm about her and the clasp of his firm strong hand. Yes, and there were his eyes, somehow they seemed to have been smiling on her ever since. Each time she was quiet she could feel them upon her and they were still saying such wonderful things! She couldn't put into words what they said, but it was something awfully nice, and something inside her seemed to understand and to want to answer back.

Myrta smiled again at the thought of those talking eyes. It was beautiful to be alone and to have them speaking to her in the solitude.

She glanced up at the trees. Did they understand her joy? They had always been her friends; they had been to her what schoolmates were to other girls. She shared everything with them, and she wanted them now to partake in her happiness.

Then as she sat looking up into the pattern of blue and green, she all at once became conscious of a queer little sound that proceeded from the gully.

It was not the distant roar of the Black Serpent, but something that intermingled with the muffled noise of the tumbling water; it was like a gentle tapping on stones with some iron instrument and it came at irregular intervals.

Myrta listened.

There it was again.

The girl leaned over the chasm. But there was nothing to be seen except the great undisturbed forest lining the abyss.

But whoever could be down there near the bottom of the deep, hammering the rocks?

Suddenly the robbery leapt into her mind. Had this sound any connection with the crime? Could the thieves be down there doing other dark mysterious deeds?

She all at once made up her mind to go down and investigate.

There was no doubt in her mind that

the robbery had been committed by the strange beings haunting the gully. They were not supposed to come out except at night; however, it was so dark down there in the thick scrub under the trees that perhaps the spooks were not always particular about keeping to their nocturnal habits. Anyway she would go down and see for herself. It would be interesting to know what a ghost looked like. She had always wanted to know.

So, acting on the impulse, she began to descend the steep incline quickly. She must not lose any time in case the mysterious being below might disappear.

MYRTA was used to making her way up and down the precipitous mountain-sides: she was sure-footed and took the terrific incline now almost at a run. However, as she was about three-quarters of the way down the gully, the forest growth became so dense that she had to slow down and use her arms to cling aside bushes and gigantic ferns in order to proceed.

Now and then she stopped to listen, but the gentle tapping on the rocks had ceased. However, she made her way towards the spot where she had last heard the hammering, the lower slopes of the limestone spur which sprang boldly out from the mountain-side a little above the mine and fell abruptly into the abyss, walling the deep on the eastern side.

She had almost reached the spur now, but the thick forest growth hid it from view.

She seemed to be walking at the bottom of some cruelly-angled ocean where bushes, ferns, vines and creepers wrapped her about like seaweed and shut out all but her immediate surroundings. However, she went steadily, though cautiously, towards the place where she had last heard the tapping on the stones.

Any moment might bring her face to face with the ghost. It was dark in the forest, no sunlight could penetrate this terrible tangle of undergrowth and she walked warily so as not to disturb the apparition.

At last some unerring instinct told her, though she could see nothing but a green dimness, that the next steps would bring her some startling revelation. She held her breath and moved an armful of vines and fern-fronds cautiously aside, then looked with wide-eyed curiosity for the ghost.

Her instinct had been correct; she had reached the spot she was seeking and the perpetrator of the tapping was there. But it was not a spook as she had anticipated, but Lade who stood, hammer in hand, in the small enclosure, leaning against the rocky wall of the spur.

Though she had moved so cautiously, he had heard her and was apparently waiting for her approach.

"Well, my beautiful little Tune-Spinner," he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up at the sight of her, "have you come down here to play some more of your dried-music?"

She laughed. "No, I just came down to see who was tapping the rocks." She had not come any closer, but stood looking at him from the framework of green.

"Then you must have known it was I—by profession I am a rock-tapper you know."

"I thought it might have been—the thief who was down here."

"You mean one of the spook-thieves?" She nodded.

He threw back his head and laughed. "So you expected to find a ghost down here in the daytime?"

"Yes, it's dark enough—it's always a kind of green night down here." Her eyes were still laughing up at him.

Standing against the background of green with stray fern-fronds and creepers touching her hair and clinging to her form, she appeared like a dryad who had just stepped out of her hiding.

Lade's smiling eyes ran over the beautiful picture she made. "I suppose," he said at length, "you are disappointed that I am not the apparition you were looking for?"

She laughed as she removed a creeper which had trailed over her shoulder, but she made no other reply.

"Myrta, are you disappointed?" Though the words held a smile, in them lay also a curious insistence.

She looked up at him with eyes brimming with the elusive charm of the dryad "I shan't tell," she decided with another little laugh.

"All right then," he rejoined, "I shan't tell you about my little secret either."

"Your secret—what's that?"

"The thing I'm not going to tell you now."

Myrta thought it would be a good idea if she could find out this secret for herself, so she asked, "But what are you doing down here—you are surely not looking for tin in a limestone rock?"

"I am making a general survey of the district," he reminded her airily, "but anyway this particular spur might hold tin."

HE expected the last statement to perplex her, feeling sure she would not understand, but to his surprise she grasped his meaning.

"You think the spooks might have put the metal in there?" She pointed to the rocky wall against which he was leaning and added, "Do you know I have often thought it might be hollow. I once told Dan so, but he laughed and said it was a cranky idea—he didn't seem to like the notion at all."

The Geologist looked all at once serious.

"What made you think it might be hollow?"

"Because once when I was standing on the top," she glanced up at the great towering rocks which shot violently skyward, "I rolled down large stones and as they kept hitting the wall on the way down, it sounded hollow in many places."

"Did you tell Dan that?"

"Yes, but he said it was all nonsense, because if there were caves in there," again she pointed to the spur behind him, "there was sure to be an opening somewhere and no one had found one yet. Still," she added in a more speculative tone, "I have a notion there is an opening not far from here."

"Where is it?" Lade had become oddly alert.

"You know the place a little way farther down, where the river cuts through the big cliffs—I have a sort of feeling there is an opening just under the highest point. Come down and I'll show you."

She started to descend but her companion took the lead and, pushing the heavy undergrowth aside, made the progress easier for her.

Presently the forest thinned, then all at once stopped and shrunk back in terror, for a few yards lower down, the earth suddenly opened and dropped into a series of perpendicular cliffs.

Across a narrow passage there rose another rampart of rocks, and between these stony walls, about a hundred feet lower down, an evil-looking, darkly-hued river thundered madly on its course. It seemed like some raving thing spewing out cascades of venomous foam and tearing madly at the huge boulders lying in its way.

Lade and the girl stood for some moments looking silently down on the tumbling chaos of water that broke and foamed and boiled and roared. Black struggled with white, white leaping on black and hissing out a passion of snowy fury.

After a pause the girl spoke, "Do you know I think the opening we were talking about is at the bottom of that high cliff." She pointed to a place about a hundred yards on their left.

Silently the Geologist began to walk towards it.

Myrta followed him and they did not speak as they climbed the short ascent.

The cliffs they had now reached were of

limestone formation and fell in undeviating straightness towards the stream.

"This is the spot I mean," Myrta said, coming up to her companion. "I can't be sure, still, the water goes in in such a funny quiet way, as if there weren't any rocks to stop it. You just look."

Lade leant over the precipice, but did not express any opinion, and the girl added,

"It's a pity the Black Serpent is so rough, you can't swim along here at all. Besides, it's dead cold; no one can stay in it for more than a minute even where it's calm, and then there are all those deep pools that suck you down—Mum won't let me go in. I've often thought I'd like to, though."

The Geologist suddenly turned to her. "Now, Myrta, you are never to do anything so risky." His expression had grown oddly serious.

There was a laugh on the girl's lips, but it died as she met the gaze fixed on her.

Lade's eyes had always smiled on her before, and when they had talked they had always said smiling things; now they spoke of something of quite another nature, something which did not merely please, but gave her an odd thrill. She had never experienced such a strange sensation before. It was like the feeling that came over her when she stood up on the road at sunset and looked into the shadow-filled gully. The trees at the bottom looked so curiously far away and thin as if they were not real trees at all, but strange, phantom shapes, and the blue shadows that crept up from the chasm were dark and queer and rose higher and higher right up to the road where presently they enveloped her, too, and seemed to want to draw her down. They pulled and tugged though they had no hands, and almost dragged her over the edge into the deep. It was a queer, wonderful feeling, and looking into Lade's eyes now, was something like that. It gave her the sensation of being near a precipice and being on the point of slipping in. And the bottom of this strange new deep was so far away that she could just go on sinking—sinking, and never reach it.

"What are you thinking about, Myrta?" Her companion asked, watching the new expression which had come into her gaze.

She laughed, shaking herself free from the spell of his eyes. "Something—"

"Yes?"

SHE turned away. "Just a nice, deep gully."

The Geologist sent her a swift glance, but he did not speak.

The girl was looking up at the sky, which, had turned pink. "Why," she exclaimed, "the sun is going down and Dad will be awfully angry if he sees me coming up from here so late."

They walked along the top of the cliffs for a short distance, then took the climb up the mountain-side towards the road.

The girl enjoyed the novel experience of having Lade helping her and pushing the heavy undergrowth aside as they climbed. She was unaccustomed to such protective solicitude and the touch of his hand on her arm thrilled her in an odd, new way.

When they reached the more precipitous slopes where the forest thinned, they could see the high crags circling the deep, rising infinitely high above them. The sunset had faded and the numerous peaks splitting the sky had turned slate-grey and cold.

Lade and the girl now took a slanting direction to make the climb less strenuous, and as they proceeded the twilight dropped thickly under the towering timber.

A great silence fell between Myrta and her companion.

When they reached the road the girl turned and looked back into the chasm.

The deep was filled to the brim with a soft, half-transparent gloom, through which the uppermost trees showed as mere elusive tracery, while the lower regions of the forest were lost in an all-pervading dark.

Myrta stood very still, gazing in the

enormous void so softly cushioned by night. Lade was beside her. Now he suddenly took one of her hands and made her face him.

"Myrta, was this the gully you were thinking of?" With his free hand he pointed to the abyss.

She did not laugh now, and even in the dimness he could see the serious radiance of her eyes.

"No, it wasn't that; the one I was thinking of was—deeper, so deep it didn't seem to have any bottom at all."

"Myrta," he was bending lower, "was it the gully of the heart?"

She started a little, but did not reply.

"The gully of the heart is very deep, so deep that you can go on sinking into it for years and never reach the bottom."

She still did not speak, and he added, "Myrta, there is a gully in my breast that is open wide for you; will you slip into it?"

Suddenly something she did not understand made her tear her fingers from his clasp and turn quickly away, as she exclaimed:

"Why, look how dark it is—I must hurry back. If Dad knew where I'd been, I'd get into dreadful trouble; he sees red when he gets roused!"

She began to walk hastily down the road, and when they had taken a bend round a huge white boulder, the hut with its one feeble light loomed straight above them.

The girl sprang up a couple of the rocky steps, then turned and cried in a soft little undertone:

"Good-night—I wanted to see the sort of spooks that play about down there," a pointing arm gleamed oddly white in the darkness, "to-day I have seen one kind and I am going to try and see the other, too!"

Then, with a little laugh, she ran lightly up the rest of the stony steps and disappeared into the shanty.

CHAPTER 14.

THE following morning, shortly after daylight, Lade stood on top of the limestone cliffs. He had brought a long, thick rope with him, which he had fastened to a big tree growing a little away from the top of the rocks. Now he was about to lower himself into the deep, narrow ravine.

Myrta had unwittingly given him the clue he needed, and by lying down on the ground, his head and shoulders projecting over the edge of the cliffs, he had satisfied himself that her surmise was feasible and he was now on the point of making investigations.

As she had said, it was impossible to swim upstream, for even if he had been able to breast the terrific current, the stalactites would have barred his progress and any attempt to negotiate them would have only resulted in being hurled into the whirlpools below.

The Geologist had not brought his assistant with him that morning as he wished to make the exploration alone.

Now, after having once more looked searchingly into the deep, he caught hold of the rope and began cautiously to lower himself over the cliff.

He was strong, and the rocks being perpendicular he had no difficulty in fairly quickly reaching the level of the river. A little above the boiling, menacing water, he halted and looked in at the spot where Myrta had suggested that a possible opening might be.

To his delight he found that she had been correct in her surmise, for there, a short distance from him, the rocks scooped inwards, and at the back of this arch there was a fairly large opening leading into a dark, narrow tunnel. He also saw that there was a ledge below the arch, so that it would be comparatively easy from where he hung to reach the entrance. It was only necessary to make a rather long leap over the turbulent water and he would land on the stony level just outside the tunnel.

He made the jump successfully and let

go the rope, then, taking out his torch, he entered the narrow passage.

It went for some distance straight into the earth, after which the black corridor widened and took a steep upward twist, and at this juncture Lade noticed a number of stalagmites which had been rudely broken, apparently to clear the way.

So others had been there before him! His theory regarding the stolen tin might yet work out correctly. He had been right in his surmise about the spur holding caves, at any rate.

He climbed the steep passage quickly, and after ascending what seemed to him about a hundred feet, the wide tunnel opened into an enormous rocky chamber.

The Geologist halted and allowed the light from his strong torch to search the walls, ceiling, and floor.

Then he took a short, sharp breath. He had never been in a cave so lofty and of such cathedral-like dimensions as the one he had just entered.

The ceiling fell into numerous arches, and from these dome-like vaults there dropped stalactites of the most fantastic designs. From the ground shot colossal pillars, palms and fern-like formations, the stalactites and stalagmites intermingling in a riot of architectural beauty. But Lade noticed with a frown that a number of the sculptured shapes had been ruthlessly damaged, in some places entirely destroyed, and that the broken pieces lay scattered about on the floor.

It was quite evident now that someone had been there before him, and for other purposes than to enjoy the unique beauty of the cave. It was not difficult either to trace the progress of the intruders, for the numerous limestone shapes had been broken into a passageway, and by following it Lade came to an enclosure on the right side of the chamber piled high with what appeared like small bags.

The Geologist made hasty investigation with his torch, then stood suddenly quite still before the great heap of sacks.

Here was slacked the stolen tin of the Ruby Lodge.

Apparently the whole of the last theft was there intact.

The great mystery was solved at last. But how had the tin been conveyed right down into this lower part of the cave?

It could not have been taken down into the gully and brought by the way he had come. It was a sheer impossibility to take bags of heavy metal down the rope and leap with them to the entrance of the tunnel and if that had not been the way the thieves had brought in the tin, there must be another opening; now he must try to discover that entrance.

Probably it was higher up, nearer the mine, but the broken stalactites were sure to guide him in this matter also.

Lade now retraced his steps and went back to the place where he had first entered the chamber. From this point he found another distinct archway formed by the sadly damaged limestone formation.

This new passage led him to another part of the room from which a narrow shaft sprang steeply upwards.

The Geologist made the slippery ascent and after a strenuous climb he came to another tremendous vault closely packed with stalagmites that were like great primitive trees.

Lade now found himself in what appeared to be a petrified forest, a hades of trees, where the spirits of the woods had turned to stone, suffering an age-long doom. But the Geologist did not linger there, the chamber was practically untouched, which told him that the thieves had not found much use for this section of the underworld.

However, the broken columns guided him into an adjoining room, and from this he was led by a wider passage into higher regions.

He climbed ever upwards, saw numerous chambers and halls, all containing new and fantastic formations. However, he did not take time to explore the treasures they held, but hurried on, always the passageway of partly-destroyed stalagmites guiding him upwards.

Some of the tunnels he went through were wide and lofty, while others were mere burrows which he had to negotiate on hands and knees.

Every now and again he extinguished his torch to see if there was any daylight visible, and at last, after a most terrific climb, as he halted in the darkness he saw a faint glimmer in the distance.

It was only a narrow streak of light apparently falling through some crack in the rocks.

Lade hastened onwards, keeping the torch extinguished, the crack now becoming his sole guide, and when he had reached it he began to push and pull at the rocks beside it.

Presently, after much strenuous effort, something began to give. A little more pushing and pulling this way and that and a huge stone gave way, disclosing a small opening about as big as a manhole which led into a short tunnel.

The Geologist squeezed through the narrow aperture and carefully replaced the rock.

He had got his bearings now.

The place where he found himself was a discarded tunnel situated near the mill. It had been driven in years ago in the hope of finding metal, but as none had been discovered the tunnel was abandoned.

Lade now walked to the end of the drive which led out on to the tramway running from the mine to the mill.

ON reaching the line he looked carefully in all directions to make sure that no one was in sight, then he walked briskly towards the mill, a big iron structure a few hundred yards away and hidden from view by a sharp bend in the track.

He did not, however, enter the building, but, going behind it, descended the arm Ghost Gully had hung up towards the mine.

It did not take him long to reach the body of the deep, and now he went swiftly down to the cliffs. He wanted to remove the rope as speedily as possible, so that there could be no clue to show he had found the entrance to the caves.

After undoing the rope he hid it in a hollow tree some distance from the summit of the rocks, then he made the steep climb to the mine.

When he reached the office it was mid-day, and the Manager was on the point of going home for dinner. He was standing by the bonnet of his car looking into the engine.

On seeing Lade he gave him a brief nod, and, pulling down the bonnet, jumped into the motor and pressed his foot on the self-starter.

"Wait a minute, son, I want to see you," said the Geologist, coming up to the car.

Carlton made no reply, but merely glanced at his watch and remained in his seat.

"Come into the office, I have something to tell you," Lade insisted, as he opened the door of the motor.

"Look here, it's just one o'clock, and Bea hates me to be late for meals—can't you talk here?" The Manager spoke testily.

"No, come inside, your dinner can wait for once."

Carlton shrugged, sprang out of the car, and led the way into his office, his stride bristling with irate protest.

"Well, what is it?" he asked sharply, as his companion closed the door carefully behind him.

"Now, keep your wool on, old man. You remember what I said to you about that limestone spur holding caves—?"

The Manager made an impatient gesture. "Now if that's all you've come to talk about

that 'll keep till after dinner—let me get out," he demanded, as the other man stood in front of the door blocking the way.

"Not till you've heard this: I've found your stolen tin."

Lade made the announcement coolly, but it had a startling effect on his companion. The brooding irritation fell instantly from his manner, he took a step forward and nearly walked into the Geologist as he exclaimed:

"Found the stolen metal—you scoundrel, why didn't you tell me that at once instead of raving about caves and all that rot! Where in the name of thunder is it?"

"Now, keep cool, my fiery one, and I'll tell you. It's all in that limestone spur close to the mine, safe and sound."

"So there are caves in there after all! Well, you splendid brute," he gave the other man a sounding slap on the shoulder with one of his broad, strong hands. "So you were right after all, old chap. But are you quite sure it's our tin?" A shade of doubt had come into his jubilant tone.

"Yes, quite, it's still in the bags with your stamp on."

"Then let us go and look at it quickly."

"Not so fast, sonny, you mustn't go in there for the present. We must be careful not to let anyone know we've discovered the caves. You see, we haven't found the thief yet, and till he's dug out we must go on as if we didn't know there were any caves there. But now that I have told you you may go home to your dinner."

"Don't be a beast, just sit down and tell me about the whole thing at once."

"I thought you were in a hurry for your meal?"

"Well, you ruffian, you unbutton this minute!"

"No, I shan't tell you any more for the present. We mustn't let it appear that anything unusual has happened. But you can meet me here in an hour's time and I'll tell you all about it."

"Hop into the car then and come back and have some grub with us?"

"No thanks, I'll have our dinner ready. I haven't told him anything about this business, and I don't want him to suspect that there is anything in the wind, so I'll toddle along as if nothing unusual had occurred. But I'll be back here at two o'clock. So long, old chap, and good luck to you."

With a quick wave of the hand, Lade left the office.

CHAPTER 15.

"WHAT I can't understand is how the thieves got the metal away from the caves. They can't bring it up here again and send it away by road. Also the tin in this mine is rather a rare kind, and even should they manage to get it to one of the ports, it would be recognised anywhere as the Ruby Lade tin."

The manager sat in deep thought for a while. "I'll tell you what I think," he said presently, turning to the geologist. "They must leave the metal in the caves till the summer, often we have very dry weather for weeks at a time. The Black Serpent goes down to less than half its ordinary size then, and it would just be possible to walk upstream to the end of the cliffs and from there climb up Brown Nose—the peak opposite Ghost Gully. Halfway up that mountain, as I dare say you know, there is a bit of a tin show with ore exactly like ours. They could take our metal up there, re-bag it, and send it away as their own. You bet your life that's how the thing is worked! One of our men must be in league, of course, with the fellow who runs that show, and now we'll have to find out who the traitor is."

"Yes, that's our job for the present," Lade looked at his watch and rose. "But it's three o'clock, and I will have to be off, mustn't stay here yarning to you too long, that might arouse suspicion."

As he came out of the office, Lade saw

Mrs. Blegg coming along the road with long, hasty strides.

"Have you seen Myrta?" she called in her shrill, yet hollow voice when she was still some distance away. "It's getting on for second shift and she hasn't come back for her dinner yet."

Black Jay had come up to the Geologist by this time, and he saw that the furrows in her ugly parchment face had deepened with anxiety.

"But Myrta often takes long rambles in the bush, doesn't she?" Lade interrogated in reassuring tones.

"Yes, but she always comes back at meal-times, unless she's out ridin', then she often stays away a long time. But she's not on Clematis to-day or I'd thought she'd gone out to the creek and stayed there for dinner." She halted a moment before adding, "I thought perhaps you might have seen her knockin' about somewhere."

"No, I haven't come across her to-day."

"And there's a storm coming, too," Mrs. Blegg went on, glancing apprehensively at the sky, which was a queer muddled blue.

"When did you see Myrta last?" asked her companion, making no reference to her remark about the threatening storm.

"It must have been somewhere about the middle of the morning. She was going down the slope below the road by our place. I didn't take much stock of her; she often goes down there a little way and sits among the trees. She likes that sort of thing. But I haven't seen her come up, I wonder if she should have gone right down and something happened to her? You know they say most queer things go on down there. I wouldn't set my foot in that gully, not even in the daytime, no, not if you was to pay me a fortune, I wouldn't!" Her voice rose in perturbed excitement.

"Now, don't you worry, Mrs. Blegg," Lade reassured her again. "Myrta is all right, nothing has happened to her. She'll come back presently and tell you that she had forgotten all about the time and dinner and everything else. But to ease your mind, I'll just take a stroll into the gully and if I see her about anywhere, I'll send her home."

As he spoke the calming words a terrible possibility had all at once occurred to him. Had the girl gone down to make investigations regarding the caves on her own account? Had she reached the cliffs before he had removed the rope, and should she by any chance have made use of it to see if her surmise regarding the opening had been correct? It required great strength to hold on to the rope for so long while she made the hundred feet descent; but even should she have been able to keep her hold till she reached the level of the water, could she have made the leap to the cave's mouth successfully? It was a long stretch, and most unlikely that she could accomplish it. And if she had tried and failed—

SUDDENLY the color below the tan in Lade's cheeks faded. He must hurry down to see.

So for the third time that day he walked along the tramway and after passing the mill descended into the deep.

It did not take him long to reach the body of the gorge, and now he took the steep incline at a breakneck speed.

His haste was an odd contrast to the curious stillness that brooded under the tall timber which stood inert and silent as if expecting some disaster.

When Lade reached the lower regions of the forest where he had to fight every inch of the way through densely matted growth, his progress was greatly impeded.

The foliage hung about him like heavy curtains. He walked through awathes and swathes of green. It entangled his feet, wound about his body and clung to his arms. But he struggled fiercely downwards.

There was not a moment to lose. He

might already be too late. If Myrta had made use of the rope and failed to reach the entrance to the cave, there would be no hope now. She would long ago have perished in the whirlpool of the Black Serpent. Yet, of course, she might not have reached the cliffs before he had removed the rope and, in that case, where could she be?

Should she have walked along the top of the cliffs to where they ended by the entrance to Thunder Gully and descended the steep hill to the river and there have attempted to swim down the turbulent stream? She had expressed a wish to do so on the previous day, but he had severely discouraged the idea. However, would that weigh with her if she really wished to make the attempt?

He was afraid not. She was utterly fearless and for some reason she seemed specially keen about finding the caves. So should she have laid some daring scheme which she had tried to carry out and—failed?

Lade hastened onwards, the perspiration pouring from his face.

The sky above had become dark with angry bruises, which were constantly growing larger, till finally they united, becoming a vast stretch of menacing blackness.

The Geologist had reached the summit of the cliffs now, and, going to the edge of the precipice, he stood casting frantic glances into the boiling stream below.

But there was no sign of the girl.

Slightly relieved he looked up and down the river, then along the top of the rocks.

He was just wondering where to begin the search, when something white lying among the tussocks of grass a short distance away caught his attention and, going over to it, he found it was a small crushed handkerchief.

The article was of coarse, cheap fabric, but to Lade at the moment it represented a guiding star. It told him Myrta had been there, and that she had apparently taken an upstream direction.

He stood for a moment looking down on the small piece of cotton between his fingers, then taking it into his hand he crushed it against his palm in a fierce little caress, before putting it into his pocket.

Then his attention was all at once diverted. The sky just above the ravine was suddenly ripped asunder by a blinding flash of light and the next instant the heaven opened its huge black throat and let out an ear-splitting roar that rumbled about among the mountains and fell as savage growls into the ravine.

A few moments later the sky opened fire again and there followed a fearful clasp of thunder.

There was no doubt about it, an awful storm was coming on, and he must find the girl quickly. So he walked along the edge of the cliff in the upstream direction, looking searchingly into the deep, scrutinizing the rocks below and at intervals cooing loudly as he went.

But there was no sign of Myrta anywhere and no response to his distracted shoutings.

The heaven kept blinking its fiery eyes and beating its gigantic drums of thunder.

It was almost useless to call now, his voice could not be heard above the awful explosion from the sky.

LADE had now reached the place where the cliffs made an abrupt turning northwards before coming to a sudden halt near the mouth of Thunder Gully. He was walking quickly, frantically searching the rocks and the roaring stream sweeping through the narrow passage a hundred feet below, when all at once he caught sight of a white figure standing on a small ledge, holding on to the rocks with outstretched arms, just a little above the raging stream.

It was Myrta. Lade stopped as if some occult power had suddenly fixed him to the ground.

Heavens above, how had the girl got right down there, over the perpendicular cliffs? And how in the name of all that was sane was he to get her out of her frightful predicament?

But Myrta had evidently seen him, for her face was slightly upturned and she seemed to be calling, but the noise of the tumultuous water combined with the incessant howling of the sky drowned her voice.

The Geologist stood for a moment irresolute. How on earth was he to begin the rescue? To go down the perpendicular surface of the rocks was a sheer impossibility.

He thought of the rope, but realised immediately that it could be of no use to him here, for there were no trees near enough to which he might fasten it.

Then, as he stood desperately thinking, one of the girl's hands relaxed its hold on the rocks and pointed to the end of the cliffs.

There must be an access to her position there.

He rushed to the place she had indicated. Here the rocky wall ended and the northern slopes of Tounded-Head Spur shot abruptly towards the river.

But though the incline was steep and dangerous, it was not unmanageable, and, keeping close to the cliffs and holding on to the bushes and small trees, Lade began the descent.

HALF-WAY down the slope he noticed that a stony ledge ran along the surface of the cliffs. He had not seen this ledge from the summit, because immediately above it the rocks scooped outwards, hiding it from view from the upper slopes.

Apparently this was the ledge Myrta had taken, and the Geologist walked on to it now.

However, it did not take him very far, and when he came to a dead end he could only proceed by using little indents in the rocks barely big enough to afford him a footing.

It was a perilous procedure and any misstep would hurl him into the jaws of the roaring stream below. But he made his way onward, step by step, heedless of his danger, only aware of the terrible predicament of the girl he wanted to rescue.

He had not been able to see Myrta since he began descending the spur, but now after skirting a huge promontory he saw her again. She had not let go her hold, but was still clinging to the cliffs.

Lade endeavored to hurry his pace. Another ten yards and he would reach her.

But the way led downwards now and was even more perilous. However, with set face and eyes searching fiercely for footholds, he made the descent.

Above him the clouds hung black and menacing as if on the point of discharging a torrent of venomous rain.

The man struggling along the scanty footholds suddenly looked up and gasped.

Should the rocks become wet and slippery all chance of rescuing Myrta was at an end.

However, the heavens held back their freight of destruction and some moments later Lade reached the girl.

But how he got her back to the timbered slopes of Tounded-Head Spur he could never quite remember. The experience was in his mind a nightmare blur of nerve-racking peril interspersed with terrible flashes of lightning and ear-splitting thunderclaps, the thunder rumbling about amidst the mountains as if a myriad herd of famine-stricken lions had been let loose in the regions above and open-throated roared for prey.

However, when Lade's feet touched the grassy slopes of the spur, life came leaping back into his brain once more, and as he drew the girl from the last stony ledge on to safety, the keyed-up terror in his soul suddenly collapsed and he caught her to him in a convulsion of relief.

He did not speak; neither of them spoke. Their emotions at the moment ran too high to be brought into the captivity of words.

They stood clasped together in a silence great and aloof, yet holding underlying forces, latent as eternity itself.

Below them raved the river; around them blinked the menacing eyes of the sky and the thunder rolled like storm-driven waves booming on hostile shores.

However, Lade and his companion were oblivious of their surroundings; they were only conscious of each other and that they had reached safety at last.

But they were not allowed to remain in the isolation of their joy for long. The clouds which had held back their freight of passionate wrath now all at once began to discharge their fury. Great angry drops came hissing through the air, splashing the cliffs and the trees with stinging ferocity.

The drops grew more numerous and more fiercely intent on destruction.

The man and the girl drew reluctantly apart, but keeping one arm about her, Lade led her up the violent slopes of the spur.

The rain came driving down between the trees. The black sky vanished, and the walls of the ravine disappeared; the world had become a blur of pelting, hissing grey through which the lightning showed like the radiance of some gigantic lamp in a fog.

Myrta and her companion hastened up the steep incline. They did not halt when they reached the top of the cliffs. The savage rain lashed them onwards. It would grant them no respite, but drove them with ever-increasing fury towards the hut.

Up and up they climbed. They could not talk in words. But their arms and hands talked, and in their hearts was a jubilant song which no storm could put to silence.

CHAPTER 15

A LARGE Rolfe-Royce passed the Ruby Lode mining-camp and took the road overhanging Ghost Gully. The car went along in easy complacency making its low-voiced aristocratic purr.

When it reached the Blegg's shanty, it stopped and a liveried chauffeur in dark purple matching the motor jumped out of his seat and took the long flight of rocky steps leading to the hut.

"Does Mrs. Blegg live here?" he asked, touching his cap with a forefinger, when Black Jay came to the door in response to his knock.

"That's me," she replied, awe tinged with suspicion evident in voice and manner.

"Mr. Benjamin wants to speak to you," the driver announced and, turning, raised his voice and spoke to the occupant of the car.

"This is the place, sir." The words held a slight American accent.

The man addressed left the motor and mounted the steps. He was rather short, had a broad back and a Jewish countenance, and his clothes were the latest thing in fashion.

"Mrs. Blegg," he exclaimed, sweeping off his hat and glaring benevolently at the woman through his tortoiseshell-rimmed pince-nez, "I am fortunate to find you at home, and if you can spare me a few minutes, I should like to have a little talk with you." The handsomely-tailored Jew also spoke with an American accent.

Black Jay eyed him warily for a second or two before asking him into the shanty. She was always suspicious of strangers and feared they might be connected with the much-dreaded police.

However, this man with his suave ways and his magnanimously glaring eyes somehow disarmed her fears and she stepped back from the doorway indicating that he might enter the hut.

Mr. Benjamin's dark glances travelled round the small scantily furnished room and he compressed his rather thick lips in a movement that somehow expressed satisfaction.

"Mrs. Blegg," he began, "I have come to see you about your daughter."

Black Jay's features stiffened into grim-

ness. Her fears had returned. Could Myrta have done anything wrong? Had this man come to take her away to gaol? But no, Myrta was not in the habit of misbehaving. She had certainly assisted her foster-father with his unlawful trapping, but that was not the child's fault. However, the visitor's next words removed her apprehension.

"I saw the—young lady," he said the last two words as if he had some hesitation about using the word "lady" in connection with Myrta, then he went on more evenly, "danced in Redlands a few weeks ago. I was struck by her movements and her music. She is evidently talented. I made up my mind to see her the next day, but unfortunately I was phoned late the same evening that my wife, whom I had left in Hobart, had taken seriously ill, so I had to leave the township that night. However, I did not come away without having secured the name and address of the young lady." The word lady came more easily this time.

The Jew had taken a seat on one of the backless wooden chairs and sat, gloves in hand, confronting his hostess with his large pince-nez. Now he changed the grey doekskin gloves from one hand to the other as he added: "I should like to have a little chat with your daughter, for I have a proposition to make her—is she at home?"

Black Jay was too much astonished to comprehend all the stranger had said; she only knew by a kind of intuition that something wonderful had come to Myrta. She stood by the rough table too dazed to make any reply or move till her guest's voice roused her from her stupor.

"Will you mind letting me see Miss Blegg, if she is at home?"

Black Jay all at once straightened. Here was something tangible she could understand. "Her name is not Blegg; we only adopted her. I found her out there under a myrtle-tree and I named her Myrta Lost. But I'll go and fetch her."

The girl was sitting on the back step peeling potatoes for dinner.

"Myrta," whispered Black Jay from the kitchen door in a loud undertone which could easily be heard from the front parlour. "There's a swell bloke with rubber-tired glances on inside, what see'd you dance at Redlands, and he wants to speak to you."

BUT the girl did not hurry. She put the last potato into the pot standing beside her, then went into a small shed close by, washed her hands and dried them very deliberately on a grubby threadbare towel, before going in to see the visitor.

Mr. Benjamin turned his searching glance on her when she at length entered the room. As usual she was dressed in white—a white frock that was almost grey and held many dark stains as well as tears. But the perfect outline of the form it covered, made the grimy garment of small importance.

"Good morning, Miss Lost," the Jew said, rising and extending a broad fat hand cordially. "I suppose your Ma told you that I wanted to speak to you on a matter of—business?"

"No, she didn't say anything about that,"

"Well, then, that's why I am here."

The girl did not seem curious. She listened courteously but without personal interest.

However, her visitor was not discouraged. He looked like a man in possession of some bomb of surprise which he was on the point of exploding and which he was only keeping back till he decided how to throw it most effectively.

Now he cleared his throat, then fixing the girl with a complacent stare, he asked:

"Miss Myrta, how would you like to become a great star?"

The bomb was thrown. But the thrower was decidedly disappointed in the effect it produced or rather had not produced, for there was no sign of elation or surprise

on the face of the one who should have fairly leapt with astonishment.

The girl had apparently not understood; he must explain further. "I mean a great star like the ones you see acting on the pictures—you have seen pictures, haven't you?"

Yes, she had seen pictures sometimes at Redlands.

"I don't mean you should be an actress, but a star of another kind—quite a new kind, in fact."

There was no answer. Myrta was regarding him with calm, level glances, that contained not the least enthusiasm for his scheme.

He must try to rouse her interest in some other way.

"Miss Myrta," his tone had become ingratiating, "how would you like to wear fine clothes—have lots of beautiful dresses and all that sort of thing?"

She met his questioning gaze with baffling indifference. "I have fine clothes. Didn't you notice the dress I wore up at Redlands?"

Mr. Benjamin apparently remembered the ill-made crushed pink dress, and into his eyes came suddenly an extraordinary stare as if some terrible strain was being put upon them from within, and his mouth moved to a queer little grimace as if that also was undergoing an ordeal. But whatever had caused the disturbance of his expression it soon passed, and his gaze became even more magnanimously approving than before, while he replied:

"Yes, I noticed your pretty gown, of course, but I mean frocks of silk and satin and lots of jewellery, too. Diamonds and all that."

The girl looked at him in rather disapproving unconcern. "I don't care for diamonds, they have no color, they are only like bits of glass. I like our state better. Look at this!"

She fingered her necklace of crudely made beads cut from the mauve, pink and red slate abounding in the neighborhood. "These are much prettier than diamonds."

MRS. BLEGG, who had been listening in the kitchen by the slightly-open door, now entered the parlor. She could curb her curiosity no longer. What had this man come to do for Myrta? That he had come to offer her something tremendously big was certain, but what it precisely was he had not yet made clear and she stepped into the room to bring things to a head more quickly. It was characteristic of her that she was more curious than anxious and far more anxious to know the full extent of his offer, than that the girl should accept it.

"Well, how are you getting on?" she asked with a cunning smile, pretending she had not been listening to the conversation.

"Not at all. Miss Myrta seems to want to turn down my proposition."

"But—what is it?" asked Black Jay, coming up to the table and fingering the rough boards of which it was made.

The Jew hesitated a moment. "Well, it is just this: I am willing to take Miss Myrta away, educate her and bring her out as a great star to shine on the world. I will give her heaps of money, dresses and jewelry and all the things women love, if she will only sign this paper I have brought with me. But she doesn't seem to care about my offer. I should have thought," he added, glancing round the poverty-stricken room, "that even if she didn't want to accept it for her own sake, she would do it to help you and your husband—to easier circumstances."

Mrs. Blegg's curiosity was satisfied. Now she had something to tell which would make the women at Badger's Creek blue with envy—none of their girls had ever had such an offer!

She did not speak at once and in her silence Mr. Benjamin added, "Perhaps you

can persuade Miss Myrta to change her mind?"

Now that Mrs. Blegg was directly appealed to, she looked over at the girl and said, "Myrta must please herself; if she doesn't want to take it, she needn't. Me and the old man don't want things any different." Then she addressed her adopted daughter: "Well, and what do you say, Myrta?"

"I think it is very kind of this gentleman to come and want to do all this for me; but I couldn't go away, and I don't want any of the things he talks about."

Black Jay nodded. "Then we'll leave it at that, my girl. No one shall ever say I chucked you out of the place."

The visitor rose, a rather wan smile shimmering through his glasses. "Oh, well, if the young lady doesn't care to accept my offer, that, of course, settles it. But," he took a card out of his pocket and handed it to Myrta, "here's my address and if you should change your mind at any time just send me word."

Mr. Benjamin took his departure with ostentatious handshakes, and presently the big purple car purled its elegant way back to civilisation.

CHAPTER 17.

MYRTA shut the shanty door, then halted before the great jewelled portals of night.

She was on the point of slipping through the swarthy gates, down into the deep among the trees.

She was going to play in the darkness, and some wonderful experience would come to her there. The night had become a new world which she was entering for the first time; it was a world of entrancing mysteries that she was on the point of exploring.

The girl stood hesitating by the door, her heart beating in queer little eager throbs. She wanted to hasten down the slope, yet something made her halt before opening the gate that led into her fairyland. It was a dark fairyland; but somehow this made it all the more enchanting. The darkness was like numerous black curtains she had to lift aside, and behind each one might lurk the rich treasure the night was going to bestow on her. She wanted one special treasure from the dark; she wanted her lover.

The day before had brought her that wonderful experience on the cliffs, and now she was expecting its sequel. Love is too big to be contained in one book—it has many volumes.

Lade would have been busy all that day; but to-night—he was sure to come to her then! He must be out looking for her already, and she would go a little way down the slope and her music would guide him to her.

Eagerly she now ran down the stony steps, crossed the road, and lowered herself into the deep.

When she reached the timber-line she halted and sat down in her favorite seat, a wide fork in a big tree, then she stretched out her melodious on her knees and began to play. Her music was soft like the velvet darkness surrounding her, but it held also eager little heartbeats. It seemed as if her instrument was oddly excited, a quiver with an anticipation it could not disguise.

As she sat playing softly, but stopping now and then to listen for the expected footsteps, there reached her the sounds of the crunching on stones, the scattering of gravel into the deep, and the swishing of bushes being pushed hastily aside.

He was coming! Myrta's pulses began to sing and her heart to flutter as if it had suddenly grown wings. Her soul mounted to strange, dizzy heights of joy.

He had reached her now, and stood beside her music seat. But she did not look up—some curious impulse kept her still. She

wanted him to speak first, to hear how he would greet her.

The man beside her made a slight movement, then said:

"That was a real pretty tune you was playing just now—did you make it up yourself?"

The singing of her pulses, all at once ceased, and her mounting soul crashed down like a poor little broken kite to the earth.

The man who had spoken was not Lade—but Dan.

"Yes, I was just sort of thinking aloud here in the dark." Her voice sounded oddly small and insignificant.

Her foster-brother stood without speaking for a second or two, then he suddenly chuckled. "I'm jolly glad you sent that Jew-bloke about his business this morning. If ye'r going to be educated it's not a stranger that's to pay for it."

"It was very kind of him to offer." Her voice still sounded small and faint. "Anyway," she went on in the same tone, "I don't want to go to school."

"Well, I don't know," her companion spoke reflectively, "education is a fine thing. We've lost lots through never having any. When all the guys up at the camp read their papers I feel a sort of fool sitting there and not being able to read."

She made no reply and he went on after a pause, "Do you know what I've been thinking lately? It would be nice to send you to school—no, not to the one at Redlands, that's not grand enough; but to one of the big top-notchers in town. I'd mighty well like to send you there for a time."

"It's no use thinking of such a thing—we couldn't afford it."

"I could. I've been working in the mine since I was thirteen, and that's for ten years. I've earned good dough all the time. Then, as you know, I've got an interest in that tin show over there." He indicated the mountains on the other side of Ghost Gully. "That brings me in a handy lump. I've not spent much, so I dump most of it into the bank. Now I'd like to send you to school for a couple of years. You've only just turned seventeen; that would give you till you're nineteen, and then you could come back here and—" he hesitated perceptibly before adding—"marry me."

THE girl beside him started. "What absolute nonsense you are talking to-night!"

He did not fail to detect the hostile little note in her tone. In all their encounters before, even during their most heated quarrels, there had never been that note of real hostility in her voice. However, he restrained himself and answered quietly enough:

"That's not nonsense, Myrta. You and I have grown up together; we've always been coppers, and what's more natural-like than we make a match of it?"

"That's impossible—you are my brother."

"Not your real brother—you've always know'd that."

There fell a short, sharp silence between them. Then the girl spoke:

"Now look here, Dan, you just put that silly idea of marrying me out of your head. I've noticed lately that you've been different, only I couldn't exactly think how, but now you've explained. But you must give up all thought of such a thing—it could never be."

"I'll never give that up, Myrta. I've made up my mind to marry you and I'm going to do it."

"Don't be a goat, Dan; I couldn't possibly marry you."

"And why not?" He stretched out his arm and put the palm of his hand against the trunk of the tree and stood looking down on her.

"I've got to love the man I marry."

"You do love me." The words held doggedness.

"But not in the right way."

"Now who's been putting these high-falutin' notions into your head?"

Young Blegg suddenly dropped his hand from the tree and added wrathfully, "I s'pose it's that confounded rock-scratcher that's done it!"

Then as the girl moved as if to give an angry retort, he went on fiercely, "Don't think I've been blind; I've seen the way he's been making up to you! I saw you both days you came up with him from the gully. I s'pose he didn't want me to know what he was up to. And all that bunkum about you getting stuck on them cliffs and him comin' to do the rescue stunt was a lot of humbug! You can fool the Gov. and the Mater it seems, but you can't fool me. I've been watching him too close since the boys out at the Crk tipped me the wink. Like his infernal cheek coming busting in here! But we'll soon show him he can't play with you, even if you are spongy on him."

Myrta had remained very still during this tirade; now she remarked in a voice that held an odd quiet:

"But he has not been—playing—"

Her foster-brother suddenly burst into a peal of grim laughter. "Not playing—! Why, why, you are surely not silly enough to think he means to—marry you! He, a city-bug what's been to school and all that, and you a back-blocker what's never had a day's larnin' in your life!"

"That—wouldn't make any—difference." The girl's voice had grown oddly small again.

"Wouldn't it just—you wait an' see!"

Myrta made no reply, and Dan, feeling his argument had gone home, took advantage of her silence and proceeded to strengthen his position still further.

"I can't think what's happened to your senses to expect such a thing! Why, look at the way you dress. Of course it's good enough for us, we think you're all right. But he doesn't. Look at the way Miss Carleton dresses. That's his style; he's used to that. It's the city-push ways. But you mark my words, if he marries anyone about here it will be Miss Carleton. He's always at their caboose and they say she's dippy on him."

Myrta was still silent. She had entered the great bejewelled portals of the night; but behind them she had not found the wonderful fairyland she had expected—but merely a great swarthy void. The dark had brought her no treasure, only a vast, stinging disappointment.

Now when Dan ceased speaking, she rose slowly, and putting her instrument under her arm, without making any reply, she began to climb the steep mountain-side towards the hut.

CHAPTER 18.

WHILE Myrta and Dan sat talking on the slope below the hut, Lade was in his tent working on a big survey map, shading in forests and marking the rocks where tin occurred.

He remained stooping over the large drawing long after the girl and her companion had returned to the shanty. It was nearly midnight, before he rose and put away his work, and even then he did not undress, but, extinguishing the light, walked out of the camp.

He stood for some moments looking towards the adjoining tent from which proceeded loud snoring—his assistant was apparently fast asleep. Then he turned and went slowly down towards the mine.

It was a clear, still night. The sky was a dark blue bowl filled to the brim with great golden stars. Thunder Gully, gaped black and wide, and the white road skirting the precipice looked oddly, pallid and fearful, as if it were on its way to a place that held some terrible mystery.

As Lade reached the turning where the road swerved abruptly towards the Ruby Lode, he slackened his pace and presently stopped in the shadow of a large tree.

From this position he could look down on the entrance to the tunnel and see the men as they came off the last shift. It was apparently after twelve o'clock, for a gang of miners was already making its way up towards its camp.

The Geologist remained under the tree till the men had disappeared round the bend that hid them and the Bleggs shanty from view; then slowly he went down the steep incline towards the mine.

The offices were in darkness, and not a sound proceeded from this building or the sheds beyond.

Lade did not linger here, however, but took the tramline leading to the mill, and he did not halt till he came to the old tunnel which led to the upper entrance of the caves.

Here he halted and looked warily about him.

Not a sound could be heard except an occasional sigh in the treetops and the tumbling of the creek below as it sank swiftly into the gorge.

The mouth of the deserted tunnel was surrounded by thick shrubs, and when the Geologist had assured himself there was no one in sight, he crept in among the bushes and sat down completely hidden from view.

It was his turn for the nightly vigil. He and the Manager had decided that in order to catch the thief or thieves they would take nights about to watch this spot from midnight to dawn, in case the robbers might return to their booty.

As Lade remained there in the darkened stillness his thoughts wandered to Myrta. He would have gone to see her that evening if it had not been for the fact that he knew young Blegg was working on first shift just then, and that he was sure to be at home keeping guard over the girl. The Geologist had no desire to quarrel openly with Dan at the moment. He realised it was wiser not to antagonise the young miner to open hostility at the present juncture. So he had spent the evening working on his map and denied himself the pleasure of seeing Myrta. However, the following week, when her foster-brother would be on afternoon shift, he and the girl would be able to spend their evenings together unwatched.

Lade smiled into the darkness. His beautiful Myrta, his treasure of the wild! Was ever a man so lucky as he! The mountains, the forest, the flowers and the stars had given into his hands this priceless treasure of their hearts.

He smiled again.

Let other men have the women of the world with their artful ways, their powder and paint. His Myrta knew nothing about artfulness. Her dashing skin was innocent of powder, her cheeks of rouge, but her simplicity was grand like the mountains which had bred her, and even her ignorance held refreshing charm.

The world would call her uneducated; but she was not that. She had received a unique kind of education. The trees, the wind, the birds, and the great monsters of stone surrounding her home, had been her teachers. They had taught her lessons of courage, of awareness, of happiness, and daring. They had instilled their poetry and romance into her heart. These wild things had taught her the beauty of motion, had breathed her music into her soul, and had endowed her with their own entrancing loveliness.

But suddenly Lade's happy meditation came to an end as his keen ears detected a slight sound coming from across the chasm.

THE arm Ghost Gully had flung up towards the mine was not very broad, only about two or three hundred yards wide, so it was possible for the watching man to hear people passing on the road, and there reached him now what seemed to be the sound of footsteps.

He listened and looked searchingly across the deep. Yes, something or someone was moving over there over the way, but though it was bright starlight the shadow of the

high mountains made it impossible to distinguish anything clearly. However, it seemed to him that he saw the blur of a white form move slightly behind a dark one.

Lade sat very still now, straining every nerve in his effort to catch the least sound. Yes, there were footsteps on the road, he was sure of that.

But who could be passing at this hour? Perhaps some people were walking back to Badger's Creek after some entertainment at Redlands. However, he would soon know if these footsteps concerned him or not.

He waited in stilled silence.

The sound had died away now. The people had passed deeper into the fold of the mountain where the mine was situated, and if they were proceeding to the creek he would not be able to hear them again. However, should they come along the tramway—!

Suddenly he straightened. The sound of footsteps had reached him once more. Someone was coming along the line leading to the mill!

The Geologist had become very tense as he sat watching through an opening in the bushes. But from his position he was not able to see the tramway, only the mouth of the tunnel.

The footsteps were coming nearer, and he caught the voice of a man talking in a low undertone. The voice sounded oddly familiar. Now the intruder had reached the opening.

Cautiously Lade bent farther forward to be able to see more distinctly. The man had halted and stood outlined against the white alate entrance to the tunnel. There was no mistaking the big hulking shape. It was Dan!

Lade grew more tensely still. He must watch most carefully now, for young Blegg had evidently brought his accomplice with him. Now, who was the other man?

The Geologist intended that as soon as the men had gone into the cave he would come out of his hiding-place and follow them at a safe distance till they had reached the tin. He put his hand into his hip-pocket and felt his automatic. It might come to an unpleasant encounter, of course. He was prepared for that. The men might detect him following and the firearm prove necessary to defend himself.

But Dan was moving into the tunnel and there was the sound of lighter footsteps on the white gravel.

Lade looked out quickly from between the bushes.

Then suddenly he drew back and only just managed to stifle an exclamation of horror. The figure that had come into his range of vision and stood silhouetted against the white rocks was not a man's, but a girl's.

It was Myrta.

SHE only remained at the entrance for a moment, then followed Dan into the tunnel.

But Lade did not hear their receding footsteps. He sat among the shrubs, his hands crushed against his face, intermittently uttering half-stifled little groans.

So Myrta was an accomplice in the hideous theft!

She had known all along about the caves and the metal, and how she had pretended—deceived! Though she might not actually have helped stealing the tin, she had known about the robbery—perhaps shared in the money received from the booty on previous occasions; morally she was as much a thief as if she had helped to carry away the metal from the mine.

The joy he had felt in her came tumbling down in his soul, like some rocky summit which loosened from its height came crashing headlong into a chasm, and in the darkness of his being there rang out the fierce discordant cry, "Thief, thief—a common thief! A liar! A deceiver!"

Lade made no attempt to follow now. He remained under the bushes, his face buried,

his body motionless. Only now and then one single phrase was wrung from his lips: "My God—my God—oh, my God!"

When at length he came out from his hiding-place, his gait had become staggering and he groped his way along the transverse line like a man who had suddenly gone blind.

CHAPTER 19.

IT was only 9 o'clock the following morning when the Geologist came into Carlton's office. His walk was still slightly unsteady, and there were deep lines about his mouth and eyes. He looked ten years older.

The Manager was opening a drawer when Lade entered. At the sound of footsteps he turned, and catching sight of the other man's face he exclaimed:

"Thunder take it, what's gone wrong with you—you look as if you'd made a night of it!"

"So I have." The Geologist took a chair by the desk as if he were glad to sit down. "Got the thief?" The Manager inquired in quick suspense.

Lade nodded.

"Great Methusalem, can't you speak up instead of sitting there nodding your old head. Who was it?"

"Dan."

Carlton all at once leant back in his chair. "Dan, You can't mean that—he's one of my best men."

"It was—Dan though."

"And was he alone?"

"No."

"For mercy's sake man, speak up—who was the other fellow?"

Lade's lips had all at once become so stiff that they could not move. Presently, however, he managed to say:

"I don't want to tell you that."

"But you must—get it off your chest right away."

His companion suddenly leant forward. "Now look here, Ralph, haven't I found those caves for you, the metal too and caught the thief? Now I only ask one favor, don't bother about the other—"

"But what's your game? None of the chaps here are pals of yours, so why on earth should you ask such a thing? Besides, the directors will want to know and so will the police."

The Geologist leant farther towards him. "You can't mean that you are going to inform the police. Haven't you any thought for—Dan's sister? Surely you will want to shield her from having this shock?"

"Yes—yes, I suppose for her sake we must keep it quiet. Still, we've got to do something."

"Of course. You send for Dan in a few minutes when we've finished our talk. We'll give him exactly twenty-four hours to clear out and tell him that if he ever puts his foot on Tasmanian soil again, we'll put him in gaol."

"But the directors, man, you forget them."

"You can easily fix them. They are going to get all the last lot of metal back. So why should they mind? The other stolen tin has been sold long ago, so they won't recover that anyway. Dan will never come back so there will be no more thefts. That's all that will matter to the company."

"But the accomplice?"

"I'll guarantee there'll be no—thieving from that quarter—again. It was no one from the mine. Dan was apparently the leader, the other will not do any—dirty work alone." Lade spoke in an odd, jerky way.

"Then let's send for Blegg at once."

Lade put out a detaining hand. "Not yet, I've something else to say. I am leaving this afternoon. Sassy is coming

through with the mail from the creek, and I'm going back with him to Redlands."

"Leaving to-day! You can't mean that. Why, man, your job isn't finished."

"I've surveyed the most important parts—all the tin country. Ikin can easily finish the rest."

"Beatrice will be terribly upset if you go without saying good-bye to her."

"Sorry, but it can't be helped. I feel I must have a bit of a spell. I suppose this—business has got on my nerves."

Carlton glanced at him, and noting afresh the pallor and aged look on his face he said, "Pon my honor, you do look washed out. I'm afraid you've taken my troubles too much to heart. But then, Brett, you always were a chap to pick up other people's burdens," he finished, laying a rough affectionate hand on the other man's shoulder.

Lade edged away from the friendly touch. "Oh, I'll be all right when I get away and have a few days off. Now," he added in another voice, "what about sending for Dan and getting this dashed business off our hands?"

"Right-o." Carlton rose as he spoke and opening a door leading into an adjoining office he told one of the clerks to send for Blegg.

CHAPTER 20.

MYRTA sat on her bed looking down on the roughly boarded floor. Her bed was only a narrow stretcher covered with a thin straw mattress and some threadbare rugs. It held no sheets and her one pillow was put into a torn old pillow-case. The only other article of makeshift furniture was a big box on which stood an enamel jug and basin. The few clothes she possessed hung on big nails put at erratic intervals into the rough wooden walls.

The small room was lit by a half-burnt smoking candle which stood in a jam tin on the box beside the wash basin.

The girl had sat for some time on her bed without stirring. The world in which she had walked so confidently all her happy young life had played a dastardly trick on her. Without giving the least warning it had turned upside down and she had not yet become accustomed to this new and ghastly state of affairs.

Her world had begun to shiver a few days ago when after that wonderful experience on the cliffs Dan had made her that preposterous proposal which had chilled her to the soul and made her feel she could never again treat her foster-brother as a pal. He had shown distress as she told him this and when they returned to the shanty after their talk down on the slope under the trees he had refused to let her go to her room, but had kept her talking in the kitchen. It was there when he found he could not thaw her chilliness, that he had made the startling revelation about the caves. That had aroused her interest, and, after she had solemnly promised to keep his secret he had offered to take her to see them the same night. She had been delighted. Any new discovery in nature never failed to rouse her enthusiasm.

After midnight they had gone to explore the underground treasure. She had thought it strange that Dan should wish to keep this marvellous find to himself. It had seemed to her that others ought to know about it and be able to share their joy. However, he had explained that he wanted to explore them fully before giving his secret to the world—for might there not be some hidden treasure stored in those dark rocky chambers? This suggestion had appealed to her and she had quite forgiven him his silly proposal when they made their way to the deserted tunnel.

The caves had been marvellous! She

had never seen such extraordinary beauty inside the earth. The Ruby Lode was wonderful, too, but the caves were far more stupendously beautiful. Only Dan had not allowed her to see all the rocky chambers, but had only taken her into the upper floors. She had wanted to go right down and explore each level, but her foster-brother had said that the lower parts were flooded, and had absolutely refused to let her go down into those regions of the caves.

All these strange events, one coming quickly, breathlessly on the heels of another, had somehow made her old sanguine world begin to shake but it had not actually turned upside down till that morning.

She had slept late and only just come out of her room when Dan rushed into the hut, his face blanched and his eyes starting wide and strange with excitement, while he declared he had to go away immediately and might never see them again. Something dreadful had happened, but he refused to divulge the nature of the calamity.

It did not take him long to get his few belongings together, and he had tied them up in a large red handkerchief—the way the family always carried their clothes when they went away from home.

Then had come the leave-taking.

Dan had kissed his mother, and, after that taken her, Myrta, into his arms and it was then he had broken down and cried like a child.

"Oh, Myrta, Myrta!" He had sobbed, "I only did it to get education. Life doesn't give you a fair deal unless you are a scholar—I wanted to be able to write and read books like other blokes, and—and," his sobs almost choked him here. "I wanted to have made you into a fine lady!"

Then quite suddenly he had put her from him and rushed out of the shanty.

She and Mrs. Blegg had gone out to look after him, and they had seen him take the short cut over the mountains to Redlands.

THE morning had dragged slowly by, and in the afternoon she had gone for a desolate walk. It was when she returned that the next stupefying news reached her.

Lade had left the district. Mrs. Blegg had seen him sitting in Sassy's dilapidated buggy and, as the mailman had a parcel of skins to deliver at the shanty, he had told her that the Geologist was returning to the city.

Myrta had wondered why Lade did not come to see her after the event by the cliffs. That was strange enough, but that he should leave the neighborhood without even saying good-bye to her was too incomprehensibly baffling.

She had remained seated on her bed since tea time that evening. Now suddenly she rose, picked up the melodeon, and, after blowing out the candle, left the room.

Mr. Blegg had gone up to the camp for consultation and in the kitchen Black Jay sat in a corner on an overturned box, weeping into her dirty apron.

Myrta did not stop to comfort her. She had not been brought up to be demonstrative. The people in the shanty by Ghost Gully, like the things of the wild, all lived their own lives and fought their own battles. There was no leaning on anyone else or looking to others for sympathy.

After leaving the hut the girl went down the slope to the timber line, and sitting down under a tree began to play.

Lade had gone; but he would surely come back. He could not mean to desert her like this. No, he would certainly return. And yet—why hadn't he said good-bye before he left?

Myrta looked stily into the darkness as she played. Dan had gone. Her dear play-fellow—for after all he was her child-

hood's companion, the only playmate she had ever known—now he had left her. Lade had gone too—

The girl did not weep as her foster-mother had done, but her melodeon wept. Her music was a strain of quivering little notes, that like tears fell into the cold unresponsive darkness.

For ten long days Myrta waited for her lover, and each evening she went down to the timber-line and sat under a tree waiting for him to come.

The autumn was advancing into winter and the nights were growing cold. But the girl did not heed the chilly winds or the showers that came spattering down the ravine.

She sat, the melodeon on her knees, playing into the darkness, which was no longer soft and caressing, but had become a solid wall of something formidable and threatening.

The trees groaned as the rough gales shook their branches, and the eyes of the little stars in the stormy sky glistened with unshed tears.

The girl kept her vigil, waiting with less and less hope for the sequel to her love-story. However, the man who should have come to explain his embrace and his kisses did not put in an appearance.

Myrta did not blame him. She was too unsophisticated to know that men of honor do not kiss and run away without an explanation. She merely waited in baffled expectancy. But as evening after evening passed and there was no response to her music, except the muffled roar of the Black Serpent in the deep below, an occasional shriek of birds or the howl of a prey-hunting hyena, her notes grew more and more plaintive, till at last they seemed not to be notes at all, but soft little sobs coming from a broken heart.

It was not till a fortnight later that Myrta saddled Clematis and rode up towards Tin Spur. She had not passed that way since Lade had taken his departure. Now a strong urge sent her riding in this direction.

She made her way slowly, it was not possible to ride quickly along the road her lover had walked so frequently.

It took her rather a long time to reach the spur that day. But at length the birch-covered prominence came in sight and round a sharp bend the suddenly came upon the camping ground.

But—there was only one tent now.

She pulled up abruptly and sat staring for some time at the solitary bit of canvas, with wide dilated eyes.

Then all at once she turned her horse and setting him at a gallop, rushed madly back towards her home.

It was the absence of the second tent which brought her the full realisation of the fact that Lade had gone and would not return.

Near the mine she pulled up and allowed Clematis to fall into a walk.

She wanted to think.

Had Dan been right after all? Was it because she had not been educated that Lade had deserted her? And her dress—she glanced down at its torn griminess. It certainly wasn't like Miss Carlton's clothes. Still, how could clothes and education matter so much? Yet Dan had said that without schooling life didn't give you a fair deal. Was he right about that? And if he were correct, then what a calamity that she had missed this advantage!

But was it too late? She was only seventeen. Dan had not thought it too late, and the stranger who had come to make her that remarkable offer, had apparently not thought it too late, either.

But how was she to get education now Dan had gone?

She sat thinking awhile.

Then she suddenly remembered the little card standing on the parlor mantelpiece bearing the Jew's name and address. He had said she was only to sign a paper and he would give her schooling, clothes, money, everything. She did not want them for her own sake, but if it made such a difference to her lover—

All at once she set her horse into a brisk trot. She had made up her mind. She would have education and different clothes, then perhaps—

She hurried Clematis into a gallop again and a few minutes later pulled up outside the shanty.

That evening one of the miners walking to Redlands, took with him a message which was to be telegraphed to the Jew.

BOOK 2 CHAPTER 1

"ARE you going to see Myrta Lost?" The question was asked by a bank-manager, seated in the smoking-room on one of the numerous ferry-boats crossing Sydney Harbor, addressing the man beside him.

His neighbor, a leading merchant, took out a silver case, selected a cigar with great deliberation, cut off the end and lit it before replying:

"Yes, I promised to take my wife and the girl. Myrta—funny name to have selected. She seems to be stirring the sleepy old world a bit, though. That Jew chap who has taken her up must be making piles of money. Look at the thousands he is spending in advertisements alone. Why, there is hardly a shop in the city of any account where they haven't got a photo of her in the window, and then there are the enormous ads in the papers, the great electric sign flaring over the harbor and all the other publicity she has had. He wouldn't be doing that for nothing. She must be a paying proposition all right, better than our rags, at any rate!"

"Yes, he roped a winner all right the day he dug her out! Strange finding a gem like that tucked away back there in those Tasmanian mountains. Did you see the long account of her life in the 'Herald' yesterday?"

"No—what did it say?"

"That she began life by being lost, that is to say, someone left her when she was a baby out in the mountains under a myrtle-tree near a trapper's hut. The trapper's wife found her, adopted her and called her Myrta Lost, and she lived out there in the wilds till six years ago, when Benjamin discovered her. Up till then she had never seen a city or had a day's schooling! Reads just like a book. But I suppose all that stuff is just boosting. He's probably only fished her out of some disgusting slum."

"No," the merchant said, between some puffs at his cigar, "now, when I come to think of it I believe that part is true enough. I knew Carlton, who happened to be the manager of a mine where her brother worked. Carlton was in Sydney last year, at the time there was all that fuss in the papers about the young Australian who had just made her debut in London and red-dened up the place for them. The 'Herald' gave a sketch of her life then, and Carlton gave a sketch of her life then, and Carlton was greatly excited and told me he knew the girl well and all the rest of it. By the way, what sort of a stunt is it she does, is she an actress, or dancer, or what?"

The other man rubbed his chin. "Well, I don't exactly know. The Press say she has created a new art—jolly clever of her! It's not exactly dancing and not acting either. But there's a huge ad. in to-day's paper, that will tell us. She's beginning her season to-morrow night, I believe."

While the last speaker was finding the advertisement, his companion remarked:

"Dashed good-looking, anyway, judging from her photos!"

The other man had found the page he sought and was glancing over it quickly,

reading stray phrases aloud as he did so.

"She is a classic . . . a living statue . . . she has been endowed with the beauty of a Grecian goddess . . . leading American papers speak of her as the dancing dryad from the Australian wilds." The banker read on hurriedly in silence for some seconds, then remarked: "Yes, here it is—Myrta is not an actress, she is not a dancer, yet her art holds something that is allied to both. It is motion-poetry, motion-music. She takes scenes from nature and presents them, not in colors on canvas or on printed pages, but in melodies and in the graceful movement of her own beautiful body. . . . The wind rushing through murmuring trees has taught her music, the fragrant flowers of the wilds have imparted to her their swaying grace."

"H'm," replied the merchant, flicking the ash from his cigar, "that sounds all right. But I'm none the wiser about her stunt. However, we'll see for ourselves."

The steamer was approaching Circular Quay and both men rose to join the crowd which had collected near the gangway, so as to be ready to jump off the boat when it was within leaping distance of the wharf.

CHAPTER 2

THE night that Myrta Lost was to make her first appearance in Australia had come and long before eight o'clock the Prince Edward, The Theatre Beautiful, was packed to the doors.

Inside the huge, sumptuously-fitted building, the vast audience manifested unusual excitement. It seemed aware that a very special treat was in store for it. It was not merely the newspapers and magazines which had roused the Sydney people's curiosity, nor even the fact that Myrta Lost had scored unique successes in Europe and America, but they had seen large photos of the artist for themselves, and her classic beauty and grace of form had assured them that all the Press said of her was true. And the people were eager to hear her play. A melodeon! Her gifts must be extraordinary indeed! Of course, they had read that a special instrument had been designed for her use, but even then she must certainly be a genius to obtain such music from a mere melodeon! However, if only the gift was great enough it could work any miracle, had not the God-Genius struck water from rocks?

So the people of this large city had flocked to the theatre and now, till it was time for the performance to commence, they sat watching the changing tints of the huge drop-shaped chandelier suspended from the ceiling and the brilliant color display on the heavy silk curtains which hid the stage.

The light on the chandelier changed from one rainbow hue to another. At times it hung suspended in the hot atmosphere like an enormous dewdrop tinted red by dawn. At other times it was a meteor speeding golden-hued through space; sometimes it became a blue tear of the sea and later it hung as an emerald holding the flamboyant glory of the jungle, in its jewel-heart of green.

The lights thrown on the curtains changed simultaneously, staining the drapery with gold, crimson, blue and blue.

The audience watched the sumptuous display of color with a kind of absent eagerness, and when at the stroke of eight, the glory, like some gaudy aurora, suddenly faded into darkness, they showed no regret.

The orchestra played Debussy's "Claire de Lune," and when that was finished the audience fixed their eyes on the curtains which must now move apart. Myrta, the Dryad of the Jungle, was coming to perform her first item—the "Moon Dance."

Presently the golden draperies separated, revealing a scene of high jagged mountains which shot with savage abruptness towards a small strip of blue sky. The foreground represented a forest.

The stage was at first brilliantly illumined. However, some seconds later the yellow radi-

ance gave place to a white ghostly light, and now there came the sound of a distant melody.

The music drew nearer and it was as wondrous and wraith-like as the illumination.

Then a woman, tall, long limbed, wearing a flara of moonstones and draped in embroidered silver-tissue, appeared from behind one of the grey-stemmed gum-trees and made her way slowly towards the footlights.

Behind her the stage had been thrown into darkness, while upon her perfectly sculptured form there played a white unearthly radiance.

She stood before the vast audience, chin slightly lifted, her face with its features chiselled to an almost unbelievable perfection, gleaming strangely pale, while her great eyes, shadowed beneath the clearly marked brows, were ablaze with elusive mystery.

She remained for a moment erectly still, standing before the enormous dark void of the theatre, a sheen of radiant moonlight, a gorgeous silver-white moonbeam came to life.

Then, as the vast mass of people who had sat staring at her in amazement, suddenly broke into avallanchal applause, she stirred and bowed slowly with a beauty of motion that suggested the grace of a swaying flower.

Only that one slow bow in which art and nature met, a movement so perfect, it seemed there must emanate from it—music. Then she began her dance.

Her steps were gliding; she moved, yet did not seem to stir. She was not a woman of flesh and blood, but an incarnate moonbeam that flitted with the inexplicable mystery of light from one place to another.

Her movements were hardly a dance, they were rather a succession of beautiful poses, and while she glided in and out among the trees, her melodeon dreamt of moonlight of forests and dew-wet leaves.

The instrument was curiously part of her. It was part of her pose. Its notes reflected her loveliness, and to it she confided the poem-thoughts of her soul.

When the item was over, the artist vanished behind a big tree and the heavy silk curtains blotted out the scene.

There was an instant's silence, then billows of approbation came rolling through the darkness and hurried themselves upon the stage, where Miss Lost had reappeared.

She came right up to the footlights, made her one slow all-satisfying bow; then withdrew, and though the building rocked for many minutes with wild applause, she did not return.

When the acclamation had somewhat subsided, the lights went up and the programme proceeded.

There followed an organ solo, in which the great instrument spoke to the immense crowd of people with a human voice.

Then it was Miss Lost's turn to appear in "The Stricken Gum-tree."

The stage now represented a dense forest. The artist stood in the foreground, yards of creamy-grey tissue swathed tightly about her from ankle to waist and from the upper portion of her body hung long transparent green draperies. Round her head lay a band of gum-leaves and from over the right ear their trailed a sprig of deep pink gum-blossom. Her feet were shod in creamy-grey sandals and her arms, glistening white through the transparent green gauze, were raised slightly above her head, where she held the melodeon.

Her first notes were soft and fluttering, and she made tiny movements that stirred the green draperies, like leaves trembling at the breath of dawn. Presently her action became more pronounced and her music took shape. It became the song of a tree to the sunrise. The joy of waking life was in every note, and the tall, beautiful, human tree shook in an ecstasy of delight; even the

green ribbons on the melodeon quivered with gladness.

The tree spent a happy day in the sunlight. Then a change took place. The scene dimmed, and a draught coming from one side of the stage sent the emerald-hued gauze fluttering in the opposite direction. The wind increased. The melodeon moved from side to side. The branch-arms waved in agitation and the whole tree swayed.

The music had participated in the change. The instrument still sang, but its song had become oddly troubled, and the distress in the notes grew more pronounced.

The draught increased. It became a gale. The melodeon swung to and fro; its notes quavered with fear. The draperies flapped frantically. The tall bole of the tree bent. The white branches moved in terror. The melodeon shook in an agony of fright. The storm tore at the tree and the darkness grew till it had become an inky blackness in which the light-tinted trunk and the branch-arms showed as a flurrying sheen of whiteness.

Then a flash of lightning illumined the scene for the merest fraction of a second into startling vividness. There was a loud crash. The melodeon gave a frantic shriek, the tree shivered then began to fall, and the next instant a deafening thunder-clap sent the building rocking while the curtains were snapped together.

The startled audience remained for a moment in paralysed stillness, then, as if recovering from some stunning blow, it suddenly came to life and before the rumbling of the thunder had reverberated into silence, artillery of approbation set the huge theatre rocking afresh.

The curtains flew apart, another flash of lightning showed the human tree bending low before the tumultuously applauding darkness. For an instant only it was visible, then night fell and swallowed it up.

The interval had come.

Crowds of people rushed out of the auditorium and tried to reach the dressing-rooms. But they were courteously told by a liveried attendant guarding the stairs, that Miss Lost received no visitors at the theatre and that if they wished for an interview it must be made by special appointment.

The second half of the programme was opened by Myrta in an item named "Bush Flagg."

This time the stage was converted into a great plain, smothered with purple flags, and as the curtains drew apart the artist came in among the flowers draped in a gauzy gown of violet and mauve, and wearing a closely fitting hat that represented a flag-bill, opening its large purple petals about her face. Her feet were encased in mauve satin slippers, and from her melodeon hung long ribbons of the same hue.

As she moved among the flags, she herself was a beautiful flower which swayed and bent as if at the whim of some capricious breeze. And while she glided about on the colorful plain, her melodeon murmured of rustling grasses, silent nights and coming dawns.

When the item was over the audience called frantically for encores, and Miss Lost came to the footlights. She stood for a second tall and stilted, her face framed by the great flower-petals, suggesting a radiant star set in a purple sky. Then slowly, with the grace of swaying rushes, her body bent deep and low and the next instant the curtains swept her out of sight.

The orchestra played again and the human voice of the organ spoke once more. Then came Miss Lost's concluding number, "The Sunset."

The stage was a mountain scene again, with a foreground of trees and the artist appeared draped in sunset tints and wearing a band round her head studded with rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The ribbons from her sandals winding about her ankles were also richly jewelled, and

from her instrument hung long streamers of sunset hues.

Over the mountains the clouds shone with vermillion and gold. The sky was transparent and by some clever lighting scheme, the glow deepened and changed like a sunset, diffusing into the atmosphere a warm subdued radiance.

Myrta stood for a moment beside some dark green shrubs.

The majesty of the mountains was in her bearing and in her eyes shone the glory of the sky.

Then she began to move in and out among the greenery. Sometimes she was half hidden behind the emerald-hued laceries of the bushes, at other times she was wholly revealed in openings among the trees. She was a cloud of colorful beauty, a fragment of the sunset dropped down to earth. Her melodeon breathed out roseate notes, its music was a glowing lava of melodies flowing into the woods.

Then the color over the mountains changed. The vermillion and orange gave place to a deep red. The scene grew dark with carmine shadows.

The artist was no longer an illumined cloud, she had become a phantom—a phantom of the sunset, colorful still, but with hues which had grown darkly warm though mixing with the dusk. The gems on her hair and ankles glowed like eyes in the dark. Her poses were wraith-like and lingering. In her draperies the shades of the twilight and the rose from the sky, caressed. Her face in the semi-darkness looked oddly luminous and her eyes were shadows shimmering with mystery.

The tints in the sky dimmed to roddy purple. The forest sank into gloom. Myrta grew indistinct, and as the curtains crept together, she showed only as a blur of dim rose in the darkness. And this time in spite of the explosions of applause that burst like a succession of bombs from the audience, she did not reappear.

CHAPTER 3

THE predominant shades in Mrs. Pott-Carr's drawing-room were pale grey and black. The grand piano, cabinets, tables and tall carved palm-stands were of ebony and the carpet, upholstery and hangings pale grey relieved by touches of shell-pink and mauve. The wall paper was silver-grey and the pictures, framed in ebony, were mostly water-colors where mauve and pink ran riot in pleasing harmonies. There were statues in the room, figures sparsely draped and some not draped at all, and busts on tall, ebony pedestals wrought by master fingers. The apartment had an air of having had a great deal of money spent on it. In its furnishing nothing had been left to chance, but everything to the smallest detail had received careful attention.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the owner of this expensive apartment should also be an exceedingly expensive-looking woman. It had taken her husband's enormous fortune to buy her, and every penny of his tremendous income to supply her everyday needs since she became his wife.

Mrs. Pott-Carr somehow suggested that she could only exist in an environment where money had been lavishly spent. Money to her was oxygen that must be richly diffused into the atmosphere before it was fit for her to inhale. And she herself had the air of a woman who had been entirely made of money. It was not only her costly gowns and her still more costly pearls which gave this impression; it was her whole personality that fostered this illusion. Her hair was golden—an expensive gold. Her face was certainly beautiful, but it was the kind of beauty dependent on massage and skin-foods for maintenance. Her figure was faultless; however, this only suggested much manipulation by a skilful masseuse and exercises designed by experts

to keep her grace of outline and slimmness of form.

Mrs. Pott-Carr was sitting that afternoon in a pale grey, high-backed settee plentifully supplied with pink and mauve cushions, talking to a friend.

Her visitor was a big dark woman in a sealskin coat and she was just saying:

"Sydney has gone quite mad over her and everyone is dying to meet her. She's simply besieged with invitations to functions given in her honor! Have you met her yet?"

"No." Mrs. Pott-Carr's voice gave the impression of being just as expensive as her golden hair. "Not yet, but I will of course, now that she has become the rage. You said you met her at Government House the other day, didn't you?"

"Yes, at a luncheon Lady McCall gave her. That Italian Count and the Jew were there, too, of course."

"Is she married to the Count or only engaged to him? He seems to be travelling with her everywhere."

"I don't know I'm sure—no one seems to know. The men are nearly in apopleptic fits to find out! Some of them have tried to worm it out of the Jew, but they don't get any change out of him, he's too cunning a bird!"

"And what is she like to meet?" questioned her hostess in her golden-hued voice.

"To begin with, you just go all breathless at her beauty and when at last you have got used to it enough to listen to her conversation you find her so interesting that you almost forget how lovely she is."

"Does she dress well off the stage—has she as good taste in gowns as in draperies?"

Her visitor laughed. "You might know that. The other day she was all in white, a long coat richly trimmed with the most gorgeous white fur. And she wore the smartest little white toque. But her figure was superb, you could have taken her for some wonderful statue! Not many of us could bother with our lunch for staring at her and listening to what she had to say. She is wonderfully clever. They say she speaks French, Italian, and Spanish like a native and there's not a classic in literature or music she can't discuss. It's all nonsense about her having been found over there in the backblocks of Tasmania. She couldn't have acquired all she knows in six years. She's been breathing in culture from the cradle, I'll be bound!"

"Is she making a long stay in Sydney?" Mrs. Pott-Carr asked after a perceptible pause.

"Yes, you see hundreds and hundreds are turned away at every performance—she only gives three a week and no matinees, so she'll need a long season."

There was another short pause, then the visitor added enthusiastically. "Her music is most extraordinary, too. I can't imagine how she gets so much out of a melodeon. The thing seems positively to have a soul of its own, to be really alive. It's most uncanny!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Pott-Carr, "she's a fine player. I really think that her music is more wonderful than her beauty."

Her companion sent her a swift scrutinizing glance. Then she changed the subject of Myrta Lost and began talking of other things.

CHAPTER 4

MISS LOST left back in a low armchair drawn up before the fire in her private sitting-room at the hotel.

The apartment was not large but lavishly furnished in white, pink and gold and every space that could possibly be utilised for the purpose was filled with spring flowers which scented the warm air with heavy fragrance.

Myrta Lost looked elusively beautiful reclining among a pile of pink silk cushions. In her creamy gown she somehow sug-

gested a great fair water-lily pressed to the heart of a blushing lagoon.

She sat very still and in her eyes, softly fixed into space, there slumbered the deep dreamy beauty of cello notes.

On the hearth-rug a little way from her stood Count Virgona, tall, black-haired and olive-skinned, looking down on the reclining form among the cushions with dark, caressive glances.

For some time neither of them had spoken; now the Count broke the silence and his voice was rich and liquid like his eyes.

"My beautiful Minstrel, are you weaving new colorful fabric for your music-pictures?"

Myrta Lost allowed her glances to wander from space to the handsome man in evening dress leaning against the white mantelpiece, and she smiled but did not speak.

Her companion picked up a guitar lying on a small table near him and, allowing his well-shaped fingers to run over the strings, he lifted a few bars of an Italian love song in his mellow tenor voice.

"Myrta," he said, still holding the instrument, "if this was only an old castle not in a garden of roses I would go down and stand under your window and serenade you from among the flowers. And you would be out on the balcony, your elbows on the ancient parapet, looking into the moonlight and listening to my music. My songs would not be the printed kind one buys in shops, but they would be the melodies that come bubbling straight out of the heart."

She was still looking up at him and something fond and indulgent had come into her gaze. "Then they would be beautiful—songs of roses and dewdrops and silvered nights."

He shook his head and smiled. "I should not sing about flowers and moonbeams—my songs would be about the lady of my dreams."

He allowed his fingers to run lingeringly over the strings of the guitar, before adding, "Her eyes are blue fires and her hair shimmering starlight. Her lips are red rose-petals fallen on a bed of snow. Her feet are dainty graceful birds and all her n. venements breathe music—"

Miss Lost suddenly laughed on a soft low note. "Paola, your dream-lady is too wonderful, she doesn't exist!"

"But she does. She is before me now—a tall lovely moon-flower resting against a cloud, tinted by the first warm rays of morning."

She shook her head in protest—a protest worn mild and ineffective by constant assertion. It was like a pebble washed smooth by the continuous brushing of the sea. "Paola, I am listening, because your talk is so full of music—"

"That is because my heart is full of melody and a little of it must flow into my words. But you put the music there. You made my heart sing. Till I met you, it was a little bird in winter; you came; it was spring and the bird began to sing."

There fell a short silence into which the rich blooms poured their exotic perfumes. Myrta was looking into space again, but the dark eyes of the Count were on the pearls she wore. They faintly reflected the firelight and lay on her white breast like soft round tears wept by dawn.

He spoke presently, but there was something in his voice that did not seem to break the fragrant stillness, but rather to intensify its enchantment.

"Myrta, imagine you are in the castle now and that I am in the garden below with my guitar—"

She looked up at him again and her voice was low and soft like his. "Paola, I believe you are homesick for your beautiful castle by the lake and your lovely garden, for your great Italian Alps."

The smile died out of his gaze and the

liquid softness of his eyes increased, as he said:

"I could never be homesick where you are, Myrta. You are my garden of roses, my castle—the real home of my heart."

The seriousness in his eyes and tone made her suddenly drop her gaze from his and move a little restlessly. "I am not a castle, Paola, not a garden of flowers. If you must compare me to anything, then I am just a little pool of backwater that loves the sky, the big trees, the sunset and the stars; a little pool which has learned that if only it keeps tranquil and looks upwards, all these great and wonderful things will be reflected in its poor little heart. I am only looking at the lovely things my life reflects them and the world sees the moon, the stars, the forest and—it gives the credit to the small insignificant bit of backwater. You, like the rest, see the beauty of the great things reflected, and you give homage to the pool. It is all wrong, Paola. It is wrong."

She had risen and stood beside him.

The ivory tints of her gown caught the red sheen from the burning coals and she pointed to the imprisoning glow and added:

"There is the same thing! A mere white blank—its crimson beauty only lent by the fire."

Count Virgona did not argue, did not protest. But silently he bent down, caught the hem of her soft gown and pressed upon it a long lingering kiss.

CHAPTER 5

THE Blue Mountains of New South Wales are of extraordinary formation; in fact, they are not mountains at all, but great chasms hewn into the earth and their summits are not really summits, but tremendous plateaus raised thousands of feet above sea-level, and from this height the enormous cavities have been scooped into the heart of the world.

A monster canker had eaten away the earth and the district resembled some giant fruit riddled with holes and tremendous vacancies. But the giant worm had done its devastating work many thousand years ago, and though it was still alive, its activities were chiefly confined to the bottom of the huge canyons, which had now been lined with dense forests and thick undergrowth, and so were out of sight and unnoticeable.

On these vast plateaus lay a number of small towns which were usually overflowing with tourists who had come to see this wonder of the world—mountains which began at the summit and ended at the bottom, that broke all the laws of mountains and went down instead of up; mountains which were merely high viewpoints from which the enormous cavities were seen; flats where the earth suddenly opened and sank thousands of feet away.

But though the Blue Mountains had flung aside all conventionalities pertaining to their species and had defied every tradition laid down by their fathers, like many outlaws they possessed extraordinary charm. There was brain-reeling daring in the way they dropped headlong from the summit into amazing depths; there was enchanting beauty in the bulging green slopes which sank abruptly into the chasms, and in the rocky almost human faces that confronted one another across the immense gullies.

But though these giants of stone abounded in bold, daring outlines and grandeur of form, their greatest charm lay in their wonderful coloring and intricacies of light and shade. They were children of the sun and children of the dark. Sun and shadow had kissed at their birth. The perpendicular rocky faces with the wistful meditative expressions were complexed with the most delicate flesh tints and the vast hulking shapes draped in a blue that was at the same time bright yet soft, transparent yet opaque; a blue in which sky

and earth embraced, in which day and night smiled at each other. The blue was part of the stony monsters, yet something that wrapped closely about them; it was a sea of color in which they floated, swam as lonely islands swim a vast ocean submerging the slumbering giant-shapes in its own shimmering depth of blue.

In one of the wide chasms watched over by solemn stony faces, close to an old road that wound lengthways through the valley, there was a big sandstone quarry.

On the left of the quarry the mountain sides rose steeply skyward, while over the road on the right, there was a terrible chasm, across which the opposite mountain walls shot forest-clad and abrupt towards the zenith.

Near the top of this ridge in a small clearing between the trees, there stood an enormous white cross.

It looked a miracle.

Tourists who passed on the road below and glancing up caught sight of it, quickly looked again to see if their glance had not merely registered an hallucination.

A cross there, amid the wild timber? Impossible! Yet it was there.

The driver was piled with questions, and he told them that Marcus Clark had erected the cross to mark the spot where his child had disappeared. It was a short tragedy, a straying child. A mis-step and—nothing; not even the body found. Once a pair of laughing eyes, a glinting curly head. Now—a white cross.

The great emblem of death could be seen clearly from the quarry below. In fact, it could be seen better from that spot than from any other point in the valley.

TWO men were working in the sandstone quarry. It was Saturday morning and about 11 o'clock. Neither of the laborers had spoken for some time, now one of them threw down his pick and said:

"I guess this 'ull have to do for to-day—I wanta catch the mid-day train."

His companion, a big, gaunt fellow with black beard, eyes and hair, straightened also. "What's in the wind—fed up with this?"

"No, I ain't goin' to sack me job—no fear! Jobs too scarce these days. I'm just hoppin' off to town for the week-end. There's a show on I wanta see."

"What show?" The dark man was wiping the perspiration from his lean, sinewy neck with a red handkerchief.

"Just a girl that's on at the Prince Edward. The whole place seems to have gone soft on her, according to what I've heard."

"What does she do?" Asked the other laborer, now applying the red handkerchief to his swarthy forehead and pushing back a long tangle of black damp hair.

"Ene works the wind-lammer and does some sort of actin'. I take it."

His companion suddenly dropped the hand lifted to his forehead and a curious alertness came into his coal-dusted eyes.

The first speaker was becoming more loquacious. The funny part is this girl was once very poor, but some money bag found her out in the bush somewhere over in Tassie. He had her edjeterated, and now he's taking her round the world and she's makin' blacks of tin for him."

The gaunt man had taken a step nearer, now he suddenly caught his companion's arm. "What's her name?" He demanded, fierce excitement in gaze and manner.

"Here, what's took yer?" Jones inquired in surprise, unsuccessfully trying to shake off the fingers that held his arm in an iron grip. "Let go, I tell yer. I don't remember her name. But it's in that paper there in my pocket." As he spoke he glanced towards a weather-worn old

coat, slung over a large stone at the edge of the quarry.

The other laborer released him instantly and Jones went over to his coat and took out the newspaper.

Blacky, as he was called, stood motionless, his glances moving up the steep timbered slopes till they found the cross, then they halted and fastened themselves on it as if they sought something from the great white apparition. The cross held a strange fascination for the gaunt workman and his gaze often wandered to its gleaming shape.

Presently his companion returned and handed him the paper as he pointed to a big black headline and said:

"There it is, you can read it for yourself."

Mechanically Blacky took the page and stood staring at the column indicated. A new expression had come into his eyes, a baffled furtive look. He could not read, but he had always tried to hide this humiliating deficiency from his fellow-workmen and when evening came and the others took out their papers to learn the daily news he had also taken out his and sat looking up and down the printed sheets and turned over the pages like the other men. Now all at once this deception had been cruelly brought home to him and he stood furtively staring at the column he had been told to read. It was apparent that a battle was being fought within him; pride fought with other emotions. At last the latter gained the day and pushing his hat slightly towards the back of his head he said awkwardly:

"Look here, choker, I can't read. I've just been—kidding you. You read it to me?"

"Crikey, I haven't time to read all that!" Jones replied shortly. "I've got to get cleaned and catch the train." As he spoke he turned to go.

But the other man caught his arm again. "Tell me her name?" he demanded, and there was pleading as well as fierce dominance in voice and grip.

Jones glanced at the big black headlines. "Myra Lost," he read and folded up the paper.

Blacky said no more. He did not even move when the other man turned and walked over to their camp. He stood gazing up towards the cross that shimmered in the morning sunlight, and his rough, bearded face was lit up with an expression akin to the white radiance emanating from the glittering shape among the trees.

When his companion emerged from the tent some time later, wearing a navy-blue serge suit, his hair combed and his hands and face washed, Blacky suddenly announced that he also was going to the city.

CHAPTER 6

THE Prince Edward Theatre was crowded and even in the passages people were standing looking through the open doors towards the stage where Miss Lost was performing an item called "The Starlit Night."

The stage represented a forest and the stars twinkled and scintillated their soft radiance from between the trees. In this mysterious, subdued light, the melodrama-player clothed in some shimmering drapery, moved as if she had been one of the stars slipped down from the sky and was gliding in and out among bushes and flowers. The rich beauty of her notes was in every movement, and her instrument filled of trees, singing flowers and the tender smile of stars.

The vast audience crowding the theatre sat spellbound, eyes fixed on the performer, their ears straining to catch the faintest whisper from her melodrama.

In one of the front rows of the stalls sat a dark man in rough clothes. His

beard was untrimmed, his hair uncombed, but his gaze was riveted on the moving figure on the platform and he remained absolutely still. When Miss Lost had first appeared that night, he had half-risen, made some inarticulate exclamation and raised his arms as if on the point of rushing towards her. Then he had all at once dropped into his seat again and remained in a still position except for an occasional heaving of the shoulders. But his dark eyes had never left the beautiful figure on the stage and in them had burned a light that was both ecstatic and devouring, and at the same time holding an element of awe. In his gaze was the terrible concentration found only among things of the wild. He did not think of this people around him, or his own rough appearance. He was only conscious of one sublime reality—the artist moving, like a living poem, among the trees.

He remained without moving till her second item was finished, then during the convulsive burst of applause, he staggered to his feet and made for the nearest exit.

"I want to see Myra," he managed to stammer to the man in charge of the door. The liveried attendant looked him up and down, then glanced away as if the remark had not been heard.

Blacky repeated his request in more dominant tones.

The attendant glanced at him again, and half-smothered a laugh, but made no reply. The quarryman's fists suddenly knotted and something came into his gaze as he once more urged his demand which froze the laughter on the other man's lips and made him answer civilly enough:

"You'll have to ask the boss; no one can see Miss Lost without his leave."

"And where does that bloke hang out?" Blacky wanted to know.

The attendant gave the required direction in a low whisper, for a tenor who was giving the next item had stepped on to the platform and begun his song.

The rough laborer found the office to which he had been directed, after a good deal of difficulty. The man who could not be lost in the densest bush, who had fought with savage mountain torrents, wrestled through unexplored jungles, felt peculiarly ill at ease as he made his way along the luxurious lower floor of the theatre. His feet stumbled on the thick Persian carpet and he looked in bewilderment at the playing fountain, the decorative palms and the numerous doors leading from the winter garden into various apartments. However, at last after opening several wrong doors he had found the right one.

Mr. Benjamin sat reading some papers in a big revolving chair as Blacky entered the office without knocking. At the intrusion he glanced up and fixed the newcomer with a bland stare.

"Well, and what can I do for you, young man?" he enquired suavely, as his uncouth visitor came up to the desk.

A little of the fierce determination died out of Blacky's manner at the sound of the velvet-toned question.

"I—want to see Myra."

THE corpulent Jew swept a covert glance over the rough attire of the man confronting him. Then fixing his big tortoise-shell rimmed glasses on his visitor in a benevolent smile, he replied, "I dare say; a good many people share that wish."

Blacky looked bewildered. A downright refusal would not have baffled him so much, but this suave non-committal remark made him feel at a curious disadvantage. However, he hastily made another plunge.

"I want to see her—now."

"So I gather. But Miss Lost never sees people at the theatre, it's strictly against

her rules." The Jew spoke with amiable patience.

"She'd see me if you told her I was here." The magnanimous glasses turned away for a moment or two and Mr. Benjamin coughed suddenly.

"No doubt," he said when the cough made it possible for him to speak again. "But you see, I may not disturb her to tell her so."

His visitor looked at him as if he did not quite comprehend his meaning.

"You mean you won't go up and tell her?" He asked at last.

The Jew made a little gesture of helplessness. "I dare not. I'm under strict orders." Then meeting the furtive though desperate expression in the other man's eyes and acting under the dominant rule of his life always to be suave and obliging, he added as if he were bestowing a very special favor, "But I'll tell you what I will do, if you write her a note, I'll see that she gets it to-night and then she will no doubt make an appointment with you."

A strange hurt look came into the black gaze. Always Blacky was being confronted with that terrible deficiency—his inability to read and write. It was constantly coming up as an unconquerable foe and jeering at him. It leered at him now. A few words on a bit of paper and he would have been in communication with Myrta; but he could not write these words and so he was prevented from reaching her. However, pride forbade him to lay bare this disgracing tragedy to the stranger with the benevolent glasses.

He stood for some moments irresolute, fidgeting with his worn cap, then mumbling something about going to write the notes, he left the office.

However, though his visit to the manager had been unsuccessful, he had by no means given up the quest. His desire to see Miss Lost was too strong for that. She was there somewhere in the building and he meant to find her. If no one would give him leave, he would go without. Why should he need to have leave to see Myrta? He all at once laughed aloud. He had only to run up one of the carpeted stairways and he would reach her. He had merely to discover which one would lead to her apartment and he would find her without anyone's assistance at all.

So, acting on a sudden impulse, he made his way up the nearest stairway, cautiously but hastily, and reaching a landing where several doors opened into various rooms, he halted and looked furtively about him. The man who could face brain-reeling ravines and unscalable heights stood baffledly gazing at three wooden doors.

Which one would lead him to—Myrta? Would any of them, or might they not each lead into similar offices as the one he had just left, holding officials who would eye him askance, for in spite of the Jew's suave words and manner, Blacky felt instinctively he was hostile towards him, so he halted now uncertainly, unwilling to face another enemy. But time must not be lost. There was no one about on the stairs just then and he must act before he was discovered. So moving noiselessly forward, he selected the middle door as the least formidable and opening it cautiously, thrust his head into the aperture.

A man with sleek hair looked up from a table holding piles of tickets.

"What do you want?" He asked in not too amiable tones.

Blacky remained in the half-opened doorway. He felt certain it would not further his cause to tell this man his errand. All the men in the building had apparently leagued themselves against him. They wanted to keep Myrta to themselves, the scoundrels! If he had only had them to himself out in the open, in some wild spot, it would not have taken him long to decide

what to do with them! But here in the sumptuously decorated theatre, surrounded by all this exotic luxuriance, he felt strangely ill at ease; it seemed as if the very softness of the carpet crept up into him and sapped his strength. The gorgeous environment had a vampire like effect on him, it held him bound; it made him feel like a Samson shorn of his power.

"Well, and what do you want up here?" repeated the sleek-haired man, eyeing the intruder suspiciously from above the huge pile of tickets.

It was necessary for Blacky to make some sort of reply. "I was just having a—look round," he said rather limply.

"H'm, if that's all you're after, you'd better make tracks and—don't let me catch you up here again. Didn't you see the notice down below saying this is 'private'?"

The other man's eyes lowered to the soft carpet under his rough boots. Always that inability to read coming up and taunting him! Then as there was nothing further to say, he turned and made his way down the wide staircase. He recognised the futility of arguing with the immaculately shaven creature he had just encountered. These people somehow had the upper hand and made him feel at an extraordinary disadvantage.

However, though so far Blacky had been baulked in his desire to meet the beautiful artist, he did not mean to give up the quest. There was always a way of gaining one's object; if it could not be accomplished along one line, there were others. If it were unwise to walk on the open highroad there were always by-paths leading in the same direction. Apparently he had struck the right part of the theatre where Myrta was hidden when she was not on the stage, and that sleek-haired rascal playing with all those bits of paper was evidently stationed there to guard her. But he had made the mistake of opening the wrong door—that was most unfortunate. However, he would go back presently and creep noiselessly past the dragon's office and try his luck with one of the other doors. But Blacky was wise enough to see that he must wait a while and give the creature time to forget the little interruption. So now the roughly-clad laborer went to the farther end of the immense building which spanned from one street to another.

AFTER a suitable lapse of time he returned and as he made his way through the long wintergarden, he looked carefully about him. At the foot of the middle stairway he halted and cast swift searching glances in every direction before he crept noiselessly up towards the next floor.

On the landing he stopped again and looked towards the doors. The one leading into the fatal office was still half-open; it looked like a maw threatening to widen its cruel gape and swallow him. But Blacky did not mean to let it frighten him away; he knew how to walk noiselessly. He could move in the bush so that not a twig cracked or a leaf stirred and here was the soft carpet to assist him.

He took a couple of steps towards the farthest door, as he had decided that it was the most likely to open into Myrta's apartment. Another step was successfully taken without arousing the monster in the guard-room. Then something happened that frustrated all Blacky's plans. One of his boots squeaked loudly. For the occasion he was wearing a newish pair and now all at once the new leather had called out and betrayed him.

Before the quarrryman had time to take flight there was the sound of a chair being pushed quickly back and the next instant the sleek-haired official stood in the doorway, regarding the culprit with wrathful eyes.

"So you are back again, you ruffian! What do you mean by sneaking around here when I told you to get?"

The angry question demanded an answer

and the offender did not have a very adequate reply. "I wasn't doing any—harm," he said lamely, evading the wrathful gaze fixed upon him.

"No, because I caught you, that's why." The man took a step nearer. "Now you quit this instant or—" he halted menacingly before adding, "I'll give you in charge." As he spoke he glanced back over his shoulder as if he had a whole posse of police all ready waiting in his office to spring on the unfortunate culprit.

Blacky had held his ground during the first part of the irate remark, but at the threat of the police, his jaw dropped, a look of dire fear came into his dark eyes and he turned on his heel and fled down the wide staircase, through the winter garden and out of the theatre, with the speed of a wild animal fleeing for his life.

CHAPTER 7.

MYRTA LOST was writing letters in her sitting-room at the hotel. She had just finished one note and was on the point of commencing another when there was a knock at the door and after her permission to enter, Mr. Benjamin, holding a grimy-looking envelope between his fat well-manicured fingers, came into the room.

"Good morning," he began, fixing her with his smiling glasses. "Here's another love-letter for you—had heaps to-day already I see," he observed, glancing at the huge pile of open letters lying on her desk. "Heavens, what a number! Why don't you hand them all over to Moorhead, he's paid well, let him do his job. But my, you do turn these fellows' heads! And here's another little votive offering. Look at it!" He held out the dirty, finger-marked envelope. "Some ruffian brought it a little while ago and made me promise to give it into your own hands at once. Must be jolly important!" He laughed with amiable irony. "By the way, another fellow of the same calibre came into my office on Saturday night and demanded to see you and actually had the audacity to call you by your Christian name! He was a ruffian and no mistake." The Jew smiled reminiscently. "Goodness only knows where he sprang from!"

Miss Lost had taken the envelope and slit it open with a long gold paper-knife.

Her manager was not watching her face as she read the note; he had turned his attention to the enormous pile of letters on the desk, so did not see the change that came into her expression as she glanced down the grimy sheet. By the time his gaze wandered back to her, she had finished reading the letter and had deposited it between the leaves of a book and before he could make any further comments on her correspondent, she began talking rather rapidly about a matter which concerned her next performance.

When this subject had been fully discussed, she remarked casually:

"I think I should like to have a day in the country this week. I haven't had a day off since we came to Sydney, and it is time I had a little relaxation."

"Quite so," agreed her companion. "Where would you like to go? I hear there are some splendid drives round Sydney—some specially fine ones along the coast, I believe."

"I prefer mountain scenery. Let me see. I could go up to the Blue Mountains on Friday—there is no performance that evening, so I could stay the night and come back the following morning."

"Is it wise to travel all that distance—the Blue Mountains are fifty or sixty miles away, aren't they, when you are appearing that night?" There was no objection in the question, rather a studied avoidance of it.

"That wouldn't matter at all. I am strong and not easily tired. In any case I can be

back here by lunch-time and have all the afternoon to rest in if necessary."

"Still, isn't that running it rather fine? Cars sometimes go wrong and delays occur. I never find it a wise plan to be far away on the day of a performance." The tone in which the words were spoken was merely mildly precautionary and did not sound at all as if the manager was trying to put any difficulties in the way of her scheme. He was always careful never to oppose Miss Lost openly, but he was particularly anxious that this new plan of hers should be frustrated, at any rate as far as staying for the night was concerned.

"Fifty or sixty miles is not far."

"That's true." His fat thumb and forefinger caressed his smooth, corpulent chin. "It is really no distance at all and you could come back the same day for that matter."

"Yes, but I prefer to stay for the night. I want some mountain air; still, I will come back early the following day."

The finality in her voice made the Jew know that it would be useless to raise any further objection. He stood for a moment or two smiling blandly out of the window, then he remarked, "All right, then, I'll make arrangements for Friday; where would you like to stay?"

"I think I will go to Blackheath."

"Will the Count be going with you or shall I come?"

"Thank you—I am going alone."

When Mr. Benjamin had left the room, Miss Lost went quickly over to the desk and wrote out a telegram. Then walking into her adjoining bedroom, she put on her coat and hat.

She was going to the post office to send the wire herself.

CHAPTER 9.

"CAN you tell me the way to the big white cross erected by Marcus Clark?" Miss Lost asked the proprietor of the hotel at Blackheath where she had lunched the following Friday, and where she was to stay for the night.

"Yes, it is about seven miles farther on, but I had better go and explain to your driver how to find it."

When the information was given Miss Lost stepped into her big powder-blue limousine and drove along the light-colored road winding its way between the stunted trees on the flat tops of the mountains. The high plateau was wide and from the road it was impossible to see the numerous chasms; only occasionally there were glimpses of blue-veiled summits in the distance which showed like tops of heads with half their faces and the whole of their vast bodies hidden from view.

After proceeding for some miles, valleys began to open beside the road; sometimes on the right side and at other times on the left. Then presently after driving through a long stretch of forest, the chauffeur stopped the car and remarked that they must now be in the vicinity of the cross.

He offered to go down and find it, but Miss Lost preferred to make the discovery for herself.

She left the motor and began walking down towards the ridges pointed out to her.

As she made her way in and out among the trees and shrubs, she did not walk timidly or uncertainly, but with the confidence of one used to the bush.

When out of sight of the driver she hurried her steps. Some inward elation lent wings to her feet. The keen mountain air had whipped the pink in her cheeks to rosette and in her eyes burned an intense deep light.

She was in the bush again! After six long years of absence she was amid gum-trees once more—not the make-believe kind with which she had surrounded herself on the stage, but the real living, breathing, whispering eucalyptus which drooped long

thin leaves towards her, like green fingers, eager to take her hands in a close welcoming clasp.

She glanced up at them and smiled.

But the forest was quickly coming to an end. A little ahead the timber stopped abruptly and beyond, there shimmered a blue void.

Miss Lost hastened towards it.

The bush had taken a swift turn downwards and she followed the steep slope. Then quite suddenly the earth fell away into an enormous timber-clad valley, beyond which a long ridge of stony monsters confronted her from across the deep.

The opposite mountains were clothed to the neck and above their forest-covered throats their flat, perpendicular faces stared at her with hard unblinking eyes.

Far below amid a tangle of trees, a narrow sand-colored road wound its way cautiously through the long forbidding-looking valley.

Miss Lost had halted and her glances swept from one part of the immense panorama to another.

She was among Australian mountains again! Australian color predominated in every direction. There was the blue jewel-like sky, the bronze-green timber, the great shimmering spaces, the sun-baked heights, the shadowy deeps and the lofty solitudes blending with the untamed daring beauty, running riot everywhere!

Miss Lost had begun to breathe in a curious tense way and she stood very still. It was apparent that the scene was affecting her in some peculiarly deep way. However, she did not remain gazing at it for long, but presently she tore her eyes away and began to look for the white cross.

Where could it be?

With a heart that was still beating in odd little jerks, she made her way along the edge of the precipice. She went for some distance to the right, then as no cross appeared in that direction, she retraced her steps and skirted a big prominence jutting out into the valley on the left, and there on a small knoll stood an enormous cross.

She came upon it so suddenly that the sight acted like a shock on her senses and she halted abruptly as if she had been confronted by some ghostly apparition.

It was an apparition, this terrible emblem of suffering and death. It stood there to mark the unknown grave of a straying child, as a sign of sorrow and desperate grief.

Miss Lost caught her breath and her eyes became fixed on the great white form that leapt in undeviating straightness towards heaven and reached out arms as purposefully straight towards the opposite corners of the earth, as if it meant to include the whole vast universe in its seeking clasp.

Myrta gazed on it with awe.

A white cross on a little knoll; the awful precipice at its feet—

She all at once looked away. But soon her gaze returned to the great shining apparition. It held an extraordinary fascination for her.

Why should the emblem of death draw her like this? But was it only a sign of torture and sorrow? Did that white uncompromising shape pointing straight to heaven have no other meaning than destruction? Was death a white thing? Did those arms, open for a world, a universe, only clasp to the cold heart of death?

Then there reached her the sound of branches and bushes being pushed ruthlessly aside. Someone was crashing through the undergrowth behind her.

She turned and was brought face to face with a man in dusty, soil-stained clothes, a man tall and gaunt, with black hair that had not been combed and a beard which had not been trimmed.

But Miss Lost minded none of those things.

She took a step towards him and into her eyes leapt a wonderful radiance.

"Dan—Dan—!" she cried in joyous recognition. "Dan!"

The next instant, she had thrown herself into the brown sinewy arms which had opened to receive her.

CHAPTER 9

MISS LOST was standing in front of a full-length mirror in her dressing-room. She was just on the point of removing the soft pink draperies she had worn during her last item and putting on garments suitable for the next one, called "The Water Lily," in which she was to appear after the interval, when her manager came to the door.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he apologised as her invitation he entered the room, "but there is a fellow downstairs who is most persistent; says he knew you when you were a child and that he has come all the way from Tasmania to see you. I couldn't put him off anyhow, so just to get rid of him, I said I would tell you he was there." As he spoke he passed her a card bearing the visitor's name.

Myrta took it between her long white finger and read:

BRETT LADE, M.Sc., F.R.G.S.,
Government Geologist,
TASMANIA.

She stood so long gazing at the black letters printed on the small bit of cardboard, that Benjamin asked at length:

"Know the man?"

She made a sudden movement.

"Yes—"

"Any message?"

"Yes, ask for his address and phone-number and say I will either write or ring him."

When the manager had left the room, she remained for some time gazing at the small oblong shape of paper.

So Ladé wanted to come into her life again—now that she was educated and famous she was good enough!

A suggestion of firmness showed about her lips.

For the sake of old times she would, of course, have to see him.

She stood thinking for some moments. Yes, she would ask him to lunch, but she would have Benjamin there and yet—the Count. The Geologist should have no chance of being alone with her. No, he should not be allowed to refer to the past and what had been between them then. She would make sure of that! Never again could there be any intimacy between them, she must show him this plainly.

Then, after making these precautionary resolutions, she put the card into a small handbag and proceeded to change her draperies.

CHAPTER 10.

MYRTA LOST was making her way towards the white cross. She did not walk as swiftly as she had done a fortnight ago when she first went to meet her foster-brother there; her steps were deliberate and there was a reflective, almost preoccupied expression in her eyes.

But when she came to the place where the forest abruptly ended and the earth sank away into a terrible abyss, she halted and the preoccupation in her gaze gave place to a flash of joy. Whatever had sobered her thoughts dropped for the moment from her at the sight of the brain-reeling grandeur spreading before her.

She had come early that day in order to have some time to herself before the appointment with Dan. She wanted to think. So much had happened during the last fortnight. First, there had come the reunion with her foster-brother. A few evenings later Ladé's card had been sent up to her. She had written at once and invited him for lunch, but had included the Count and her manager in the party. She had not

given the Geologist one moment alone with her.

Lade had not altered a great deal since their last meeting six years ago, except that his personality had grown stronger. There was a greater dominance in his eyes, more firmness about his mouth and his shoulders had broadened. At the luncheon he had been charming to them all, but whenever his eyes had encountered hers there had been lurking in their dominance a whimsical little smile, as if he regarded the situation as some play she had staged for his amusement and wanted her to know he was appreciating her efforts. That whimsical little expression troubled her.

SHE had meant him to understand that though she recognised his claim to see her because of the past, there could never again be any intimacy between them. He was merely an associate to whom she owed hospitality and friendliness but only the kind of friendliness which could be shown before others and holding nothing of an intimate nature.

Instead of understanding her meaning and taking it seriously, he had treated it as a joke. She had naturally felt annoyed, she was annoyed now; but she was more than angry, she was vaguely troubled.

Some strange instinct was drawing her towards the white cross. She wanted to sit in its vicinity and think.

She was hearing it now, already she saw gleams of white between the trees.

Some moments later she stood in full view of the great glistening apparition. But after all she was not to have any time for meditation just then, for Dan was already there.

But how changed her foster-brother looked that day. His figure seemed different and so did his clothes. Whatever had happened?

She could not see his face, he was evidently expecting her to come from the opposite direction and was looking that way. How strange! She had already met him three times by the cross and she had always come from the same quarter.

She took a few steps forward—
He heard her.
Myra suddenly stopped.

The man who had risen and turned towards her, was not Dan but—Lade.

Miss Lost did not move any nearer, she merely lifted her chin as she asked coolly: "And why are you here?"

"To see you, of course," he replied, meeting her upbraiding eyes with his level gaze. "I saw you the other day," she reminded him coldly.

"You were kind enough to stage a little farce for me. It was very clever and I thoroughly appreciated it. I assure you, still, I want to see you and not your manager or that Count fellow, wherever he comes from."

"You had better speak a little more respectfully about Count Virginia," she warned him.

"Very well, I'll remember in future," he apologised, the whimsical glint coming into his fine grey eyes.

There fell a short silence between them. She stood tall, erect, head lifted, wrapped about closely by a mouse-grey coat heavily trimmed with fur of the same hue.

He stood taller, broad-shouldered, perfectly at ease, regarding her with eyes that were dominant yet on the point of breaking into smiles.

"Is this to be another little scene acted for my benefit?" he inquired at length.

The color in her cheeks did not deepen. No angry flash came into her eyes and she made no reply. She stood wrapped about by an aloofness as magnificent as her coat, an aloofness that seemed to make it impossible for him even to anger her.

"Myra, you are superb!" he said, after a pause, the twinkle in his eyes deepening. "Why did you wish to see me again?" she inquired, ignoring his remark.

"To begin with, I have a question to ask you?"

"Yes?"

"Are you engaged or—married to that Count fellow?"

"Why do you want to know? I don't see how that can interest you."

He put his head a little on one side and his eyes narrowed slightly. "Don't you? That is strange. Anyway, answer my question and I'll soon explain."

In the pause that followed, there reached them the sound of bushes being pushed roughly aside and as Lade and his companion turned, they were suddenly brought face to face with Dan.

He had caught sight of them as he approached the cross from the opposite side, and seeing a man with Myra, he had sprung forward. Now, as he recognised the Geologist he stood confronting him with terrible eyes.

Lade was the first to speak.

"Hallo, Blegg, so you've come up for a breath of mountain air, too. Dashed fine scenery about here, isn't it?" he observed casually, his glance not wavering before the enraged stare of the quarryman.

But Dan ignored the light remark, which held a suggestion of friendliness.

"Myra, send this bloke about his business!" he demanded, livid with jealous rage. "You came here to see me, not him. Make him quit."

"Dan is right," Miss Lost replied, turning to Lade. "I made this appointment with him."

"That's all right, I won't butt in then." But as he raised his cap and turned to go, he added, "I'll see you—later."

Blegg looked after the retreating figure with murder in his eyes, and when the Geologist had disappeared from view amid the blur of green, he faced his companion.

"Look here, Myra," he blurted out in a voice choked with wrath. "If you ever speak to that sleek-haired skunk again, I'll—kill him."

When Myra returned to the hotel at Blackheath several hours later, Lade met her in the hall and said:

"I shall not be in for dinner, but I'll meet you at the Grand Canyon at eight o'clock to-night—your driver will know the way."

Then, before Miss Lost had time to refuse the appointment, he had left her and walked out of the hotel.

CHAPTER 11

THE moon had risen. It was very round and big and hung close to the flat-topped mountains beneath it. The cold breeze which had been chilling the air all day had died down and the atmosphere was now oddly mild.

The Grand Canyon was still dark except for stray glimmers of light which faintly illumined the timbered mountain-sides falling into the enormous chasm.

On the edge of one of the huge parapets guarding the tortuous abyss stood a woman wrapped in white, looking into the great round face of the moon.

A few steps away, a man watched her silently.

Presently the man broke the silence.

"Myra, now that you have come, please answer the question I asked you this afternoon."

She made no reply and did not move her position.

"Myra, are you—married to that Count?"

Again there was a pause, then came the distinct reply, "No, but I want to—marry him."

"When you don't—love him?"

She turned to him. "I do love him. He is the finest, the most delightful man I have ever met."

"All the same, you don't love him."

"How dare you make such an assertion!"

"Because it is true. He merely appeals to the exotic side of you. He talks like a

violin and a rose-garden rolled into one. That appeals to the part of you which loves flowers and music and all that sort of thing. But the real vital you which lies behind all this he has never reached; in other words, he has never penetrated to your heart. He never could. For one reason, because I hold the key to that heart and for another, he hasn't the power in any case."

At the mention of her heart Miss Lost moved suddenly, protestingly; now she said:

"How absurd! I will admit, to use your own phraseology, that you did have the key to my girlish, unsophisticated affection. But when you turned traitor and ran away," she halted a moment before proceeding, "I had the lock taken off so that the door would open again and—let others in."

"Now, Myra, you must know by this time that sort of thing can't be done—the very fact that you have been so afraid to be alone with me, proves it."

"I have not been afraid," she protested, making a slight restless movement.

"But you have. When you asked me to lunch, you had to have your manager and even that Count person there to protect you, and look how reluctantly you came to-night. You have been horribly afraid to be alone with me and all because you know I hold that fatal key."

She made no immediate reply and stood looking stonily into the chasm.

The moon had risen higher now and was dropping its silver-blue radiance into the great savage deep. It lit up the long wide band of bare perpendicular rocks ribboning the mountain ridges. The air was filled with moonlight that like diffused music descended on the whole gigantic scene.

Lade presently spoke again.

"Myra, let me make you—happy!" His voice was low, but he had not come any nearer.

"You make me happy, you who ran away!" She spoke without turning to him.

"It was not running away that was the mistake; it was not taking you with me. But I won't make such a blunder twice. By the way," he added after a pause, "do you know why I did—run away, as you call it?"

The night that she had waited for Lade six years ago and her foster-brother had come to her instead, came back to her. She could still hear Dan mockingly say: "You are surely not silly enough to think he means to marry you! . . . You're a block-blocker what's never had a day's schooling in her life!" She had remonstrated that this wouldn't make any difference and he had replied, "You wait and see!" She had waited; she had seen; Lade had gone away. And with this memory fresh in her mind, she replied:

"Yes, I know—Dan told me."

"So Dan told you, did he?"

Her companion had lifted his head a little and was regarding her with narrowing eyes.

She made no comment and after a pause he added: "Under the circumstances was it—strange that I did—run away?" He was thinking of the night he had seen her go into the caves with Dan—Dan the thief and she his accomplice.

"No—only what one could expect." There was a touch of scorn in the words.

He was looking at her with narrowed gaze for some moments in silence. "Anyway, that was six years ago," he said at length in a different voice, "and we can both afford to forget the—mistakes of the past. All I ask now is to be allowed to—make you happy."

"I am—happy."

"What is the use of saying that. Your great restless eyes tell a different tale. You, a savage—for in spite of all your educa-

tion, your culture, you are only a savage at heart!"

"I have everything to make me happy," she spoke almost defiantly.

"You have success, fame, yes. You are the idol of the crowds. But what have you not paid for these privileges? Look, he made a sweeping gesture towards the whole vast panorama before them, "you have given up your right to live amid scenes such as these. You have sold your brightness. You have linked your life to cities and grime; to narrow streets and smoking chimneys, when you might be living in places like this! You have paid heavily for your fame and the applause of the masses. Heavens, Myrta, what a price!"

"Why—why—everyone else thinks me so—happy, even the papers—" Her voice had faltered.

"Yes, I have seen what the papers say. They speak of your lofty calm. A fine happy thing that! Have you seen the calm on a lion's face, when after years of struggle with the iron bars he at last lies down and, looking out between them, fixes his gaze on the blue spaces beyond? That's the sort of calm you have attained."

SHE had not turned to him, but she made a little averting movement with her hands as if to press off his words.

He noticed the appeal and remained silent a while.

Presently he spoke again and this time in a low voice. "Myrta, I can make you wildly, gloriously happy!" He halted, then added, "Give up this sham life, this false. You, Maid of the Mountains, were meant to play out in the wilds, to dance under real waving, rustling trees and not those stiff lifeless caricatures you move under now. Your eyes were meant to gaze on lofty peaks and into reeling depths, and the crude imitations they have too look at now, have made them burning and restless."

He stopped again and when next he spoke his voice was still lower.

"Myrta, don't waste any more of your magnificent youth, come out and play to the trees, the mountains and the flowers. There will be no applauding crowds. But, Myrta," his tone grew deep and vibrant, "there will be one adoring man watching you and when you have finished your play, he will fold you in his arms and—"

His breaking voice trailed away into the moonlight.

She turned her face quickly away, but not before he had seen the quiver about her mouth.

"Myrta," he urged, "come back to the mountains, Ghost Gully, and—me!"

She raised her face to the moon again and he saw that her lashes gleamed wet, but she did not speak.

"Myrta—come back!"

She closed her eyes and stood without moving for some time. It was apparent that some struggle was going on beneath her stilled exterior. Dominant forces were fighting and though her face remained immovable, the emotional struggle was indicated by the tremor of her glittering lashes.

Then the man watching her saw that the fight had come to an end. Slowly her white lids opened and once more she raised her gaze to the luminous disc in the sky. She stood regarding it as if bidding it a long lingering farewell, then her glances lowered to the mountains and to the abyss below as if they also were included in her renunciation.

Presently she turned to her companion.

"I am going now—going back to the cities. My life lies there. Good-bye." She held out her hand.

He did not take it. "No, Myrta, I do not only want—your hand," His voice was low but firm.

She turned her head and again her glances strayed to the moon, the moun-

tains and the chasm, before coming back to him.

"Good-bye," She said under her breath and once more held out her hand.

He did not take it nor did he make any response.

She waited a second or two; then slowly she turned and walked away.

He followed her white form with his eyes till it had melted into the ghostly radiance of the moonlight.

Then suddenly he sat down and covered his face with his hands, and he remained in this position till the big round moon had travelled a great part of its lonely journey across the heavens.

CHAPTER 12.

THE same evening at dusk Dan came hurrying in to Blackheath. He had run most of the way from the quarry and it was not until the township was in sight, that he slackened his speed.

He had heard Lade say to Myrta that he would see her later and he was coming if possible to prevent the interview.

The laborer was afraid of cities and even townships, for did they not all shelter the much-dreaded policemen. However, his jealousy made him willing to run any risk as long as he could prevent the man he hated from seeing the girl they both loved.

Dan had no hope of marrying Myrta himself. He realised that she was utterly beyond his reach now. He was an outcast, an uneducated back-blocker, who could never make with a cultured woman of her type. He was fully aware of the unbridgeable gulf which stretched between them. However, though he knew she could never become his wife, his frenzied love for her made it intolerable that another man might attain what he could never possess; especially was this the case regarding Lade.

He hated the Geologist, not only because Myrta had shown him her favor in the old days, but because it was Lade who had discovered his theft. It was this man who had ruined his life, made it impossible for him to stay on at the Ruby Lode, in the island he loved; it was Lade who had made him an outcast, a homeless fugitive. The Geologist was at the bottom of all his troubles and he hated him with all the cruel, undying hatred of his savage, passionate nature.

So he had covered the seven miles from the white cross to Blackheath in an astonishingly short time and arrived at the hotel soon after the guests had gone in to dinner.

On previous occasions when he had met his foster-sister at the white cross, she had tried to induce him to return to the hotel with her and had laughed at his refusals because of his rough attire. Myrta was not ashamed of him. She would have owned him before a theatre full of people. He was proud of this her loyalty, though he had never dared to accept any hospitality from her. All her assurances that he would be safe with her, had not been able to persuade him to go back with her either to her city hotel or the one in the small mountain township. However, that afternoon he had noted with inward fury that she had not repeated her invitation, and he had drawn his own conclusions from the omission. She must be keeping herself free to see Lade, there could be no other explanation. And it was this terrible possibility which had sent the quarryman to Blackheath, willing to incur any danger, if only he might prevent his foster-sister from talking to the man who had ruined his life.

Dan had at first intended to stride boldly into the hotel and ask for Miss Lost. He had even meant to brave the curious glances of the other guests and stay for dinner and after the meal was over to spend the evening with his foster-sister so that his enemy should not have a chance to talk to her.

However, as he reached the hotel and

stood hesitating for some moments, gathering courage for the ordeal ahead of him, he noticed a man in a chauffeur's uniform standing smoking at the other end of the verandah.

Should this be Myrta's driver? He had always refused even to accompany her back to the car after their talks and so had not seen her chauffeur. Now at the sight of the liveried man, a sudden hope bounded into Dan's storm-tossed heart. Could it be that Myrta was returning to Sydney that evening and the man was waiting for her now—but then where was her car?

HE must get into conversation with the man and find out.

It was a little difficult for the rough quarryman to approach the elegant-looking individual in the blue uniform; however, he managed it in the end and from the driver he learned that he was in Miss Lost's employ and that he was having a smoke before bringing the car round to take her out.

At this last piece of information a fresh gale of jealous rage swept over the laborer's heart. Myrta was going out to meet Lade in the moonlight! They would be together all the evening! What would not Lade say to her out in the gorgeous beauty of the night and—what might not happen!

Dan's brain worked feverishly as he talked to the uniformed man. Myrta would keep her appointment, he knew. Now, what was he to do? He could not follow the motor on foot, no matter how fast he ran, and if the car got out of sight, he would not know where it had gone. It did not occur to Blegg that he could hire a local motor and follow them. He had never been in such a vehicle in his life and was not familiar with the use of taxis.

In any case as he thought the situation over, what was the use of merely spoiling one evening's enjoyment for his rival? Now that Lade was in New South Wales, they could see each other in Sydney and if he wanted to prevent such meetings, more drastic measures were necessary.

Dan was not a born criminal, but he was ignorant and had never been taught the Ten Commandments. He had heard about them, of course, but only in a vague way, not as anything which vitally concerned him. His mind was simple, savage and untutored. If a tree stood in his path, he chopped it down, and rocks were blasted to yield to his will. Lade had suddenly returned as a terrible obstacle in his path. Lade must be got out of the way before he did any more damage. Myrta must not learn to love him. She apparently favored him still, but her feelings for him must not be allowed to ripen into love.

Dan knew of course that the law looked upon taking life as a terrible crime and punished it accordingly, but to Blegg this was only a technical point which could be evaded. In any case, his mind was too much inflamed by hatred at the moment to think about consequences. His brain was possessed with one idea only, the idea of getting Lade out of the way and the best method of accomplishing this object.

When the chauffeur left him to bring round the car, he withdrew to the shadow of the fence on the opposite side of the road. But it was not till he saw Miss Lost come out of the hotel, enter her limousine and speed away into the moonlight, that his jealousy and hate reached such a pitch of frenzy, that he evolved a plan to get rid of his enemy and made up his mind to put it into execution that very night.

CHAPTER 13.

DAN sat for a time looking at the place where the car had disappeared, then his mouth set in a grim line and he rose and went over to the hotel.

He stopped for a moment or two looking carefully about him, after that he opened

the front door gently and stepped into the hall.

There was no one in sight.

From the room on the right side there came the sound of voices and laughter, but no one was moving about.

After making sure that he had not been seen, the quarryman crossed the hall and made his way gingerly up the staircase. On the landing he paused and looked cautiously around—apparently there was no one about on that floor.

His object was to find Lade's room, but there were two long corridors opening out from the landing and he did not know which one to take. The number of doors leading off from each passage appalled him. But the hatred burning within him would permit no obstacle, however formidable, to block the execution of his plan. So, after having glanced in consternation for some moments up and down the passages, he chose to explore the one running parallel with the front of the house.

The first room he entered held no luggage, so he knew it was unoccupied. And the second one was also empty. But the third door was a good distance down the passage and when he opened it, the light just outside in the corridor showed it was occupied by a lady.

A pair of slippers stood by the bed and over the back of a chair hung a garment that gleamed dully rose and gold in the dim light.

Dan was about to withdraw when it occurred to him that this might be Myrta's room.

He drew a quick bated little breath and stepped farther into the apartment.

Myrta's room! Of course it was hers! Everything in it spoke of the woman he loved. The whitely gleaming things on the dressing-table, the satin slippers, the colorful wrap thrown over the chair, and the faint delicious perfume in the room, all suggested his beautiful Myrta.

As he stood gazing about the dimly illumined, handsome apartment, a curious softness mingled with the fierceness of his black eyes.

His dreams for Myrta had come true. She was now what he termed in his mind, "a great lady." She was educated, cultured and beautiful and made for luxurious surroundings such as these. In the old days he had meant her to have these advantages and now his wishes had been realised.

A glistering pain came into his expression. He meant to have been educated also, to have become a fitting mate for the girl he loved. He had been on the road to having his wishes realised and had saved three thousand pounds.

THEN Lade had come. A fierce resentment replaced the softness of his feelings.

Lade had stepped into his life and taken everything from him. He had discovered the cave and the hidden metal. He had dogged his footsteps and tracked him down as the thief.

Yes; the Geologist had robbed him of everything, his money, his home, his relatives—all. Lade had made him a fugitive and for ever separated him from—Myrta.

Dan glanced down on the satin wrapper thrown over a chair.

If it had not been for Lade he would now have possessed the right to touch garments such as these. He picked it up gently and pressed it to his lips.

Lade had robbed him of the right to be always able to caress that wrap!

He suddenly put it back on the chair. The softness left his gaze and the murderous glitter returned.

Swiftly he left the room and closed the door behind him.

Out in the corridor he stood listening again, then not hearing any sound on the

upper floor, he retraced his steps to the landing and went noiselessly down the other passage, opening and shutting doors as he proceeded on his way.

All the rooms along this corridor were single ones. Some were without luggage, in others there hung ladies' clothes and in some, he caught sight of golf clubs, men's boots and other articles denoting they held masculine occupants.

At last Blegg came to the room he sought.

As he opened the door, the light from the passage showed him the suit Lade wore that afternoon, hanging on a peg.

Dan drew a rasping breath and went into the apartment.

He must examine everything carefully now, to make sure he was not making any mistake.

However, after closing the door, he found himself in complete darkness. He struck a match and stood on a chair to light the gas, but to his consternation found himself confronted by a glass bulb without any opening.

He made some inarticulate exclamation of anger. So this hotel had that confounded new-fangled way of lighting rooms he did not understand! He knew it was turned on in some queer unnatural way without using matches at all, but he had no notion how it was done.

Now he was compelled to give up the idea of lighting the room, and instead opened the door again, so as to make use of the light from the passage. Then he commenced to examine the clothes hanging on the wall, the boots and leggings under them, and the blazer lying on the bed. They were all the garments Lade had worn that afternoon.

But he must have other proofs, so he opened a drawer and began to fumble about among handkerchiefs, neckties and collars. However, as these articles did not further his investigations, he opened another drawer and again a half-smothered exclamation escaped him.

The first thing that met his eye was a large picture of Myrta.

It was not a photograph, but a print out of some magazine. The picture was lifelike and for a moment Dan's planes softened as they met the lofty beauty in the eyes of the girl gazing at him from the printed page.

There was no further doubt in Dan's mind that he had found the right room.

There only remained one more problem to solve—where could he hide till the time of attack should arrive?

He looked towards the space under the bed.

No, it would not be safe to shelter there. He had no fear that Lade would look under the bed before retiring, he was not that sort of man; but it might perhaps be awkward to get out without disturbing the sleeper. So he decided on another plan.

The room on the right side of Lade's was unoccupied, and it was not likely at this hour that it would be let for the night, so he made up his mind to go into it and hide till it was time to make the assault.

BLEGG lay for a long time under the bed of the unoccupied room without stirring. It seemed to him he had waited many hours before the guests began to retire and even then no one entered the next apartment.

However, at last, after a long, dark silence, there reached him the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor and going into the adjoining room.

Dan gasped in the darkness.

Again he waited till the sounds which came through the wall had ceased and even after that he lay without stirring for what seemed to him an hour. Then, creeping slowly out from his hiding-place, he cautiously left the room.

Out in the passage he stood listening for Lade's door for several seconds, then as no

sounds proceeded from within he entered the room noiselessly and peered towards the bed.

The dark blind had been drawn up and the moonlight streaming through the open window revealed the form of the sleeper, lying with his face turned away from the intruder.

Dan halted and watched the man under the blankets.

The sleeper did not stir and his breathing came with the deep regularity of sound sleep.

Blegg moved nearer, the soft carpet completely deadening the sound of his steps.

He stood for some moments scrutinising his victim.

The man was lying in a perfect position for the attack. His face was turned towards the wall and the sheet had been pushed down from his throat; Dan had only to make one swift movement from behind and his strong fingers would do the rest.

Blegg took another step; he hesitated for the merest instant, then—his hands made the fatal grip.

When some minutes later Dan left the room, there was a gloating satisfaction on his face.

The deed was done. At last he was even with the man who had ruined his life.

As he reached the landing, he halted and looked down the corridor leading to Myrta's room.

She would be asleep long ago, of course, yet might she not be awake? He would just creep down and see if there was a light under her door.

Softly he tiptoed down the passage. Then suddenly he stopped, for her door was wide open and as he cautiously peered into the room, he saw that all the beautiful articles had vanished. The apartment was—empty.

So Myrta had left the hotel!

She must have gone back to Sydney after her meeting with Lade.

But there was no time to stop and consider.

He must get out of the building quickly and go back to the quarry, so that he could be in his tent before his mate awakened in the morning.

CHAPTER 14

I SENT for you just now, Count Virgona, because I want you to help me," said Benjamin the following evening, a blank expression showing through his tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses.

"Yes," answered the other man, taking a chair in the manager's private sitting-room at the hotel where they were staying. "I shall be most happy to assist you in any way I can."

"I know," replied his companion, making a suave gesture. "And you are the only one who can help me in this difficult situation. I want you to prevent Myrta from reading the papers at present. I want you to read them to her. She likes being read to, and you can easily manage to be in her sitting-room when they arrive. Make some excuse about her working so hard just now, that you want her to rest while you read the news to her. Say anything on earth you like, only don't let her see the papers for herself."

Then as he saw the puzzled look on the other man's face, he added:

"Apparently you haven't seen this 'Evening News.' Well, there's been a horrible murder at Blackheath at the very hotel where Myrta was staying. The news came too late for the morning papers, but it is in the evening ones. Myrta was at that Blackheath hotel last night, you remember, but, fortunately, she left at ten o'clock and the murder is supposed to have occurred after midnight. That may save her from being dragged into the affair. Anyway, we must keep the thing from her. It can easily be done. She is very busy work-

ing up items for her farewell night, and I don't want anything to upset her and spoil the performances this week. I am very anxious to get her safely to Melbourne before she hears anything about the murder. She is making her last appearance here on Thursday, so we can get away to Melbourne on Friday. And in the meantime we must guard her like a regiment."

"But," expostulated the Count, "what about other people—?"

"I am taking every precaution in that direction also. I have already written and cancelled every social engagement we had for this week. I'll explain to Myrta that I did this in order to give her plenty of time to work up her new items. It is most fortunate she had that work to occupy her just now—you know how absorbed she becomes when she is creating new roles. That will play into our hands."

"Still, how could that—murder upset her seriously?" The Count had not followed the older man's train of thought. "It was, of course, horrible for it to happen at the very place where she was staying, still—"

The manager had been looking into space, now he fixed his tortoiseshell eyes on the Count. "She might be interested in the murdered man—"

His companion drew his black brows together. "Myrta could not be interested in any man up there."

Benjamin made a deprecating gesture. "We hope not, to be sure. Still, when a woman takes long trips to lonely places and will not allow anyone to accompany her, take it from me, there is generally a man in the question."

"But—but," expostulated his companion, "she couldn't—we—"

"Yes, I know what you mean. Of course, we both hope most earnestly that she will—marry you. Still, there's no telling. She has made no promises, so you can never be sure what these temperamental will do. And if she really happens to be interested in the man who has been murdered, then—"

he nodded meaningly. "We must keep it from her at all costs."

"But—who is the—murdered man?"

Again the tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses were fixed on him.

"The man who was here to lunch the other day—Mr. Lade."

CHAPTER 15.

"I HOPE I am not intruding?" said Count Virginia as he came into Myrta's sitting-room. "You are still busy, I see."

Miss Loui was seated on a divan and about her billowed yards and yards of gold-and-flame tinted gauze, enveloping her as with clouds of sunset.

"Yes, I am fixing up the draperies I am wearing in the 'Fire Dance' to-morrow night. This gold and flame is rather effective, don't you think? And the music—"

she turned and picked up the melodeon which was lying on a small table close to the divan and placing it on top of the fiery gauze on her knees she began to play fevered, burning little strains of melody.

It was as if a fire had started and a little uncertainly and restlessly flickered and ate its way into growth and strength.

And all the time she played, the fire that burned in her music was eating into her soul and flickering and glowing with strange fiery radiance, shone from her great mysterious eyes.

The man watching her drew a quick, unsteady breath.

Suddenly her music changed. It had been uncertain, feeling its way, like flames newly lit taking their bearings; now the uncertainty vanished. The fire was established. It had taken hold, had become dominant. It was no longer the trembling servan, but the ruling master. It swept onwards in triumph. It leapt on new prey. It slew. It devoured. It left behind trails of destruction.

tion. And as it sprang forward audaciously, it laughed in ruthless derision at the ruin in its wake!

The fire leapt to greater heights. It thundered. It roared. Some tornado of passion was sweeping it onward, fanning it into volcanoes of frenzy.

And as Myrta played now, a power as dominant, as triumphant, and reckless as the fire in her music blazed from her eyes. She herself had caught fire, and some tornado-like force was fanning the flame into a furor of emotion.

The Count stood speechless, utterly astonished. He had never seen this power blazing from her eyes before.

Presently as her instrument uttered one long savage roar, a roar that both held a shout of triumph as well as peals of derisive laughter, Myrta dropped the melodeon to the clouds of fire and gold on the divan; then she rose, went over to the hearth, and, sinking into a chair, sat for some moments with her eyes shut. She had suddenly become very pale.

The Count had followed her. "What is the matter, Myrta?" he asked anxiously, after a short pause. "I—have never seen you like this before." His voice sounded oddly shaken.

She did not open her eyes. "I think it was all that gold and red which went to my head," she replied in a low voice. "I just had to—get away from it."

P RESENTLY she opened her eyes and looked restlessly about the room. "Paola, talk to me, do something. Pass me that instrument again—I don't want to look round and get it myself. I don't want to see all that red—bundle it up and throw it into a corner—get it out of my sight!"

Then after he had taken the armful of fiery drapery and hid it behind a high-back settee, she went on:

"Paola, let me tell you about my last item for our farewell performance." She spoke quickly, and her great eyes were wandering restlessly through space. "I am calling it the 'Swan-song.' I will represent a black swan and will wear black tulle with lots of jet on it. I shall have a red band round my head, and long red tulle strings hanging from the melodeon. My slippers will be black, but my stockings red and the music will be something like this—"

She took from him the instrument he had been holding, and asked:

"Have you ever heard the cry of our black swans? No, you couldn't when this is your first trip to Australia; but it is the most haunting—the saddest little note! Our swan is a sorrowful bird. It is in mourning and its cry is full of despair."

She began to play strange, plaintive little notes, that fell into the stillness of the room like sobbing set to music. Each tone was a tear, a round little world of grief, veiled by a sorrowful bird which had left its dear haunts on earth and was winging its way, like a wounded shadow, through the dusk— heavenwards.

The fire had died out of her expression now, and in its place had come a strange, deep sadness. It was as if she, too, had turned her back on some loved haunt, a nest—a mate, and with an empty heart was soaring into regions vast, cold, desolate.

The Count laid a hand on her fingers.

"Don't play like that, Myrta—don't look like that—I can't bear it; it is—terrible."

She stopped playing and looked fixedly into space, but made no reply.

He tried to get her to talk on ordinary topics.

"We are leaving here on Friday, aren't we, and opening at Hoyt's de Luxe in Melbourne on Saturday?"

"Yes," she said tonelessly.

"How long shall we be there?"

"About six weeks."

"Not more than that?"

"No."

"And then you go to Tasmania, don't you?"

"I have promised mother to go, and I can't disappoint her." She still spoke absently and there was no enthusiasm in her voice.

The Count looked surprised. He knew how much Myrta had been looking forward to this holiday spent in her native place, and now all at once she did not appear to take any more pleasure in it—why was that?"

Presently he said, "Am I to be allowed to go, too?"

She looked up at him. "No, I must give those few weeks to mother alone. But," she cleared her throat and her nostrils suddenly quivered, as she added, "when I come back, if you still—want me—"

"Myrta!" He bent over her, a fiery joy leaping into his dark gaze. "Are you going to make me the happiest man in the universe then?"

"If you—like—"

He was about to fold her to him, but her expression arrested his embrace.

She had looked away, and something that was like the haunting sadness of the swan's plaintive little note had come into her eyes. It seemed as if she, too, had uttered her swan-song and, leaving the dearest thing earth held for her, was winging her way into vast empty spaces; which would bring her nothing but a—terrible desolation.

CHAPTER 16.

D AN made a great mistake when he went along to Myrta's room after committing the greatest crime of his life. If he had gone straight downstairs when he left Lade's room, he would have escaped detection, but the few minutes he lingered proved fatal; for just as he noiselessly came out through the front door, Coulson, the yardman, who was returning from a dance at Katoomba, saw him leave the building and make his way hurriedly up the main road.

Though Dan had looked about carefully on opening the front door, he had not seen Coulson or heard his steps as the yardman was walking on the other side of the road in the shadow of some big trees, and the sound of his footsteps had been muffled by the grass. So Blegg had returned to the quarry feeling certain he had been unobserved and that the crime would never be brought home to him.

Coulson was a short distance away when he saw the quarryman come out of the hotel. Still, in the bright moonlight he had no difficulty in recognising him to be the same man he had noticed earlier in the evening standing outside the building. Dan was a stranger to him, and he had wondered at the time who he was, now he wondered still more why he should be leaving the premises at such a late hour. The bar had been closed long ago, so he could not have been in to get a drink.

The yardman increased his pace and walked round to the back, where he entered the building. Softly he went through the lower part of the house, but seeing everything was in order and that nothing had been tampered with, he went to his own room and was soon fast asleep.

The murder was not discovered till late the following morning, and after the police had made minute investigations they came to the conclusion that the criminal must be the man who had left the hotel at such a late hour the previous night.

But the difficulty now was to find the murderer. No one seemed to know anything about him, where he came from, or where he had gone, except that he had hurried up the road towards Mount Victoria. Of course, the police set about making all kinds of inquiries to discover the criminal. However,

it was not the police, but Coulson who presently located him.

A week after the murder had been committed the yardman was called to Bathurst to see his father, who had been taken seriously ill, and as he passed the quarry below the white cross he saw Blegg working there with another man.

At the first opportunity he got out of the coach and telephoned the police at Blackheath about his discovery.

A little later, as Dan stood breaking up stones, he noticed a car carrying four passengers coming at a quick pace down the steep hill towards the quarry, and as the motor approached he saw that two of the men wore constables' uniforms.

Even before the car had slowed down Blegg understood. The police he had lived in dread of all his life were on his track at last and on the point of hunting him down.

For one moment he stood bewildered.

What was he to do?

The car had stopped. The men were getting out.

There was no time to lose.

Then in his terrible strait, as he stood looking desperately about him, his eyes wandered up to the mountain ridge where he caught sight of the cross gleaming curiously white in the bright afternoon sunlight.

SUDDENLY his mind was made up, and before the policemen could reach him he had darted across the road and was running at full speed towards the bottom of the deep gully.

The constables stood looking after him. They realised at once that it would be useless to follow. They merely watched long enough to see if he meant to run along the bottom of the valley or if he should attempt to climb the precipitous mountain ridge.

When he reached the base of the deep, with cat-like agility he began to climb.

Blegg was just below the white cross, but the mountain wall under it was perpendicular and quite inaccessible, so he slewed northward where the slope, though terribly steep, still permitted ascent.

After the policemen had seen the direction he had taken they jumped into the car and sped up the hill the way they had come.

When they reached the top they took a road turning to the left and running through a dense forest. They drove along this track for some distance.

Presently they stopped the motor, and after the four men had distributed themselves through the bush each began to walk towards the cross.

Dan's escape was now cut off; whichever direction he took, he would meet a constable.

Within sight of the cross the policemen halted, and hiding themselves behind bushes they waited for the criminal to come up out of the gully.

He climbed out of the abyss at last, looking furtively about him.

From the bottom of the gully he had not been able to see that the car had taken the hill, and so did not know he was surrounded.

The men allowed Dan to walk right up to the cross; then they came out of their hiding.

For a moment he stood looking at them with wild, desperate eyes. He knew now there was no escape.

He could not go back the way he had come as a uniformed constable cut off his retreat in that direction. The other three men made it impossible to escape through the bush or along the mountain ridge southward.

Dan fully realised his dilemma.

He was between two fires—his long-dreaded enemy, the police, and the abyss. Whichever direction he took there awaited him—disaster.

He sent one wild, appealing glance to the white cross, as if he expected it to come to his assistance at this hour of dire need.

But the men were closing in upon him.

In a few seconds they would lay hands on him.

For an instant he stood looking frantically from one man to another.

What was he to do?

Attempt to fight four stalwart men? No, that was too risky! They might best him and then there would be—a dark, musty cell, and the gallows.

A look of sheer terror came into Dan's black eyes.

Quickly he moved to the very brink of the precipice. Then, taking one last appealing look at the cross, he leapt off the rock on which he stood and disappeared into the gaping void below.

An instant later there was a muffled thud coming up from somewhere far down in the abyss—then all was silence.

The men who had stood breathlessly watching, too far away to prevent the disaster, now rushed to the edge of the precipice.

But there was no sign of the desperate man.

The rocks beneath looked untouched and unruined, and the tranquillity of the trees farther down the deep was not disturbed.

It looked as if the man who had jumped into the abyss had melted into the great, terrible void.

The vast scene had not been affected in the smallest degree, and its gigantic proportions had not even been ruffled by the tragedy which had just taken place.

Only the cross gleamed with an extraordinary opaque whiteness as if it had paled to its very soul.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

THE summer was very hot. Bush fires raged through all the timbered parts of Tasmania. Haze and smoke made thick the air and wrapped about the island like a great yellow-red cloak.

The throat of Ghost Gully was filled with smoke, and the white road leading to the Ruby Lode had become the color of ripe apricots.

The old mailman came down the steep hill from Tossie Head Spur to the mine, his foot on the brake, his eyes fixed into space in a kind of blank reverie.

Sassie used to dream dreams, but like himself his dreams had faded and were now so washed out that they had become mere colorless blanks.

At the bottom of the hill he stopped for a little while to have a chat with two miners who had just come out of the tunnel with a truck of ore. Then he set his stiff old horse into a pace that was half a trot and half a walk and drove up the road towards the Bleggs' shanty.

A quarter of a mile farther on, after turning a sharp corner, the hut came into view.

The mailman glanced up at the small wooden structure. It had been much improved. The rotting boards had been replaced with new ones and a room with two large windows overlooking the gully had been added on the western side of the house.

Sassie knew that this room had been built for Myrta, who was expected to pay her foster-parents a visit shortly.

Before leaving England she had sent the money for the necessary renovations and the additional room, and Sassie had watched its erection on his journeys to and from Badger's Creek. It had only been completed a couple of weeks ago and then a load of furniture had arrived and two men from Redlands had come with it to place the furniture in position and generally fix up the hut.

Now everything was in readiness and the mailman was rather anxious to see the transformation within.

The front door was open, and at the sound of rumbling wheels, Mrs. Blegg appeared in the doorway.

"Hey there, Sassie," she called, raising her arms above her head in an excited gesture, "stop a minute."

The horse, which had already slackened speed, came to a standstill.

Black Jay did not go down the rocky steps. "Come up here," she ordered, "I want to show you something."

The mailman threw the reins over the back of the horse and climbed a little stiffly, out of the buggy.

Mrs. Blegg watched him come up the stony steps from the threshold. She had not aged a great deal during the last six years. Her face had become more deeply furrowed; it seemed as if some plough had been at work, cutting farther into every wrinkle. Her eyes had grown more brooding and her expression more morose. But her movements had not lost any of their agility nor her tall lank figure any of its straightness.

She waited till Sassie reached the door, then she said:

"Myrta is coming home to-morrow. The letter you brought us yesterday said so." There was excitement in her tone, but the excitement was tinged with a gruff moroseness which had not been in her voice six years ago.

The mailman nodded. "I knew she'd be coming soon."

"Come in and have a look round," Black Jay invited, the gruff ferocity in voice and manner very apparent. As she spoke, she moved away from the door so that Sassie could enter the small front parlor.

He stood for a moment glancing round without speaking.

The room had changed beyond recognition. The old broken table and chairs had been discarded and new ones installed, the rough floor had been covered with linoleum, the walls papered and the tumble-down fireplace built up.

"Don't it look fine?" Mrs. Blegg demanded of her companion who had not spoken.

"By gum, y'er a howling swell now, Mrs. Blegg!"

APPARENTLY satisfied, she led him to a door on the left.

"This is Myrta's room," she announced, throwing the door open with a dramatic gesture.

The blank eyes of her visitor opened a little wider.

The room was not large, but it was lined with Tasmanian oak, and the floor, bedstead, dressing-table, and wash-stand were also made of the same polished wood. The curtains and the large rug lying by the bed were pale blue and so was the cushion on the wicker-chair placed by one of the windows.

The room was simply furnished, but the light oak and the pale blue hues harmonised pleasantly and gave an air of comfort and refinement to the apartment.

Black Jay watched the mailman's face.

"Grand enough for her?" she asked presently.

"You bet. Couldn't sleep in a room like that meself though, the swellness would sort of come up and hit me in the night."

"Yes," agreed his companion, "it would keep me from having a wink too, and I couldn't bear to have a thing like that."

she pointed to the blue rug, "in my room, it would be a fog to have to step over it all the time; I wonder Myrta can be bothered with all that striding. But," she shrugged, "it's her business, she ordered everything herself, wrote to the builder and the store and said exactly what she wanted. It'll cost her a pretty penny, too," she went on in another tone, indicating not only Myrta's bedroom, but the renovations throughout the hut. "Still, she seems to have no end of dough on hand now. She wanted to send me and the ole man lots—a regular allowance. But we wouldn't take it. We have plenty to go on with and we've put by enough to bury us; so what

more can you want. Shrouds don't have pockets so what's the use of boarding up."

As she finished speaking she led the way back to the parlor. The brooding look had intensified in her eyes and the moroseness was more apparent in her manner.

"By the way," she asked, seeing her companion was edging towards the front door, "you always read the papers, don't you?"

"Mostly—yes."

"See'd anything fresh about—Dan?" She spoke the name with difficulty and the ferocity which had been smouldering in her black glances leapt into open flame.

"No—"

"So they haven't found his—body yet?"

"I guess not."

"They haven't looked properly then, that's why," she declared fiercely. "They don't care if he lies rotting out there in the sunlight. They don't think, because he did for that bloke, that he needs a decent burial! But I'll learn them better. My boy not be buried—why, if they don't find him before Myrta leaves here I'll go over myself and look for him!"

Sassie was fumbling with his untidy beard. "They say there's looked—everywhere," he remarked, edging nearer the open door.

But his companion did not seem to heed him. The fierceness in her expression had now softened a little.

"Poor Dan, he alius did have a hot temper, it was like a cocked gun, sort of ready to go off any time."

"I suppose Myrta was pretty upset over the affair?" Sassie changed the subject a little.

Mrs. Blegg turned and fixed black ferocious eyes on him. "It fairly smashed her to bits judging by her letters. She didn't hear anything about it while she was in Sydney—she can't think how she missed seeing it in the papers there. But it happened just at the end of her stay and she was very busy. She thinks that's how it was. She didn't know a word about it till she got to Melbourne, and then quite by accident you might say she saw how Dan jumped off the rocks into the gully and killed himself. Why she said if she'd only known sooner that Dan was in trouble, she'd have gone right back to Sydney at once. She used to go up to the mountains quite a lot and see him. But who? It was all over and done with, and Dan—dead, it was no use her going back. But she was that upset, you should have heard those letters! When Jones read 'em to us he cried like a baby! But I expect Myrta's got over it a bit by now. You see, she's going to marry a terrible swell, a man what comes next to a king."

A kind of savage awe came into Black Jay's expression as she related this last piece of news.

"And is he coming too?"

"No she wants us to have her all to ourselves for that one month. She don't think we'd like it if she brought a strange man with her and no more we would. I shouldn't care to have a big toff like that hanging round; it would be worse than having that blue mat-thing in my room and having to be jumping over it all day."

"Well, I must be toddling along," Sassie had reached the front door at last.

"All right. But don't forget if you hear anything about them findings—Dan, to let me know at once?"

"Right-o."

The mailman went down the big stone steps and, after taking the reins, he climbed comfortably into the buggy.

Then, nodding up to Black Jay, who stood in the doorway, he set his horse into a kind of amble and was presently lost to view as he turned an abrupt bend in the road.

CHAPTER 2

THE world was a sheet of yellow haze through which the setting sun showed like a huge bloodshot eye.

Ghost Gully coughed up smoke, and the mountains had swooned into obscurity.

Myrta, who arrived before noon that morning, had spent the day in the hut with her foster-parents, and now that simple evening meal was over, she had walked past the mine and was climbing the steep road towards Tossie Head Spur.

A terrible fire was raging there. The air was acrid with smoke and the white road had been turned to a yellow ribbon shot with red.

Myrta was hatless and she was gowned in some creamy material which the glare had changed to a vivid gold. The glow on her hair had lit the depths of her eyes with a strange colorful lustre.

She walked slowly, but there was restrained excitement in her movements and the excitement became more apparent as she neared the top of the incline.

At every step the air thickened. She was walking in a great hot fog that scorched her cheeks and hurt her eyes, yet there was in her expression a curious elation, as if she took a riotous delight in the fierce heat that blew its furnace breath into her face.

The nearer trees showed in the haze like great phantom shapes which became more vague as the air grew denser, and through the yellow fog the roar of the flames was heard like distant thunder.

As she approached the top of the slope, the atmosphere reddened and the muffled roar grew more distinct.

Then suddenly the hot fog showed a yellow tongue which was licking the bark off one of the phantom trees.

Other and bigger flames came into view, such a number of them appeared that it seemed as if the yellow mist had been broken up into a riot of savage leaping flames.

Myrta halted abruptly and her eyes widened.

She had all at once become the spectator of a terrible slaughter. A gigantic fire was killing the forest with red-hot swords.

The fire stripped off bark, consumed leaves, tore off branches and dug gleaming knives into the hearts of the defenceless trees.

It was a hideous orgy of killing. The fire drained the blood of its helpless victims, it ate their flesh and broke their bones; it gorged; it fed in a riot of voluptuous greed!

Columns of smoke arose from the burnt-out trees, like mute giant cries of pain ascending from their charred agonised throats.

Myrta stepped to the edge of the road, her eyes were smarting and her own throat hurt, but she watched in fascination without stirring.

Suddenly she thought of the fire-dance she had composed in Sydney, and she laughed under her breath.

Her fire-music had not been like this red vulture which had fastened itself on the living trees and was eating the shivering flesh off their long gaunt bones.

Her notes had burnt, but they had lacked the savage cruelty of this ferocious thing which had fallen upon the forest.

The sun had now set and the dusk was beginning to mingle its shadows with the haze enveloping the flames.

Myrta's eyes looked dark with thought. The memory of her fire-music had brought sombre reflections to her mind. Dan had committed his crime just about the time she composed.

She shivered slightly.

She knew all about the whole ghastly tragedy now. The paper she had picked up in Melbourne had told her about Dan's terrible death and the Count and her manager had explained the rest.

Her foster-brother had planned to kill Lade. He had actually found the Geologist's room and for one whole day everyone believed it was Lade who had been murdered. But—she moved suddenly.

It was his love for her which had saved

his life. He had apparently been too deeply distressed to sleep after she had left him the last evening they had met. He had remained on the mountain till dawn and then had gone a long walk and descended the Grand Canyon; there he had lost his way and had not turned up till the following night.

Lade's room in the Blackheath hotel was number seventeen. The man in number eighteen had arrived the same day as the Geologist, and the management had at the time of the murder not learnt to know the difference between them. The man in number eighteen, who was also tall and dark, had been drinking heavily that evening and by mistake had gone into the Geologist's room and stumbled into his bed.

In the moonlight, with his face turned to the wall, Dan, only seeing the dark head on the pillow had thought it was Lade and had murdered the wrong man.

Later her foster-brother had taken his own life.

It had all been a most terrible tragedy, but—Lade had been spared.

In spite of the sadness connected with the incident, something in her rose up and began to sing.

If Brett had been killed—

She moved suddenly and the lustre in her eyes darkened.

But Lade had been saved. The elation in her breast grew till it seemed it must break its prison-house and rush out to mingle with the roar of the leaping flames.

Dusk was deepening into night and black shadows crept out of the sky and descended on the burning bush. But the dark was not cool, putting out the flames, it was hot and strangely in league with the fire, and suddenly as she looked into the thunderous roar of red it was no longer a terrible vulture eating the quivering flesh off the living trees; it had become a vast, gigantic melodeon playing red hilarious music.

Then as she stood listening to the wild, weird tunes of the flames, there came to her an impulse to dance to the great untamed music, to move in an ecstasy of delight to the scarlet, savage strains of song.

She would be a girl again, the old Myrta of the wilds, who danced in the forest to the fierce tunes of the wind. She would forget the years that lay between. She would become the unsophisticated girl who had not experienced the luxuries of an artificial world and knew not the intoxication of applause, but was happy amid great mountains and blood-curdling deeps.

She glanced at the white road where the fire had flung down a carpet of rose for her feet.

THEN she began to dance in strange flame-like movements. The flames circled and twisted; they lowered and stretched. They leapt and swirled in an ecstasy of fierce delight.

Myrta had become a living flame. The fire had thrown about her a mantle of gold and strewn her hair with jewels of ruby and topaz. It had dropped scarlet flower-petals on her cheeks and gemmed her white shoes with red sapphires.

She moved to the music of the great red melodeon with all the grace of her mature womanhood, but the exuberant joy of girlhood was throbbing in her veins. Restraints and conventionalities had fallen away; artificialities had dropped from her and she moved in a freedom as vast and unbounded as the leaping, singing freedom of the flames.

A little higher up the road in the shadow of a big boulder stood a man, tall, broad-shouldered, his eyes burning on the moving, awaying form in the twilight.

It was Lade.

He had been on his way to the shanty, but seeing Myrta by the fire he had stopped and had been watching her almost since she first arrived.

As he remained gazing at the dancing,

golden figure on the red road, he caught his breath and the burning look in his eyes intensified.

Myrta had never looked so bewilderingly lovely, as she did just then; the grace of her ripened womanhood and the reckless joy of early girlhood meeting in every movement of her dance.

Presently, in an utter abandonment of delight, she laughed, and the notes were golden, as if they had proceeded from the very throat of the flames.

The fire had laughed through her joyous red lips.

Lade could wait no longer.

"Myrta!" he cried, coming out into the light, "dance this fire-dance with me."

She started at the sound of the familiar voice, then, seeing Lade in the red mystery of the fire-glow, she suddenly smiled, and the smile held no surprise.

It was so natural to see him there, a familiar figure amid the familiar surroundings. Of course he was there! She had known all along that he would come, must come, and she was conscious all at once that it was this knowledge which had given color and exuberance to her joy. She had been waiting for him and he had come.

She smiled.

"Myrta!"

He had moved closer and his arms had opened.

She did not withdraw and the smile did not die out of her eyes or away from her lips.

The next instant his arm was about her and his hand had caught her hand ready for the dance.

But neither of them stirred.

A force overwhelmingly great had suddenly fixed their feet to the ground.

They remained for some moments still, her eyes, wherein flickered the reflections from the fire, were lifted questioning to his.

HE answered the silent inquiry by drawing her closely to him. "It can't be done, Myrta—not to-night."

"But you asked me to—dance." There were both laughter and tears in her voice.

"Yes—the great dance of life. I don't want you merely as a partner for a few paltry moments, but for—always." His voice was low and it held something as fatefully powerful and as hot as the flames roaring in the forest beside them.

"But—but—Paola?" She suddenly tried to free herself.

Lade held her to him. "There is no—Paola in your life. You love me. You dare not deny it."

She bent her head, but did not speak.

"Myrta, now we are going to be wildly, hilariously happy."

She lifted her face and looked into his eyes. Suddenly she laughed, and the golden notes had returned to her voice.

Her lover stood looking down on her with adoring eyes. "Myrta, I called you Tune long ago, but my little wild tune has been transformed into a gorgeous melody!"

She laughed again, but this time there was a little unevenness in the notes.

"Myrta, tell me that I may have this gorgeous melody—that it will always only be played for me?"

Once more she stood looking silently into his face, and he added:

"I am not worthy, Myrta; no living man could be worthy of—you." The unevenness was in his voice now.

Only since returning from Sydney had he made the vital discovery that Myrta had not taken any part in the Ruby Lode thefts. Dan's accomplice had been found, and when Lade questioned him he had emphatically declared that the girl had not had anything to do with the crime. He stated that Dan had once taken her to see the caves, but he had merely shown her the upper chambers and not allowed her to go into the lower regions where the tin was stored.

Lade had been full of remorse ever since this knowledge came to him, that he should have charged the innocent girl with being a partaker in the crime. But he did not tell her just then about his terrible mistake, the mistake which had separated them for six long years and nearly wrecked their happiness.

"Myrta," he whispered in the silence, "will you be my little Tune always?"

Her white arms which had been turned pink by the fire, lifted to his broad shoulders. "I should love to be your—little wild tune for—keeps—I—"

But she could say no more, for he had closed the entrancing red lips, made more entrancing by the glow from the burning forest, with a long, close caress.

A tree which had lost its heart to the flames, and was now hollow and unable to stand, fell with a loud crash to the ground.

A slight shiver passed through Myrta and she abandoned herself more completely to the strong arms which held her.

The fire sent out a shower of sparks that fell upon the velvet lips of the dark, like red-hot kisses.

A tremor went through the night, and it folded the fire into a long, stirless embrace. The flames and the dark had wed.

CHAPTER 3.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill—
Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine."

SOME time later, on the edge of the quarry below the white cross, two laborers sat eating their lunch and talking in ordinary matter-of-fact voices.

"Strange they never found his body," remarked one, picking up a thick piece of bread and a chunk of cheese.

"Yes, but they never found the body of the child that was lost in the same spot, either. I suppose they were both dashed in so many pieces and—well, the birds and wild dogs would do the rest."

"You knew the bloke?" asked the first speaker, after a munching pause.

"Yes, I worked with him here for some months. Strange cuss, never said nuthin' and allus sort of on the defensive. But he had a queer liking for that big cross up there." He nodded towards the great white apparition gleaming on the mountain ridge high above them. "Often on a Sunday he would go up and sit by it and stay there all day. Queer taste."

"His mater seems an odd bird, too, coming all the way from Tasmania to try and find his body. But don't she look a gaunt affair though?"

"You'd think she'd get tired of rummaging about in that gully and all up them mountains—wouldn't be surprised if she had an accident herself."

"No, you needn't be afraid of that. She's at home in the bush like him—she can take care of herself all right."

Then the two workmen dropped the subject of Dan and his mother.

At that moment Black Jay stood at the bottom of the great gorge, her eyes full of dark despair.

She had hunted the gully for three weeks, gone through thickets and shrubs and climbed up the precipitous mountain-sides; her feet had reached higher than any other human foot had trod. But she had found no trace of her son.

It seemed that she had searched every inch of the whole vast area where Dan could have fallen, but without success.

Now there was nowhere else to look.

But her boy must have fallen somewhere, she argued in her desperate heart, and a body couldn't altogether disappear without leaving the least trace behind it.

Then it occurred to her that someone must have stolen the body of her son.

A fierce dark anger showed for a moment in her black eyes, but it vanished almost instantly.

An enemy would not bother to take away her boy; only a friend would do that.

But—who could this friend be?

From what she could gather, Dan had not known many people in the district, he was not a man to form friendships, and no one seemed to know very much about him.

Then she suddenly remembered the white cross.

Jones had told her how Dan used to go and sit near it; he had rushed up to it the day the police pursued him. In his hour of need he had turned to that.

The big white cross was his only friend.

Black Jay was standing just beneath it, far down there in the deep, and as she looked up she saw it outlined against a background of shimmering blue.

Could that cross have taken Dan?

As she gazed at it now something soft came into her fierce, dark glances.

The cross was not a dead thing; it was alive, she knew that. Had it not stood up there on the brink of the precipice and followed all her movements during the long, sad days while she had made her search? And when tears had blinded her eyes because of the futility of her task, then often as she looked up the cross had glinted strangely, as if it were weeping great white tears that gleamed and shimmered in the sunlight.

Yes, the cross was alive, and she was sure now that it had reached down its pure white arms and picked up the poor battered body of her boy.

Her Dan had not been left an outcast in the deep, something too loathsome and terrible to need a burial.

But what had that great spotless apparition done with her child?

She looked up with burning, questioning eyes.

From a world of green, she glanced up into a world of dazzling blue.

THE green was beneath the cross, the blue above.

Should the cross have lifted her boy from the great deep to that radiant world of blue?

She thought of Dan in his untidy, dirty clothes, and of his unkempt hair. Somehow till then she had never realised how dirty and slovenly her son had been.

And there was worse.

He had murdered—taken another life. Suddenly she shuddered.

The gruesomeness of his crime had all at once come home to her.

Her despair returned.

There was no hope for her boy.

She heaved a great heaving sigh. Then she looked up again.

The whole vast heaven was one unbroken radiance of blue.

There was no entrance for her child there, anywhere.

Then once more her eyes lighted on the cross. That big, spotless shape broke the unbroken blue. It stood as a great white gate opening into the heavenly radiance.

A mist came before her dark gaze.

She stood looking up at the shimmering apparition, her gnarled hands crossed upon her breast, her furrowed face raised. A new light had come into her eyes.

She somehow suggested their own old shanty before it was renovated, weather-worn, unpainted, ugly, but with two little lights shining out of the small uncurtained windows.

Light had come to her—comfort.

The great blue dome was broken. An entrance had been found—a strangely-shaped entrance.

The gateway to Heaven was a Cross.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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